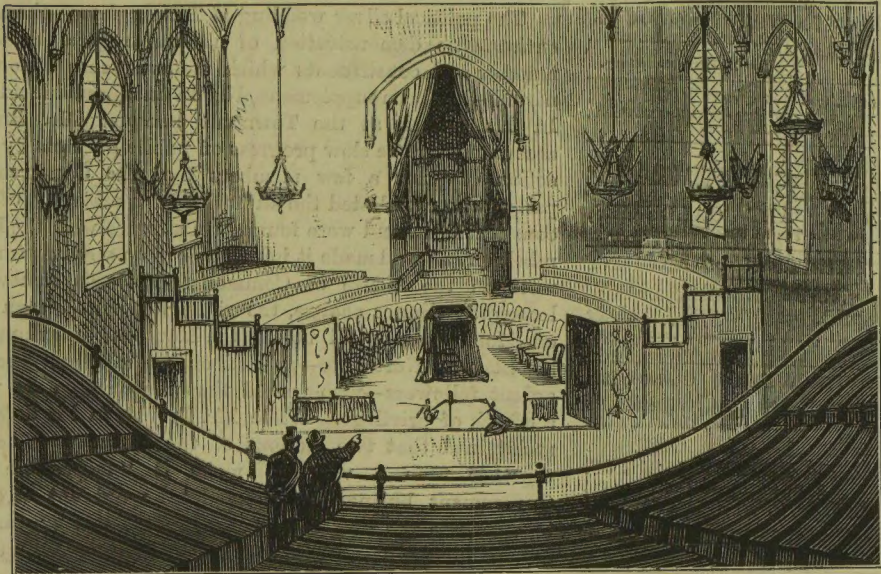


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

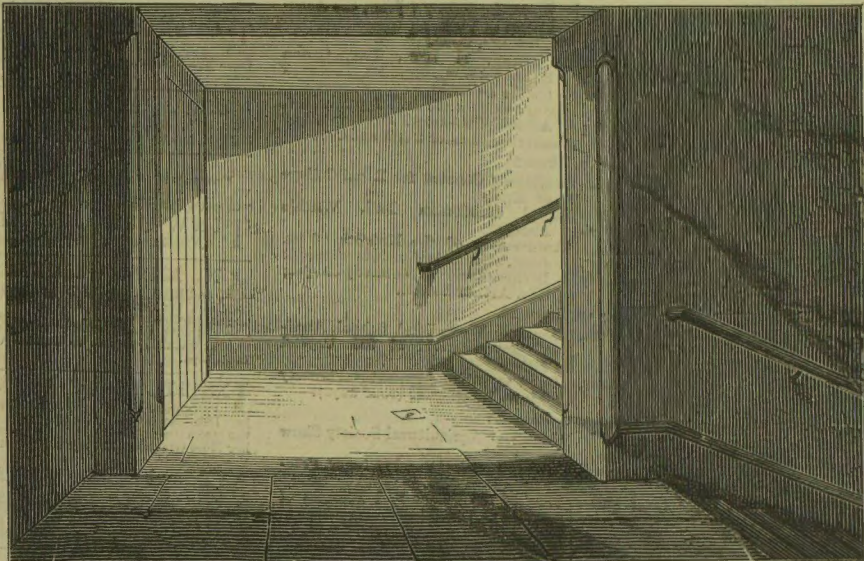
No. 2305.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.



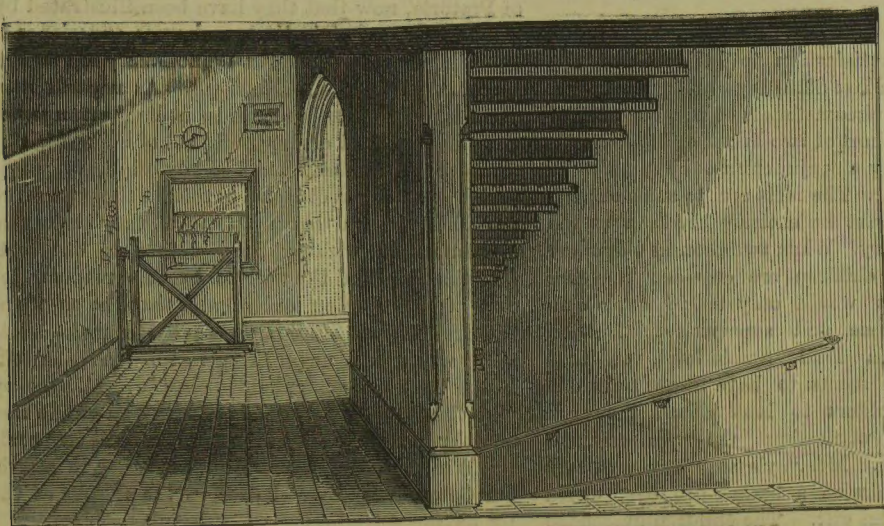
STAGE OF VICTORIA HALL, FROM THE GALLERY.



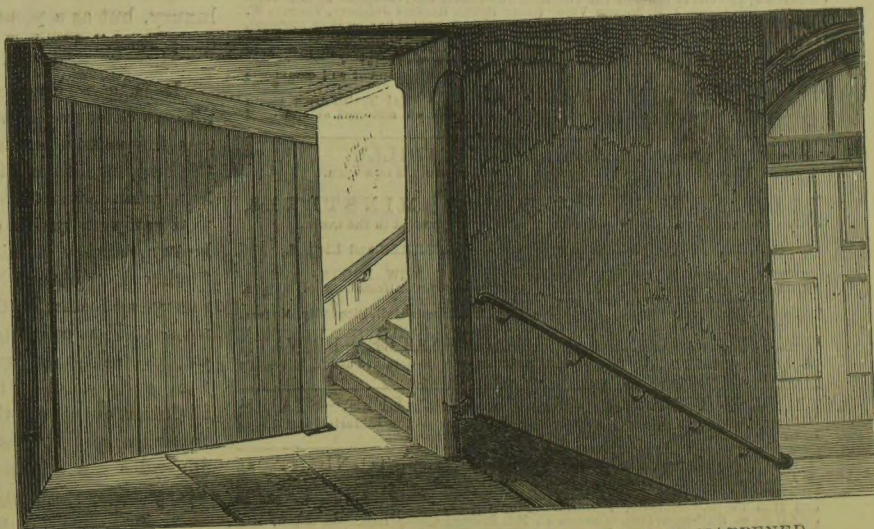
DOORWAY, SHOWING THE DOOR WIDE OPEN.



EXTERIOR OF VICTORIA HALL.



TOP OF THE STAIRS LEADING TO THE DOORWAY.



STAIRCASE AND DOORWAY WHERE THE CATASTROPHE HAPPENED.

THE TERRIBLE DISASTER AT SUNDERLAND: TWO HUNDRED CHILDREN CRUSHED TO DEATH.—SEE PAGE 635.

MARRIAGES.

On June 16, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Venerable Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., Lieutenant-General Dodgson, C.B., to Elizabeth, widow of A. Duffin, Esq., and third daughter of H. Docker, Esq.

On May 1, at Christ Church, North Adelaide, by the Venerable Archdeacon Marryat, M.A., Edmund Chantrell Hughes, S.M., to Emily, eldest daughter of James Bath, H.M.C.S., South Australia.

DEATHS.

On May 29, at Winnipeg, Manitoba, Donald Cattnach, Esq., of Laggan, Glengarry, Canada, in the 84th year of his age.

At Blenheim, Stirlingshire, on the 19th inst., Anthony Park Coubrough, Esq., of Blenheim, J.P., in the 73rd year of his age.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 30.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24.
Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Midsummer Day.
Morning Lessons: I. Sam. xv. 1-24, or Mal. iii. 1-7; Matt. iii. Evening Lessons: I. Sam. xvi. 1, or xvii. 1, or Mal. iv. 1; Matt. xiv. 1-13.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the Bishop of London's Fund; 3.15 p.m., Bishop Piers Claughton; 7 p.m., Rev. Canon Butler.

MONDAY, JUNE 25.
Accession of Charles I., King of Wurttemberg, 1864.
Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m.
Exhibition of Irish Lace at the Mansion House to be opened, 4 p.m.
Victoria Institute, anniversary, 8 p.m., at the House of the Society of Arts.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26.
Statistical Society, anniversary, 4 p.m.
Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m.
Photographic Society, 8 p.m.
Horticultural Society, committees, and Pelargonium Show.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27.
Moon's last quarter, 7.38 p.m.
Society of Arts, anniversary, 4 p.m.
Botanical Society, special promenade.
Constitutional Union, anniversary and dinner (the Marquis of Salisbury in the chair).
Royal Academy of Music, St. James's Hall: Students' Concert, 2.30 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28.
Queen Victoria crowned, 1838.
Society of Antiquaries, 5.30 p.m.
Botanical Society, fête, 3 to 12 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29.
St. Peter, Apostle and Martyr.
Alexandra Park Races.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30.
Alice Memorial Hospital, Eastbourne, to be opened by the Prince of Wales.
Geologists' Association, excursion to Balmombe, and Worth, Sussex.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.
Fullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Night Service, Week-days and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.10 p.m. Fares—Single, 35s. 2s., 17s.; Return, 65s., 30s., 30s.
The Normandy and Brittany, splendid fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently under four hours.
A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
For full particulars see bills.
London, May, 1883. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1883.

TOURIST TICKETS will be issued from MAY 1 to OCT. 31, 1883.
For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company.
Derby, 1883. JOHN NOBLE, General Manager.

LAKE OF LUCERNE.—Important Notice.—Travellers desirous of varying their journey by a trip on the Lake between Lucerne and Fluelen can conveniently do so, arriving in time to take the trains at Fluelen or Lucerne, as the steamers correspond. A voyage on this magnificent Lake affords the greatest pleasure, and a beneficial change after a fatiguing railway journey. The large Saloon Steamers start at frequent intervals. Fare, 3.60. First-class Buffet. Prospects at the Hotels.

SAVAGE CLUB ENTERTAINMENT and COSTUME BALL.

Object: the Founding of a Club Scholarship in the Royal College of Music.
The EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the SAVAGE CLUB have the honour to announce that a GRAND MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT and COSTUME BALL will be given by Members of the Club in the ROYAL ALBERT HALL, on WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, with the immediate Patronage and Presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, K.G. (Honorary Life Member of the Club), and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and other Members of the Royal Family.

SAVAGE CLUB ENTERTAINMENT and COSTUME BALL.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 11.—The PRICE of TICKETS of ADMISSION will be as follows:—Gentlemen, Two Guineas; Ladies, One Guinea and a Half (inclusive of Champagne Supper, Wine, and Refreshments).
The Boxes will be appropriated for visitors who may prefer not to join in the Ball. Balcony seats, Five Shillings each.

Application for Tickets (and for prices of Special Boxes) may be made to the Executive Committee, Savage Club, Lancaster House, Savoy-place, Strand, W.C.; at the Royal Albert Hall; and at all the Libraries.

Under no circumstances will tickets be granted without the production of a voucher properly filled in and signed by Barry Sullivan, chairman of the Executive Committee, and one of the Vouching Sub-Committee, composed as follows:—Sir P. Curran, Mr. J. R. Somers, Mr. Edgar Bruce, Mr. Herbert Johnson, Mr. Thomas W. Cutler, Mr. Augustus Harris, and Mr. Gwynn Crowe. The vouchers having been obtained, may then be sent to E. J. Goodman, hon. secretary, Savage Club, together with a cheque or post-office order for the number of tickets required; or they may be exchanged (on payment) for tickets, at the Albert Hall or the Libraries.
The doors of the Hall will be open at 7.30 p.m. The Entertainment will commence at 8.30 p.m., and the Costume Ball at about Eleven p.m.
The Metropolitan and District Railways will run Special Trains from South Kensington to Aldgate and Mansion House (calling at all stations) at and after nine a.m.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

The new and magnificent entrance from Piccadilly is now open.
The world-famed

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,

the oldest established and most popular entertainment in the world.
EVERY NIGHT, at EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.
All the year round.

GREAT and GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF THE NEW PROGRAMME.
All the new songs received with the most enthusiastic manifestations of delight.
Great success of the new Second Part.
Tickets & Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. No fees.

THE DANISCHEFFS.—COURT THEATRE.—PRIVATE BOXES and STALLS in the best situations can be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

COURT THEATRE.—THE DANISCHEFFS.—STALLS and DRESS-CIRCLE SEATS can be secured at all the Libraries, and at the Box-office of the Theatre (Mr. Innes), open Eleven till Five.

LYCEUM.—THE LYONS MAIL.—TO-NIGHT at Half-past Eight. Last Nine Nights, Lesurques and Dubosc, Mr. Irving; Janette, Miss Ellen Terry. Preceded, at 7.45, by THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH. Mr. Terrell and Miss Payne. Morning Performance of CHARLES I., SATURDAY NEXT, JUNE 30, at Half-past Two. Charles I., Mr. Irving; Queen Henrietta, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. Hurst) open Ten to Five. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.

HOLIDAY NUMBER
OF THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
READY NEXT MONDAY, JUNE 25.EYRE'S ACQUITTAL,
AN ORIGINAL NOVEL, BY HELEN MATHERS.A COLOURED PICTURE,
MY LITTLE GIRL'S GARDEN,
BY E. K. JOHNSON.

painted by this celebrated artist especially for this Holiday Number, has been beautifully reproduced by Messrs. Leighton Brothers, and will be presented gratis to all purchasers of the HOLIDAY NUMBER.

PRICE ONE SHILLING; POSTAGE, THREEPENCE-HALFPENNY.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS
The NINETEENTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5, FALL-MALL EAST, from Ten till six. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

TINWORTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.
Upwards of One Hundred subjects from the Bible, in Terra-Cotta and Doulton Ware, including "The Release of Barabbas," "Preparing for the Crucifixion," "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and "Going to Calvary."
TINWORTH EXHIBITION, ART GALLERIES, 9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W. Open from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT and RARE, MODERN, and POPULAR SPORTING SUBJECTS is NOW OPEN at the CITY OF LONDON FINE-ART GALLERY, GLADWELL BROTHERS, 20 and 21, Gracechurch-street, E.C. Admission, One Shilling, including catalogue, which, being adorned with a number of quaint illustrations, is amusing and interesting. Open Ten to Six; Saturdays, Ten to Three. Catalogue and ticket of admission sent by post, 15 stamps.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, Piccadilly, W. The SIXTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s. To which is added a Loan Collection of the Works of the late Vice-President, W. L. Litch, including several works from the collection of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. **TREASURE TROVE** (a new First Part), by Arthur Law; Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; and a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled **OLD MESS.** Morning Performances—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three; Evening—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees.

NEW TALE BY JAMES PAYN.

William Black's Tale, "Yolande," will be brought to a close next week; and in the following Number, being the first of a New Volume, will be commenced a Tale by James Pavn, entitled **THE CANON'S WARD,** to be continued weekly until completed.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1883.

The ideal objects of the promoters of the International Fisheries Exhibition are fast being realised in practice. More than half a million people have already been to South Kensington to enlarge their views on this important subject, and so far as the influence of the Royal Princes avails, it is not likely to be neglected. In order to enlighten the British public as to the value of our coast fisheries, a series of conferences are to be held and lectures delivered. Professor Huxley led the way on Monday, and his valuable experience was on Tuesday supplemented by a paper read by the Prince of Wales on behalf and in the absence of his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh. From the data thus supplied interesting and important facts may be deduced, which indubitably suggest that the wealth of the sea is practically inexhaustible, and that British fisheries are yet in their infancy. The supplies of salmon and oysters are, owing to various reasons, somewhat limited, but the marvellous fecundity of the herring shoals, the taking of which gives employment at certain seasons to our hardy fishermen from John o'Groats to Land's End, is quite surpassed by the abundance of the cod who feed upon them. Off the coast of Norway during the earlier months of the year the fish form a shoal—a "cod's mountain" more than a hundred feet in depth (or height), upon which all the fishing-boats of all the Northern States of Europe make no perceptible impression. The science of fishery, and the inestimable benefits that may flow from it, are only beginning to be understood. There is no proper reason why fish should not become a cheap and general article of diet. One of the almost certain results of the Exhibition, and of the light now being thrown upon the subject, will be the breaking down of the monopoly of the middlemen, and such a distribution of fish supplies as will bring them within reach of all classes of the population, who in due time may "regard the turbot and the sole, not as an unattainable luxury, but as a pleasant and inexpensive addition to their daily meal."

It is a melancholy satisfaction to believe that the piteous catastrophe which last Saturday evening destroyed in a few moments, under circumstances of peculiar horror, the budding life of little short of two hundred little ones in Sunderland, was caused by a conjunction of circumstances that can very rarely occur. The facts are, to some extent, known, and will no doubt be entirely revealed at the forthcoming official inquiry. When two thousand or more merry and unreflecting children are crowded together in a public building, it would only be reasonable to expect adequate guidance and supervision. But in the gallery of Victoria Hall, Sunderland, on that ill-fated evening, there seems to have been only one foreman and a few mothers to look after a thousand juveniles who were witnessing the performances of an itinerant conjuror. Mr. Fay's assistant was sent thither from the stage with a basket of toys, which proved to be indeed a fatal gift. The children descended

the flight of stairs and, pressing onwards with a combined force that momentarily increased, the unhappy man seems to have striven to arrest the living tide and save himself by partially closing the door on the landing. And while the merry throng in the area were receiving their gifts, those running down from the gallery were unwittingly crushing each other to death. Happily, the struggle, though deadly, was brief. The heart sickens at the thought of the terrible scene. Hundreds of fathers and mothers in Sunderland are mourning their lost ones, whose tragic fate has as usual brought messages of tender sympathy from the Queen, sent a thrill of sorrow throughout the land, and supplied an awful warning to the managers of public buildings which it would be criminal to neglect.

The political silver wedding at Birmingham—the most enthusiastic demonstration of mutual regard between member and constituents which modern times have witnessed—has been supplemented by an unexpected incident. In his speech at the Townhall banquet Mr. Bright accounted for the slow progress of public business by the action of "not a few members" of the Conservative party, who repudiated the authority of a majority of the constituencies, and were found "in alliance with the Irish rebel party," and made it impossible to do any substantial work in the House of Commons. For this somewhat loose after-dinner charge, the right hon. gentleman was on Monday arraigned before the House of Commons by Sir Stafford Northcote—goaded on, we may presume, by ardent followers—who moved that the words used were a breach of privilege. While Mr. Bright, in his defence, maintained that two sections of the House were acting together with a view to make it "impossible for Government business to succeed," he did not attempt to vindicate the imputation that there was a common understanding or an active alliance. As to his attack on the "rebel" leaders of the Irish Land League, he offered to apologise if they would avow that their objects were compatible with loyalty to the Crown. Mr. O'Connor Power's generous excuse for a statesman to whom Ireland was under deep obligations was scornfully repudiated by several of his colleagues, one of whom—Mr. T. O'Connor—spoke of Mr. Bright's "implacable hate" to the Irish people, and, amid signs of general disgust, taunted him with a "mean and rather vain old age." The Opposition leader's resolution was rejected by 151 to 117 votes. Considering that for months the Government were vehemently and in every possible form baited by Conservative members for open alliance with the Parnellites by a "Kilmainham Treaty," Sir Stafford Northcote's sensitiveness to the after-dinner oratory of an ex-Cabinet Minister is, to say the least, a little overdone. If, however, the incident should tend to abate "veiled obstruction" in Parliament, which somehow does go on, it will have served a useful purpose.

The final decision of the Prime Minister to accord priority to the Corrupt Practices Bill over the Agricultural Holdings Bill has given much umbrage to his political opponents. To the first clause of the former measure the best part of three sittings have been devoted, and the efforts of the Attorney-General to meet the objections of Mr. Parnell by defining the meaning of "undue influence" have not been successful. The adoption of the words "the inflicting or threatening to inflict temporal or spiritual injury," which describe what is illegal at elections, is condemned by the Opposition as a weak concession to Irish pressure, and by the Home Rulers as an infringement of the prerogatives of the Roman Catholic priesthood. May not Sir H. James have hit the golden mean? In the final division on the clause Mr. Parnell was defeated by a very large majority. Whether by the course taken he has, as was probably intended, conciliated the Romish clergy will be seen in the important struggle now going on for the vacant seat in Monaghan, for which Mr. Healy has been induced to become a candidate, and is looking for clerical support.

Our Government are about to take a "new departure" in respect to South Africa. It has been announced in Parliament that a Special Commissioner will shortly be sent out "to consider our present relations with the Transvaal Government and the terms of the Convention of Pretoria, now that they have been illustrated by actual working for a certain time, and some experience of them has been afforded." Until this functionary has reported, this question will remain in statu quo. As regards Basutoland matters are more ripe for an immediate arrangement. The Cape Government desire to get rid of all responsibility for that dependency, and Lord Derby on behalf of the Imperial Government consents to resume the protectorate over the Basutos, on condition that they are practically unanimous in wishing for a return to our suzerainty; that the Cape and the natives become responsible for the cost of maintaining order; and that the co-operation of the Orange Free State is effectually secured. Not only is self-government under Imperial supervision offered to Basutoland, but some plan is being devised, in co-operation with the Cape authorities, for putting an end to the chronic anarchy in Bechuanaland. If these several proposals should result in restoring peace and prosperity to South Africa, our Colonial Office will deserve the thanks of the nation for having solved a most perplexing problem.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

A very sensible little letter appears in the *Times* of June 20, in which the writer begs all clergymen and other church officials to take warning by the late fearful calamity at Sunderland, and never, under any circumstances, allow the doors of their churches to be locked during service. The correspondent of the *Times* adds that "it has been the practice for some time in the particular West-End parish in which he resides to lock all the doors of the parish church, except one, during service, the keys being placed where they are supposed to be immediately available;" but he considers the practice to be an obnoxious one, not to be justified by the reason which he has heard given—that locking the doors prevents the congregation from leaving before the sermon. An American critic reading this might supplement it with the remark, "and before the collection."

We seem to entertain in this country a rooted objection to large doors permanently on the swing and opening outwards, and when we do have a building with large doors we generally contrive to block them up, cutting small posterns in them for the admission of the public. Then, some day or another, a fire breaks out, or a gallery gives way, and a panic occurs; and then the horrors of the Black Hole at Calcutta, the Ringstrasse Theatre at Vienna, and that fatal hall at Sunderland are revived.

Perhaps the best form of church door is the huge suspended portal of quilted leather, by pushing aside which you gain admission into the nave of St. Peter's at Rome. This "warranted solid leather" curtain is heavy enough to fit closely to the door jambs, and exclude the wind; but it can be easily and noiselessly moved; and to be able to enter easily and noiselessly into a place of worship is precisely what churchgoers want. Nor would the suspended leather portal be out of place at the entrances to the stalls in our theatres.

Mem.: I was shown, the other day at Vienna, the great black cavity yawning in the midst of the sumptuous edifices of the Ringstrasse, where the theatre had been, and where so many poor people lost their lives. I was told that it was intended to build a commemorative chapel on the site of the burned theatre. At Sunderland I see it is proposed to raise a subscription, first for the relief of the bereaved parents of the dead children (many of these parents may be too poor to buy decent mourning), and next for the foundation of a Convalescent Home. An excellent suggestion.

Prisoners have been told ere now by Justice Overdo that they have a "hanging face"; but it is somewhat of a novel thing for counsel learned in the law to urge, among their arguments in moving for a rule for a new trial in an action to recover damages from a railway company, the fact that the plaintiff and her principal witnesses were far too good-looking. A young lady travelling by a train on the South-Eastern line was so unfortunate as to sustain personal injury in alighting from the carriage at a place where there was no platform. When she recovered from her hurts, she brought an action for compensation; and a sympathetic jury awarded her a thousand guineas damages.

The railway company thought the damages excessive, and applied for a new trial, not only on the ground that the evidence was conflicting, but on the contention that the jury had been virtually bewitched by the beauty of the plaintiff, and "several of her sisters," who successively entered the witness-box. "And the worst of it was," said the learned counsel for the defendants, "the best-looking of the lot came last." After this, things came to a climax; and the fascinated jury hastened to award the fair plaintiff a thousand guineas. The rule for a new trial has been granted, subject to the consent of the plaintiff to the reduction of the damages to five hundred pounds.

Well; *la femme prime par la beauté*. Is not that in the eternal fitness of things? "A goddess beauty is," writes old Burton, going into ecstasies in the "Anatomy of Melancholy," "whom the very gods adore; she is love's harbinger, love's loadstone, a witch, a charm. Beauty is a dower in itself, a sufficient patrimony, an ample commendation, an accurate epistle." Plato calls beauty a "dumb comment," but the less gallant Theophrastus calls it a "silent fraud," and Socrates "a tyranny which tyranniseeth over tyrants themselves." And the Old Men at the Scæian gate, when they saw Helen, forgave her all the woes of Troy.

I read that it is proposed to revive this year the "historic pageant of the Godiva procession" through the streets of the City of Coventry, and that the celebration is fixed for the August Bank Holiday. But the proper day for holding the Coventry Show Fair is the Friday after the festival of Corpus Christi. As for the pretty legend of Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom of Coventry, why has Mr. Baring Gould told us nothing about "the sweetest of *sans culottes*," the fierce Earl Leofric, and the inquisitive tailor in his "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages"? There must be some foundation for the story of Lady Godiva, although the beginning of it may be traced some day to the folklore of Persia or Hindostan.

Some antiquaries incline to the opinion that Lady Godiva is really St. Ursula, a figure of whom, attended by her many maidens (not eleven thousand *bien entendu*), used to figure in the Corpus Christi processions. We know that in these pageants there were habitually presented effigies of St. George killing the dragon, St. Sebastian riddled with arrows, St. Catherine with her wheel, and so forth. Perhaps Godiva is a combination of St. Ursula and the Chaste Susanna. We may bear in mind in this connection Mr. Baring Gould's remark: "The legends of the Middle Ages were some beautiful, some grotesque, and some revolting. The two latter classes we put aside at once; but for the first we profess a lingering affection."

mediæval myths—that of Hugh of Lincoln. At Nyireghyaza, Strange to find, in 1883, a survival of one of the most revolting of in Eastern Hungary, thirteen Jews are being tried for the alleged murder of a Christian girl, "whose blood they required for purposes of ritual."

Mem.: I can only remember one representative of Lady Godiva in the flesh at the Coventry Show Fair. That was a "Madame" Wharton, a noted "Academy model."

Surely the national manners are becoming more polished every day. Whether they are being purified is quite another thing. An action has just been tried in which the plaintiff, a "cart-minder," sued the defendant, a fishmonger, for the utterance of "Billingsgate language" at Billingsgate Market. The litigants had a dispute about two brill; and the plaintiff's case was that the defendant called him a thief. One of the witnesses deposed that the fishmonger not only called the cart-minder a thief, but a "holy-faced dog" to boot. For accusing the plaintiff of dishonesty the defendant was cast in ten pounds damages.

The laws of slander and libel have been vastly altered and amended since Blackstone's time; but it is amusing to read in the "Commentaries" (the twelfth edition of 1794, with Christian's notes and additions) notes to the effect that it is actionable to call a person in writing "an itchy old toad," but not actionable to call him so to his face. It was not legally slanderous to call a man a thief because he had stolen a cat, the stealing of which was not a felony; or to charge a lady with theft or murder, "when the accusation was intended as a compliment, and alluded only to the fascinating or fatal influence of her beauty." It was libel to say that a man was a highwayman, but no libel to declare that he was worse than a highwayman. As for the spoken words, scoundrel, rascal, villain, knave, miscreant, liar, fool, and such-like general terms of scurrility, they might, writes Christian in a note, "be used with impunity, and are parts of the rights and privileges of the vulgar."

Among the books which I find on my table on returning from a recent expedition into a Savage country I find a smart little tome of nearly two hundred pages, entitled "American Dishes, and How to Cook Them. From the recipes of an American lady." London: T. Fisher Unwin. The lady does not give her name. Fisheries and fish being at present in the ascendant, I should recommend all culinary students to turn to the section of the lady's book (pp. 16—36) devoted to fish recipes and general instructions how to choose and prepare the denizens of the deep for the table. The recipe for cold boiled fish *à la vinaigrette* is very good. In frying, the lady allows half a pound of salt pork cut in thin slices for every four pounds of fish. She is great also in fish balls.

Who would fish balls with "fixings" eat,
Must get some friend to stand him treat;
Who would have bread with one fish ball,
Must get it first or not at all.

That, you will remember, was the stern monition of the haughty waiter to the impecunious customer at the cheap New York restaurant, where a single fish ball could be obtained for twelve and a half cents. The indigent guest was rash enough to murmur, "a piece of bread, Sir, if you please"; but

The waiter roared it through the hall
"We don't give bread with one fish ball."

Salt fish in potato *purée*; salt fish *soufflé*; roasted oysters on toast; "little pigs in blankets" (large oysters wrapped up in slices of fat English bacon fastened with little wooden skewers—"toothpicks are best," says the lady—and fried); lobster broiled in the shell;—on all these does the lady, with taste and acumen, discourse. Consult her pages, likewise, for baked beans (pork and beans are the palladium of New England), hominy, potato puffs, rye meal, squash biscuits, and minced cabbage. In soups she is strong on a pottage of black beans (was this the Spartan's broth?), Okra or Gumbo and Prairie-hen soup. And she tells us that okra and green corn cut from the cob, preserved and of excellent quality, can be purchased in London.

The late Duke de Ripalda, the Spanish Grandee to whom the palace of the Farnesina at Rome belonged, has left, according to the Roman correspondent of the *Times* (and an excellent correspondent he is) a fortune of five millions. The bulk of his wealth, including the Farnesina, with its frescoes by Raffaele and other illustrious masters, is bequeathed to a young lady of near kindred to him who is at present at school in a convent at Cologne. The Farnesina alone is valued at two millions. But, surely, millions of francs or lire, not pounds sterling, must be meant. But even should that be the case, the statement is puzzling. Surely the Farnesina (which is in admirable repair), with the matchless "Triumph of Galatea" and the Story of Cupid and Psyche by Raffaele; the "Marriage of Alexander," by Sodoma; the colossal head sketched by Michel Angelo, and the paintings by Daniele da Volterra, Sebastiano del Piombo, Giulio Romano, Baldassare, Peruzzi, and other princes of the pencil, together with the stately mansion which enshrines their works, must be worth more than eighty thousand pounds.

It is stated that the Italian Minister of Public Instruction has taken steps to ascertain if, and on what conditions, it is possible to secure the Farnesina, with Raffaele's frescoes, for the nation. It would be undesirable if the "whole lot, lock, stock, and barrel," were purchased by some "Silver King" from Nevada or Colorado.

I read in the *New York Herald*:—

Mr. George W. Cable, the novelist, is a very quiet little man, who was formerly a clerk. His life has been spent in New Orleans; he is a pious man, who attends largely to the official business of religious corporations; he does not read French novels, although one night from his style think that he does, and he has never attended a theatre. He is about forty-two years old, and he does not think that he writes novels when he

is describing Creole life. He does not know what alcoholic liquors taste like.

A model novelist, indeed! I had the honour to meet Mr. G. W. Cable at New Orleans early in 1880, and to read a charming work of his, descriptive of French Creole life in and about the Crescent City called "Les Grandissimes." He has gone far in fiction since then. I am glad to hear that he is pious, that he is a teetotaler, and that he never goes to the play, nor reads French novels (I tried to read M. Emile Zola's "Bonheur des Dames" the other day in the train between Moscow and Warsaw, but I gave it up in disgust at last, and made a present of it to the sleeping-car conductor, who could speak no tongue but Russ); still, it was at a very merry dinner party that I met Mr. Cable; and he did not express to the company any active abhorrence for dry champagne. I know many earnest abstainers who do not brag and shriek about their abstinence.

One of the merriest of the guests at that merry dinner party has gone to his rest. I read with deep sorrow the announcement of the death at New Orleans of Dr. John Dickson Bruns, a distinguished physician, one of the kindest, cheeriest, and most brilliant men that I ever knew. He was a Charlestonian by birth; but for sixteen years he had been settled in New Orleans, where his great medical skill obtained for him a large practice; while his inexhaustible charity and benevolence endeared him to the poor. He wrote extensively on subjects connected with his profession, and was a prolific contributor to general literature, but it was as an alleviator of human suffering and misery that Dr. John Dickson Bruns earned his most enduring title to the love and the affectionate remembrance of his friends and fellow-citizens. Whenever and wherever Plague, Pestilence, Famine, Cholera, Yellow-fever, and Inundation were to be fought, Dr. Bruns was in the forefront of the battle. He occupied the highest rank in his nobly beneficent calling; but he was known emphatically as "le Médecin des Pauvres," and a Samaritan as well as a surgeon to the poor and miserable. New Orleans seems to have turned out *en masse* to pay the last honours to the remains of this accomplished, amiable, and humane gentleman.

A very few nights since, being at the Strand Theatre, I was accosted by a middle-aged gentleman, seemingly in the enjoyment of excellent health, who jocularly accused me of having forgotten him. I explained to him that my eyesight and not my memory was at fault; and, very soon, I recognised him as Mr. Henry S. Leigh, the author of "Carols of Cockaigne" and numerous other charming collections of lyric verse. Three days afterwards I heard that Mr. Henry S. Leigh had died suddenly at his chambers in the Strand. Personally, I knew the deceased gentleman but very slightly; but I always entertained the highest admiration for the gracefulness of his fancy, and the purity, melody, and fluency of his numbers. He was also, I read, a copious linguist and a skilled musician. He was only forty-six years old when he died; so that he must have been a little boy of nine when, in the year 1846, I was a pupil at the noted Drawing Academy and Life School conducted by his talented father, first in Maddox-street, Regent-street, and afterwards in Newman-street, Oxford-street, where the school founded by Mr. Leigh is now continued by Mr. Heatherley.

Why my respected instructor in drawing from the "round" and the "life" was called "Dagger" Leigh I do not know. I remember him chiefly as a most fascinating lecturer on artistic anatomy. He made discourses on the bones and muscles as entertaining as the "Arabian Nights"; and the love for anatomical study which his lucid explanations instilled into me is as quickening now as it was thirty-seven years ago, when I hied to Messrs. Winsor and Newton's, the artists' colourmen in Rathbone-place, to purchase a little shilling book on the anatomy of the human figure published by them. I have been collecting books about the bones and muscles ever since—all owing to the lectures of poor Henry S. Leigh's father.

From a paragraph in the *World* I gather that the house once occupied by Albert Smith, in Percy-street, Bedford-square, is about to be repaired and re-let. The writer of the paragraph states that he recently went over the well-remembered house, and found that "picturesque room on the ground floor where the aquarium used to be" strewn with old bricks and under repair. A charming picture of this ground floor apartment, the *World* proceeds to say, still exists, and is in the possession of Mr. J. Ashby Sterry. I remember that room in the *rez de chaussée* in Percy-street very well, in 1847. It was Albert's workroom, where he used to sit at a desk by the window, in a French workman's blouse of blue glazed calico, scribbling away for dear life. The apartment was literally crammed with an astonishing "omnium gatherum" of miscellaneous *bric-à-brac*: among which I remember a staring yellow model of a French diligence, a quantity of coloured soap from Vienna, moulded into the forms of shell-fish and fruit, a pair of sabots, and the celebrated tin fiddle which figured in his earliest entertainment. Stay; there were also a Turkish fez and a narghilé, a toy gondola, a very large gingerbread chandelier from the Paris *foire au pain d'épice*, and several alpenstocks.

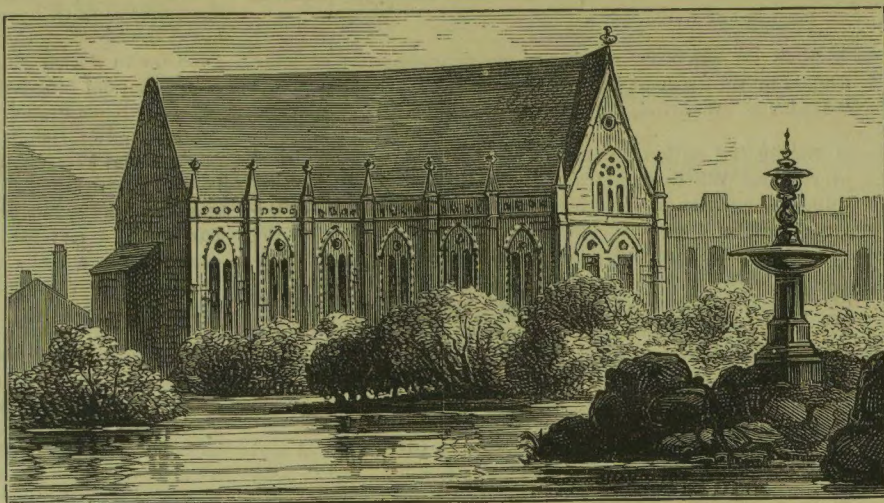
A gentleman has been so obliging as to forward me the photograph of a titlepage of a Plantin Virgil, perfect, and of the date of 1585. He is informed, he adds, that copies of this edition are scarce, and he would like to know the value of the book. I do not, myself, buy books which their owners know or think to be scarce. I like to pick up my rare editions for sixpence a piece out of a costermonger's barrow in the New Cut, early in the morning. When you are quite sure that your sixpenny worth is rare and perfect, spend two or three guineas on the binding of it, and put it carefully under a glass shade. Glass doors to a bookcase will not exclude the Demon Dust. What do you say, Mr. Andrew Lang?

G. A. S.

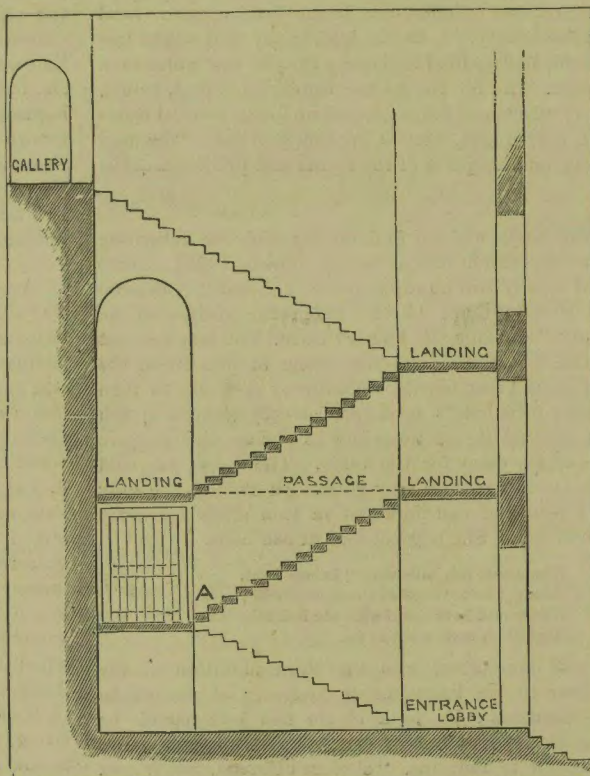
MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

The whole of last week, at Birmingham, with an interval of rest on Tuesday, was occupied by the series of local and popular demonstrations in honour of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., who has been one of the Parliamentary representatives of that great town during a quarter of a century past. We presented, in the last Number of our Journal, with a Portrait of the right hon. gentleman, some illustrations of the scene at his arrival in the town, on the Monday, and the procession, arrayed in an ingenious manner, with banners and various devices, to represent the trades of Birmingham and the old and modern Reform Associations, which escorted Mr. Bright to the Aston public pleasure-grounds.

The mass meeting of Wednesday evening, in Bingley Hall, where more than twenty thousand people were assembled to hear speeches from Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, his colleague in the representation of Birmingham, is the subject of our double-page Engraving in this week's publication. Another illustration now provided is that of the scene on the platform at the same meeting, when addresses to Mr. Bright were presented by the deputations of delegates from a hundred and sixty town or district Liberal Associations throughout the Kingdom, who were successively introduced by Mr. Schnadhorst, Secretary of the Birmingham Liberal Association. The chair was occupied by Mr. George Dixon, having Mr. Bright on his right hand and Mr. Chamberlain on his left. Among those present were the Mayor (Mr. White), Mr. D. McLaren (formerly M.P. for Edinburgh), Mr. R. W. Dale, Mrs. Curry and Mrs. Roth (Mr. Bright's daughters), Sir Charles Forster, M.P., Sir John Bennett, Messrs. C. McLaren, M.P., S. Storey, M.P., R. Leake, M.P., W. Agnew, M.P., and the leading men of the Liberal party in Birmingham and its neighbourhood. Special arrangements had been made for the accommodation of the vast audience. At the upper end of the great hall, which is lighted from the roof and divided by lofty pillars into five parallel bays or aisles, a broad sloping gallery had been erected for distinguished visitors and the members of the Liberal Committee of eight hundred. In front of this gallery was the speakers' platform, in the centre of which, on a raised dais, stood the table bearing the presentation service of plate, given to Mr. Bright by the Liberals of Birmingham. Right and left of the speakers' platform were low galleries for the accommodation of ticket-holders, while sloping galleries, filled with other visitors, and ward committee men, presented a continuous wall of faces all round the hall. The floor, which was fitted with barriers to prevent the swaying and surging of the crowd, was given up to the general public, and was literally packed from end to end. Before the commencement of the proceedings, at seven o'clock, the military band placed in one of the galleries played a succession of popular airs, in some of which the audience joined in chorus to the words of songs printed in the official programme. Thus the Liberal March was set to the tune of the "Men of Harlech," and the song of welcome which greeted Mr. Bright



THE DISASTER AT SUNDERLAND: VICTORIA HALL, FROM SUNDERLAND PARK.



A. Place where the mass of dead children lay, between steps and door.
SECTION OF THE STAIRCASE IN VICTORIA HALL.

on his entrance to the popular air, "Johnny comes marching home." When the chairman had taken his seat and opened the proceedings, Dr. R. W. Dale, Congregational minister, on behalf of the committee of subscribers, addressing Mr. Bright, presented to him the silver and glass dessert service, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Messrs. Osler, and further announced their gift of a portrait of the right hon. gentleman himself, painted by Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., which is in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Then followed the presentation of the addresses from Liberal and other associations in different parts of the country; among them were the National Liberal Federation, the National Reform Union, the London and Counties Liberal Union, the National Liberal Club (the address being signed, on behalf of the general committee, by Mr. Gladstone, the president), the Agricultural Labourers' Union, and Liberal associations at Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Chelsea, Hackney, Southwark, Marylebone, Leicester, Sunderland, Newcastle, Hull, Coventry, Wigan, Northampton, Stockport, Dudley, Cheltenham, West Bromwich, Preston, Derby, Rochdale, Reading, Warrington, Hastings, Southampton, Ashton-under-Lyne,

Worcester, Darlington, Scarborough, Wakefield, Great Grimsby, Stoke-on-Trent, Kidderminster, Crewe, Leamington, Stafford, Banbury, Bridport, and other places. In each case the name of the association was called out by Mr. Schnadhorst as the delegate appointed stepped forward and laid the address on the table. This ceremony, which was accompanied by much applause, occupied about a quarter of an hour. Mr. Bright then made his speech, which has been read and commented upon everywhere, as well as that of Mr. Chamberlain, who followed him, and whose unreserved declaration of his political opinions has since been noticed by the Marquis of Salisbury in the House of Lords.

The principal event of Thursday was the banquet in the Townhall, at which the Mayor of Birmingham presided, and at which Earl Granville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was entertained, together with Mr. Bright, lately his colleague in the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone. Upon this occasion, also, the speeches were of considerable political importance. They were delivered, not at the dinner table, where 350 guests sat during the repast, but from the gallery in front of the organ, to an audience of more than a thousand ladies and gentlemen; and the fine hall, being handsomely decorated and filled with this assembly, had a very imposing effect. The honoured guests of the evening were escorted home by a torchlight procession, amidst the cheering of the people in the streets. Next morning, Friday, Mr. Bright was formally received by the Mayor and Town Council of Birmingham, who entertained him with a breakfast at the Council House, in the new municipal buildings separate from the Townhall. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen, members and officers of the Corporation and invited visitors, met him in the reception-room. In the afternoon, Mr. Bright performed the ceremony of unveiling the statue of the late Mr. J. S. Wright, M.P. for Nottingham, who preceded Mr. George Dixon as Chairman of the Birmingham Liberal Association.



MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM: RECEPTION AT THE TOWN COUNCIL HOUSE.



MR. W. IRVING BISHOP, THE "THOUGHT READER," AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. IRVING BISHOP, "THOUGHT-READER."

The American gentleman, Mr. Washington Irving Bishop, who professes to be able to discern the "unuttered thoughts" of a person by the effect of some occult physiological process, akin to the imagined "waves" of brain-force or nerve-force transmitted from one human body to another, held a special "séance" on Tuesday week, at St. James's Hall. His charges for admission were high, to the front stalls not less than a guinea, and half a guinea to the area stalls and balcony stalls; but all the proceeds were to be given, upon this occasion, to the Victoria Hospital for Children at Chelsea. The promised exhibition was of an extraordinary character, having the additional interest of a personal challenge and wager, offered by a gentleman so well known as Mr. H. D. Labouchere, M.P., the editor and proprietor of *Truth*. He had staked £1000, to be paid, if he lost the wager, to the Victoria Hospital or any other charity, against £100 to be paid by Mr. Irving Bishop, upon the issue of a trial whether Mr. Bishop could declare the number of a bank-note in a sealed envelope held by one of a list of gentlemen selected for the committee, the holder alone to know the number of the note. Mr. Firth, M.P. for Chelsea, was duly nominated for this office, but Mr. Bishop declined to accept him or another nominee of Mr. Labouchere. The hon. member for Northampton then withdrew his offer, and refrained from attending the séance at St. James's Hall, which had been advertised by Mr. Bishop, having been arranged several weeks beforehand. Mr. Firth wrote a letter to *Truth*, in which he said, "I am not particularly sorry, as I have no special anxiety to achieve distinction in the particular line of humbug to the discussion of which you and Bishop are devoting yourselves." When the appointed evening came, with a numerous assembly of spectators, Mr. Bishop invited those present to elect a committee; and a dozen gentlemen were chosen, including Mr. Waddy, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Passmore Edwards, M.P., the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the Rev. Dr. Tremlett, Mr. Statham (Manchester), Colonel of the 20th Lancashire Volunteers, Mr. Lane Fox, and others, to conduct the trial and investigation. Mr. Waddy was elected chairman, Mr. Passmore Edwards having declined on account of a bad cold. The proceedings, of which we give some sketches, became very disorderly when the "thought-reading" part of the business came on; but there were some other performances first, of the nature of the famous Davenport trick, Mr. Bishop showing his ability to extricate his hands from a policeman's pair of handcuffs, and to untie manifold bandages with which he was fettered, by the aid of the chief constable of a provincial town, when left in a dark closet tied upon a fixed seat. He managed also, when blindfolded, to find a hat passed among the audience, and to extract a pin which had been stuck in the lining of the hat by Mr. Lane Fox, who had so disposed of it while Mr. Bishop was absent from the hall. These preliminaries having been enacted, he called for Mr. Labouchere to take the chair, but neither that gentleman nor Mr. Firth made their appearance. Amidst the confusion that ensued, Mr. Charles Russell and Professor Ray Lankester, who were not of the chosen committee, invited Mr. Bishop to try if he could tell the number of a £5 note known only to Professor Lankester; and a gentleman whose name was not announced, but who figures as "the irrepressible challenger," likewise threw upon the floor a "five" inclosed in an envelope; but Mr. Bishop would have nothing to do with either. At length Mr. Statham was selected for the experiment, and was allowed to look at the number of a bank note produced by Colonel Trench, who did not himself know its number. Mr. Bishop had a black board, upon which he was to write in chalk the number of the note. He drew an oblong, which he divided into five spaces, one for each numeral. Having then blindfolded himself, he touched Mr. Statham with his finger, made some odd gestures, and in a few moments began to write the figures, one by one, composing the number 66,894. This proved to be perfectly correct when Mr. Statham opened the bank-note and handed it to the chairman. There was a shout of applause in the meeting, and a fire-balloon was sent up outside, to let people know that Mr. Bishop had won a victory. Opinions may still differ about the means, but there can be no doubt of the honesty and veracity of all the gentlemen named who took part with him in this remarkable performance. Mr. Bishop says, in a published letter, "It is my intention shortly to discontinue my public life, in order to resume my investigations of the mysteries of the East."

THE DISASTER AT SUNDERLAND.

A narrative of the horrible calamity on Saturday afternoon at Sunderland, where more than 180 children perished by crushing and stifling in the staircase passage of the Victoria Hall, at the close of a conjuring entertainment, will be found in the Supplement to this sheet. Besides the other illustrations, which appear on our front page, we present, on the fourth page, a section-view of the four flights of steps, and the intermediate floor landings, or passages, descending from the gallery where the children, about twelve hundred in number, had been assembled to witness the performance on the stage below. The point marked A in this engraving, opposite the fatal door, which is at the other end of a landing or short passage, 14 ft. in length and 7 ft. in width, is the place where they lay piled upon each other, half way up the steps, filling the whole space to the door. It should be observed that the thin perpendicular line in our diagram, rising from the entrance lobby, on the ground floor, to the top of these and the upper flight of steps, and to the higher part of the building, is a solid party wall; and the landings shown to the right-hand side of it belong to another staircase leading to the dress circle. There is a door through this wall at the top of the steps, but it was closed and locked. Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. W. Connell, of Gateshead.

The Queen has appointed the Master of the Rolls, Lord Curlingford, the Marquis of Lothian, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis of Bath, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Carnarvon, Lord E. Fitzmaurice, the Bishop of Limerick, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Houghton, Lord Acton, Sir George W. Dasent, and Mr. William Hardy to be a Commission to make inquiry into the places in which documents, illustrative of history or of general public interest, belonging to private persons, are deposited, and to consider whether, with the consent of the owners, means might not be taken to render such documents available for public reference.

There were 2477 births and 1279 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 70, and the deaths 126, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 3 from smallpox, 59 from measles, 27 from scarlet fever, 15 from diphtheria, 22 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 11 from enteric fever, 25 from dysentery, and 2 from simple cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had steadily declined from 402 to 226 in the five preceding weeks, further fell to 203 last week, and were 32 below the corrected weekly average.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The sum of one thousand pounds was the outcome of the remarkable afternoon performance given under the special patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Lyceum on Thursday, June 14, in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music. The Prince and Princess were present, and the house, so liberally devoted by Mr. Henry Irving to the furtherance of a worthy object, was crowded by a fashionable audience, undismayed at such phenomenal prices as ten-guinea private boxes and stalls, and front seats in the dress circle at two guineas each. The pit was five shillings. An entertainment of exceptional attractiveness had been provided, comprising a scene from Lord Lytton's comedy of "Money," admirably interpreted by Mr. Arthur Cecil as Mr. Graves, by Mr. Brookfield as the servant, and by Mrs. Bancroft as Lady Franklin; and, as a finale, a selection from the fairy-opera of "Iolanthe," rendered by Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Charles Manners, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Durward Lely, and Miss Leonora Braham, with the skilful Mr. F. Cellier as conductor; but, of course, the "sensational" feature of the programme was the revival of the old melodrama of "Robert Macaire; or, the Roadside Inn"—a version (by the late Mr. Charles Selby, I should say) of the too-celebrated French piece, "L'Auberge des Adrets," in which Frédéric Lemaître "created"—with a vengeance—the part of the felonious hero. "Robert Macaire," as a melodrama, is scarcely so powerful as our very old English friends, "Jonathan Bradford" and "Ambrose Gwynett"; indeed, the "Roadside Inn" has been not inappropriately likened to a piece originally framed as a ballet pantomime, with a murder interpolated at the last moment, to give a little serious interest to an otherwise frivolous production. Without the assassination of M. Germeuil, Robert Macaire and Jacques Strop might be merely two very diverting vagabonds of a purely pantomimic type; Macaire is clown and Jacques Strop pantaloone to Charles's harlequin and Clementine's columbine, while Loupy, the sergeant of gendarmes, may be taken to correspond with the pantomimic policeman, and Pierre, the innkeeper, answers well enough to the respectable tradesman of pantomime so repeatedly robbed, swindled, buffeted, and otherwise maltreated by clown and pantaloone; but a combination of circumstances has rendered it indispensable that Robert Macaire should be played only by an actor possessing in an equal and in the very highest degree tragic and comic powers. These powers were possessed by the Frenchman, Frédéric Lemaître; and with them the Englishman, Henry Irving, is as fully and as highly endowed. I have seen both Frédéric (at the French plays in London, for "L'Auberge des Adrets" was a prohibited play in Paris for many years) and the late Charles Fechter in the part of the cynical convict and assassin. Lemaître was in his *décadence* when I saw him. His teeth were nearly gone, and his utterances did not extend beyond a shrill piping; but his by-play was superb. The excellence of Fechter's performance was impaired by the musical tones of his voice, which he did not sufficiently vary, and by his apparent reluctance frankly to accept the comic side of the character. He was more Don César de Bazan arrayed as a French instead of a Spanish tatterdemalion than the Robert Macaire of the Porte St. Martin. Mr. Irving appears to me to have grasped the character in its entirety. He has combined with amazing skill and acumen of conception the attributes of the ragged and dirty dandy, the scurrilous jester, the inveterate thief and swindler, and the cold-blooded villain who will not stop short of murder in the pursuit of plunder; but with this warp of ruffianism and ribaldry he mingles just one thread of natural pathos. He is not altogether a wild beast in human form—the laughing hyena of the *bagne*. He is a father; and he can feel some emotion when he recognises his son. And in his last moments he repents of his cruelty to the wife whom he has abandoned, and dies, forgiven, in her arms. When we remember that while Macaire—shot, when attempting to escape, by the gendarmes—is expiring, the corpse of the murdered M. Germeuil is weltering in his blood up stairs, we ought properly to feel only horror and disgust for the dying assassin on the stage; but the consummate skill with which Mr. Irving, by a few words and a few gestures, has emphasised the truth that a touch of human feeling may be linked with a thousand crimes, mitigates the aversion we feel for so hideous a character as Macaire. Until the murder takes place he is merely a buffoon, at whose antics we can impartially laugh. But with his hands freshly stained with human blood, an ordinary actor who still continued his buffoonery would become unutterably repulsive. A great master of his art only can, as Henry Irving does, continue to be wildly comic, and move us to merriment as wild long after he has confessed to Bertrand the doing of that gory deed up stairs. We almost forget the slain Germeuil till Nemesis arrives, and all at once the buffoon disappears and we are confronted by the desperate but ultimately repentant criminal. If the character of Macaire as drawn by Mr. Irving be scouted as wholly unnatural, look, I say, at the character of that horrible robber and murderer Charles Peace. He was the merriest of burglars and blood-spillers. He played on the accordion, he sang comic ditties at music-halls after he had killed people; at his last examination before the magistrates he put his feet on the justice-room table and made jocular remarks; but when Nemesis came and the rope was tightening round his neck he did at least one human act, in declaring the innocence of the poor young Irish labourers whom, in the days of his rollicking Macairdom, he had unconcernedly seen condemned to death for a murder which he had himself committed. Fortunately, the doom of the Habrons had been commuted to penal servitude for life; and through Peace's tardy revelations they were restored to liberty. I may add that the character of Robert Macaire is not wholly an imaginary one. It seems to have been founded on a real scoundrel—one Coignard—who, shortly after the Restoration of 1815, escaped from the *bagne* of Toulon, and, after assuming a number of disguises, passed himself off as the Comte Pontis de Ste. Hélène. He actually rose to the rank of Commander of the National Guard of Paris; when he was arrested at a review on the denunciation of an ex-comrade at the galleries whose silence he had stupidly refused to purchase. Coignard was a dandy, even when clad in the hideous livery of the prison, and was known as "le beau du bagne." As for the name of Macaire, it has long been typical in France for villany, as the name of the assassin who murdered Aubry de Montdidier in the Forest of Bondy in 1371, and whose crime was discovered through the sagacity of Aubry's faithful dog. Mr. Irving had a wonderfully droll foil in the Jacques Strop of Mr. J. L. Toole, whose exhibition of pusillanimity was simply marvellous, and whose "make up" vied in drollery of effect with that of the not-to-be-forgotten Robin in the "Wandering Minstrel." As for Mr. Irving's facial and sartorial equipments, they were really artistic triumphs. You had before you not only the Robert Macaire of Lemaître, but the even more raggedly picturesque incarnation of the rascal created (after the play itself had been forbidden) by the French caricaturist Henri Daumier, in the wonderful series of pictorial satires called "Les Cent et un Robert Macaire." One great charm of the performance was the complete harmony with which Mr. Toole and Mr.

Irving played into each other's hands. Each seemed perfectly to comprehend the idiosyncrasies and divine the intent of his other; and there was not a false note in their whole artistic duet. The charming Miss Ellen Terry accepted with graceful condescension the trifling part of Clémentine, Miss Ada Cavendish threw much pathos into the part of the ill-used wife Marie; Mr. Fernandez was an impressive M. Dumont, and Mr. Howe a genial M. Germeuil—I mean, genial till he was murdered. Mr. Terriss was a manly Charles; Mr. Thomas Thorne an amusingly stolid innkeeper, and Mr. Bancroft a duly suspicious sergeant of gendarmes. That all these clever ladies and gentlemen should have refrained from shrieking and rolling about the stage in ecstasies of laughter while Mr. Toole and Mr. Irving were on the stage reflects the highest credit on their command over their risible muscles. A memorable afternoon. G. A. S.

The lessee's benefit at Toole's Theatre last Saturday afternoon drew a great house. The play was "The Waterman," in which Mr. Sims Reeves, as Tom Tug, sang "Did you never hear tell?" "My trim-built wherry," "The Bay of Biscay," and "Rule Britannia," with a fervour and melody all his own, winning unanimous applause. Mr. Toole, who was received with jubilant cheers, made the audience very merry by his droll acting as Robin, and his highly comic rendering of "Cherries and Plums." Madame Amadi, an accomplished artist, gave "Wapping Old Stairs" in brilliant style, and was enthusiastically encored.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Rank and Riches," after a week's run, has been withdrawn from the Adelphi, to make way for "Camille," an English version of "La Dame Aux Camélias," recently seen at the Imperial and elsewhere.

MUSIC.

THE TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL.

This great musical event, which has just occurred at the Crystal Palace, claims first notice on account of its intrinsic and national importance. We gave last week some account of the origin and progress of these celebrations, and of the arrangements for the occasion just concluded. Since writing then, a most important change was made, that of the transference of the office of conductor from Sir Michael Costa to Mr. August Manns. This was necessitated by the illness of Sir M. Costa, whose absence on this occasion is matter for deep regret. His presiding skill and energy have been chiefly conducive to the musical success of all the past celebrations, and his name, as controller of the vast army of nearly four thousand performers, inspired them with confidence. In the emergency which so suddenly arose, the directors have taken the most judicious step possible, by selecting Mr. August Manns as conductor. His long association with the Crystal Palace in his skilful direction of the famous Saturday afternoon concerts there, gave sufficient assurance of his fitness for the task—the difficulty of which will be somewhat lessened by those good influences which still prevail from the long exercise of the office by his predecessor.

The basis of the musical arrangements at previous Festivals has been derived from the co-operation of the Sacred Harmonic Society, before its recent dissolution and its subsequent re-establishment under changed conditions. This year's celebration was independent of such aid, all the organisation, musical and otherwise, having been carried out by the Crystal Palace authorities.

The chorus and orchestra assembled on this occasion numbered together (as heretofore) nearly four thousand performers; Mr. F. Ralph, having been the leading violinist. Many other of our best instrumentalists were included in the band, and this vast force was enhanced by the great organ, which has long been a feature in the Handel orchestra of the Crystal Palace, and was presided at, on this occasion, by Mr. Willing.

We have now to speak of the grand public rehearsal held yesterday (Friday) week, and the opening performances. On the first-named date, as heretofore, an advantageous opportunity was afforded to the many who were unable to attend on the Festival days, to hear portions of those programmes at a single attendance, with the slight drawbacks of those occasional stoppages incidental to rehearsals: these, at the Crystal Palace, being but few and far between, owing to the long course of previous preparation. As the pieces given on Friday week will have to be spoken of in reference to the performances of the following days, it is only necessary here to say that they consisted of extracts from each of this week's programmes.

The first performance on Monday consisted, according to previous custom, of "The Messiah," a judicious choice, as being the work most identified with religious feeling, and that by which perhaps the fame of Handel has been most extensively promoted. In this, as in all the music of the week, the choral pieces were, naturally, those in which the grandest effects were realised—the enormous space of the building dwarfing some of the efforts of the solo vocalists. The choruses were given with brightness of tone, and a readiness and precision truly marvellous, considering the circumstances. In fact, so far as the Festival has proceeded at the time of writing, the chorus-singing was fully as efficient and satisfactory as at any previous celebration. Madame Albani's exquisite rendering of the soprano solos was a special feature in Monday's performance of "The Messiah"—her delivery of the airs, "Rejoice greatly," "Come unto Him," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth" having produced a marked impression. There is no occasion to dwell on the satisfactory rendering of the other solo music—that for the tenor by Mr. Maas, that for contralto divided between Madame Trebelli and Madame Patey, and that for bass shared by Signor Foli and Mr. Santley.

The second day's performance consisted of a selection from various sacred and secular works by Handel, including extracts from works dating from his first Italian opera produced in London ("Rinaldo," in 1711) to his last great English oratorio ("Jephthah," in 1751). The programme also contained the first of the organ concertos—with orchestra—Mr. W. T. Best (of Liverpool) having been the solo organist. Of the details of the second day's proceedings, and of the closing performance of "Israel in Egypt," yesterday (Friday), we must speak next week. Meantime we must record the great efficiency displayed by Mr. Manns, the conductor, in a most arduous task, that was undertaken at very short notice.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.

Madame Adelina Patti's first appearance this season took place on Saturday evening in one of her most attractive performances, and one of those which were her earliest triumphs here. As Rosina in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," the great prima donna met with a most enthusiastic reception, and sang as finely as on any previous occasion. In the lesson-scene she introduced Verdi's scena, "Ernani, involami!" (from "Ernani," which was given with an alternate grace, expression, and brilliancy that elicited a special demonstration. In reply to this Madame Patti sang "Home, sweet home," with such pathos and charm that the audience would not be content without a repetition of the last verse. The crowded state of

the house demonstrated that Madame Patti's attraction is as great as ever; and her performance proved her to be in the plenitude of her best powers. The occasion also included the reappearance of Signor Nicolini as Almaviva, a part with which he has often before been associated. The cast also included Signor Cotogni as Figaro, Signor Scolaro as Doctor Bartolo, and Signor De Reszke as Basilio.

"Carmen" was repeated on Saturday afternoon, with the fine performance of Madame Pauline Lucca in the title-character.

Madame Adelina Patti appeared again on Tuesday, when she repeated that fine performance of Violetta in "La Traviata" which has more than once been commented on in previous seasons. Her reception was again a cordial one. The cast included Signor Nicolini as Alfredo, and Signor Battistini as the elder Germont.

The farewell appearance of Madame Christine Nilsson (previous to her departure for America) was briefly adverted to last week. The occasion drew an enormous audience to the Royal Albert Hall, and the eminent Swedish prima donna received a cordial greeting. Her fine singing was heard in several pieces; a new song, "I wish thou wert not going," composed by Mr. Blumenthal and sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, having had a special significance under the circumstances. Besides the artists just named, Madame Trebelli, Mdle. Tremelli, the Misses Robertson, Mr. Maas, Signor Del Puente, and Mr. F. King contributed to a varied vocal programme, which was relieved by the skilful performances of Madame Norman-Néruda (violin), Madame Sophie Menter (pianoforte), and Mr. L. Engel (harmonium), and orchestral pieces by Kalozdy's Hungarian band.

Mr. Charles Hallé's interesting concerts of chamber music at the Grosvenor Gallery are near their close, only two more performances remaining to be given. The programme of yesterday (Friday) evening comprised Dvorák's string quartet in E flat (op. 71); Schumann's "Humoreske," for pianoforte solo; Bach's sonata, for piano and violin, in B minor; and Haydn's pianoforte trio in E flat (No. 12). The executants—besides Mr. Hallé—were Madame Norman-Néruda and Mr. L. Ries (violins), Herr Straus (viola), and Herr F. Néruda (violoncello).

The accomplished young pianist, Mdle. Kleeberg, gave her last recital at St. James's Hall on Thursday afternoon, the programme having been of varied interest.

The Cologne Choristers have continued their excellent performances of choral music for male voices—at St. James's Hall—the concert of this evening closing the series.

The second of the interesting vocal recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel at the Prince's Hall took place on Saturday afternoon, with a selection of music of various styles and periods.

Sir Michael Costa's "Eli" (the earlier of his two great oratorios) was performed by Mr. Willing's choir, at St. James's Hall, on Saturday evening, the solos having been rendered by Miss Griffin (in place of Miss Robertson) Madame Patey, Mr. V. Rigby, and Mr. L. Thomas.

Mr. Charles Gardner (an esteemed pianist and teacher of his instrument) gave his annual concert at the Prince's Hall on Monday afternoon, when his own performances and those of several eminent vocalists and instrumentalists made up a varied and agreeable programme. A special feature was Mendelssohn's second duet for clarinet and Corno di Bassetto, the executants in which were Mr. Egerton and Mr. Maycock, by whom the first piece of the same kind by Mendelssohn was rendered on a former occasion with a perfection of tone and execution but rarely attained. The duet now referred to was also a success, the performers having been recalled after its conclusion. It was heard for the first time in public in England on this occasion.

The Musical Artists' Society give a performance of new compositions this evening at the Royal Academy of Music.

Mdle. Victoria de Bunsen (the well-known Swedish vocalist) gave a Scandinavian concert on Tuesday afternoon at Portman House, Portman-square.

Mr. Kuhe gave his annual concert on Thursday morning at 1, Belgrave-square (by permission of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Sassoon), supported by a host of celebrities, vocal and instrumental.

Signorina Luisa Cognetti's pianoforte recital takes place this (Saturday) evening at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

M. Sainton, the distinguished violinist, after a long and honourable career, will take his farewell of the public at a morning concert at the Royal Albert Hall on Monday next, when, besides his own skilful performances, the programme promises the co-operation of Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Trebelli, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and other eminent artists.

The morning performance at the Lyceum Theatre on the 14th inst., in aid of the Royal College of Music, resulted in a gain to the funds of £1000.

A fire broke out early yesterday week at a warehouse in Inverness, and four persons were burnt to death, several others being seriously injured.

Mr. William Talfourd Salter, Q.C., of the South-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed prosecuting counsel for the Post Office on the South-Eastern Circuit, in place of Mr. R. J. Biron, Q.C., the new magistrate at Lambeth.

Mr. J. V. Jones, Principal of Firth College, Sheffield, and Fellow of London University, was on Monday elected by the Council to be the first Principal of the University College for South Wales and Monmouthshire.

Sir Saul Samuel, K.G.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the ship Samuel Plimsoll, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in April last.

The British Dairy Farmers' Association has resolved to enter into a seven years' agreement for the hire of the Agricultural Hall, and their next show will be held there in the first week of October.

Her Majesty's Government have awarded a gold medal and a piece of plate to Captain Johan Pettersson, of the Swedish barque Daphne, in recognition of his services in endeavouring to rescue the crew of the schooner Venus, of Aberdeen, on Nov. 16 last.

The five hundred autograph letters from the influential personages who constitute the Longfellow Memorial Committee have been presented by Dr. W. C. Bennett, the hon. secretary to the American Longfellow Memorial Committee, to be permanently deposited in some public institution in Boston, U.S., or its neighbourhood.

The splendid new steamers, Normandy and Brittany, which are now running between Newhaven and Dieppe in connection with the London and Paris day tidal service, are effecting some very quick passages. In many instances the run from port to port has been accomplished from three and a half to three and three quarter hours, and the whole journey throughout between London and Paris in a little over ten hours.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Any missile will do to pelt the Government with—in the opinion of the Opposition. And this is deemed a patriotic course, whichever Party happens to be in power. Whether the policy of wholesale and indiscriminate abuse is either just or expedient may be open, however, to question. Take the Transvaal problem. The Conservative Ministers mainly responsible for the annexation of the Transvaal, the Earl of Carnarvon and Earl Cadogan, might with reason show some moderate amount of consideration for their successors even if it was not in human nature for them to co-operate with the present Ministry in the endeavour to arrive at a just solution of the irritating difficulties resulting from that annexation and the consequent Boer War of 1881. Not they! On the contrary, the inquiry Lord Cadogan made regarding the appointment of a Special Commissioner to South Africa, and Lord Carnarvon's querulous complaint on the 15th inst. of the Boers' disregard of the suzerainty of this country, and their non-fulfilment of the promise to pay their debt to us, combined with the warlike notes blown by Lord Cranbrook and the Marquis of Salisbury, furnished additional proofs that the leaders of the Opposition are inflexibly resolved to seize any whip wherewith to lash the present Government. Admitted that the signing of the Lang's Neck Convention on our part was an unwonted yielding to the side of mercy. As regards the embarrassing condition of affairs at present in the Transvaal, there can be small doubt that the temperate but firm cause of which Lord Derby and Earl Granville were the exponents is more in accord with the general feeling than the cheap bellicose declamation of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues.

Neither did the Marquis of Salisbury gain much by his attempt to disparage the Ministry on Monday. The noble Marquis portentously asked Earl Granville whether Mr. Chamberlain expounded the policy of the Government at Birmingham when he declared himself in favour of manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, and payment of members. Courteously effective as ever, Lord Granville answered that he believed the President of the Board of Trade only intended to give expression to his own opinions, and that during the present Parliament her Majesty's Government hoped to be able to give the views of the Ministry in the most authentic manner in "a Bill or Bills on Parliamentary Reform." Nor did Lord Salisbury improve his position by his somewhat puerile endeavours to prove the Government were broken into factions. The rest of Monday's sitting was occupied, firstly, with the consideration of the hard case of Viziam, ex-Zemindar of Pulconda, who, imprisoned for thirty-seven years, owing to the rebellious behaviour of his family, was endowed with inadequate means on his release. This unfortunate personage found staunch advocates in Lord Stanley of Alderley, Lord Napier and Ettrick, the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Cranbrook, in deference to whose pleas Lord Kimberley will possibly now act generously towards Viziam. In charge of the Earl of Dalhousie, the Criminal Law Amendment Bill was pretty generally accepted as an urgently needed measure for the protection of young girls, and was read a second time, Lord Salisbury judiciously suggesting that it should be referred for subsequent consideration to a Select Committee.

The Lords are disinclined to make the action of the Bill Legalising Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister retrospective; but are, at the same time, solicitous not to injure the status of the children. Hence the spirit of Earl Beauchamp's amendment depriving the bill of its retrospective character was accepted on Tuesday, Lord Dalhousie agreeing to give form to a suggestion made by Lord Selborne, and to introduce a clause to render legitimate the children of such marriages.

On Monday, it was plain Mr. Bright's flow of eloquence had not been by any means exhausted by the rhetorical demands made upon him by Birmingham last week. The right hon. gentleman was warmly cheered by the Liberal members when he punctually took his place in the House in the old familiar seat at the corner of the second bench below the gangway on the Ministerial side. Mr. Bright had a healthier colour in his cheeks than has been usual of late; and was obviously well prepared to reply to the charge Sir Stafford Northcote was presently to bring against him. Great interest had been excited. The House and all the galleries, included those devoted to peers and members, were full to overflowing. The outburst of laughter at the abnormally grave and severe tone in which Mr. Warton questioned the Prime Minister concerning Mr. Chamberlain's candid speech to his constituents, and the good humour promoted by Mr. Gladstone's debonair explanation, formed hardly the overture favourable for the solemn harangue of the Leader of the Opposition. Nor, in view of the license of language habitually indulged in against the Government by the light horsemen of the Conservative Party, could Sir Stafford Northcote's formal rebuke be reasonably accounted for, save on the ground of that which in Lord Randolph Churchill was but a choleric word was in Mr. Bright rank blasphemy. Be that as it may, Sir Stafford Northcote had apparently been over-persuaded into moving that it was a breach of privilege on the part of Mr. Bright to accuse the Conservatives of the following conduct:—

They are found in alliance with the Irish rebel party, the main portion of whose funds for the purposes of agitation come from the avowed enemies of England, whose oath of allegiance is broken by association with its enemies. Now, these are the men of whom I spoke, who are disregarding the wishes of the majority of the constituencies, and making it impossible to do any work for the country in the House of Commons.

No impartial member can fairly deny that the slow transaction of legislative business in the House of Commons, and the chief causes thereof, have grown to be a national scandal, at which there exists a natural impatience out of doors. It was in response to this prevailing feeling among his constituents, Mr. Bright said with complete self-possession, that he had made the remarks to which exception was taken. He deprecated the idea that by the use of the word "alliance" he had meant to convey anything beyond the fact that the political bodies in question had been "acting together." Otherwise, Mr. Bright justified himself, and earnestly protested against the ill manners of a small but noisy section of members whose custom it was to offer insult to the Premier; concluding with giving pungent reasons for the phrase he had applied to Mr. Parnell's followers, yet adding that nothing would afford him greater satisfaction than to withdraw the epithet if he received conclusive assurances of the loyalty of the Home Rule members. In harmony with the jeers of the unruly knot of Irish "Nationalists" was Mr. T. P. O'Connor's rude and offensive and ungrateful personal reference to Mr. Bright; but this unwarrantable figure of speech drew forth a volley of groans, and gave Mr. O'Connor Power, really the most powerful speaker from Ireland, the opportunity of paying a graceful and deserved tribute to Mr. Bright for his unwearied exertions to benefit the sister isle. Mr. Gladstone's defence of the ex-Chancellor of the Duchy, too, was in his best manner. Sir Richard Cross and Mr. Gibson were the most vehement censors of Mr. Bright on the front Opposition bench. But the upshot was that the motion

that Mr. Bright had been guilty of a breach of privilege was negatived, amid cheers and counter-cheers, by a majority of 34—151 against 117.

Of actual business, very little has been done in the Commons. Sir Henry James had a hard fight of it in Committee on the Corrupt Practices Bill before he could secure the adoption of Clause one, prohibiting "Treating" at Elections, and Clause two, which declares "undue influence," either lay or spiritual, also illegal. But the latter was sanctioned, and Clause third as to the punishment for bribery discussed, on Tuesday. There will be a general sense of satisfaction that Mr. P. A. Taylor's resolution declaring it to be unjust to enforce vaccination "upon those who regard it as unadvisable and dangerous," was at this same sitting, on the motion of Dr. Lyon Playfair, defeated signally. The following amendment of Dr. Playfair was carried by the large majority of 270—286 against 16 votes:—

That, in the opinion of this House, the practice of vaccination has greatly lessened the mortality from smallpox, and that laws relating to it, with such modifications as experience may suggest, are necessary for the prevention and mitigation of this fatal and mutilative disease.

A fresh instance of the improved tone of the Commons with respect to Irish measures was given on Wednesday, when, albeit Mr. Justin M'Carthy's motion for the abolition of the office of Lord Lieutenant was "talked out," Mr. Blake's justifiable measure for the development of the Sea Fisheries of Ireland was read a second time.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

There is now scarcely anything left for adverse speculators or constitutional croakers to dwell upon. The money market has not only regained a secure position, but the tendency from all quarters is to augmented strength in this centre, while the weather is all that agriculturists or travellers could desire. With these two great questions at rest, there remained but various subordinate points to think of, and these have, one after the other, come over to the favourable side. Stock is generally in short supply, prices from associated markets, notably that of New York, are improving, and dividends, traffics, and other current incidents are at least up to expectation. Only the dyspeptic qualifications and colouring of certain commentators on the market are in the way of a general response to these new conditions, and when they will cease expressing their misgivings it is beyond anyone to say. In the meantime buying preponderates, and prices are steadily rising. The movement began in the American section, but it is now most prominent in Home Railways, and in some Foreign Bonds. The preference is given, apparently, to low-priced descriptions, and even Indian Gold Mining shares have participated.

The Hudson's Bay report is the principal document of the kind issued since our last. Its publication was followed by the further closing of speculative accounts for the rise, and the price of the shares is now about 100 per cent premium. Good as this is in the abstract, it is easy to prove that it is very far below what is the intrinsic worth of the company's property. When the present return of capital has taken place the shares will be £14, and without liability, and the total capital will be £1,400,000, the market value being less than three millions. Now, what is the property of the company worth? That can only be answered approximately. First, there must, in round figures, be five million acres of land yet to sell. Ignoring special values, such as are obtained from minerals, waterways, timber, and town sites—in fact, assuming all the lands yield only the present net price of about £1 per acre, the aggregate value of the land is not less than £5,000,000. Then, at the lowest calculation, one million is the value of the company's stores in Canada and this country. These two totals together are equal to four times the paid-up capital of the company, and there are large assets besides, such as the company's various buildings, the insurance fund, and the large annual income of the fur and general trade. It seems to me as clear as anything prospective can be that Hudson's Bay shares are worth 60, rather than 30, not, of course, as a temporary speculation, but as a permanent investment.

I am asked by one who recently bought Norwich Union Fire Insurance shares at £110 what is the cause of the relapse in the shares to 85-90. I know of nothing beyond that the company has suffered, in common with most if not all fire offices, from an unusual extent of claims, and that in consequence the dividend paid in January last on account of 1882 was £2 per share, as compared with £2 10s. for several years past. It is presumed that at the annual meeting, to take place in July, the further dividend will also be £2 per share. The decline in the dividend will thus be exactly one-fifth; and it is not surprising, therefore, that the price of the shares has also receded by a fifth, for that is about the extent of the decline—from 110 to 85-90. As the shares have only £12 paid out of £100, the liability is very great, and as the company publishes no balance-sheet, and even its reserve fund is unknown, it is not surprising that new shareholders should be easily frightened.

It appears that an outside effort has been made to obtain the support of the stockholders of the North-Eastern Railway to a division of the ordinary capital into A and B stocks; that is, one half to have a preference up to, say, 5 per cent, and the other half to take all besides. We trust that the response to this overture will be a distinct refusal to join in any such movement. It means not less, if carried out, than the transfer of the company's stock from the investment class, to which it has so far belonged, to the speculative class. The result would be the alternate inflation and undue depression of the deferred stock, and probably the withdrawal from the list of the proprietors of many of the best stockholders. We want less gambling, not more.—T. S.

The Queen has granted her Royal license to Mr. John Frederic Bateman, F.R.S., of Moor Park, Surrey, to take the prefix surname of La Trobe, out of affectionate regard for his maternal ancestors, the La Trobes, of Languedoc, who left France at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Mr. John Francis Small, solicitor, of Newry, has been chosen to fill the vacancy in the representation of the county of Wexford, caused by the retirement of Mr. Byrne; and Major Curzon, Conservative, has been returned unopposed member of Parliament for North Leicestershire.

Her Majesty's yearlings were disposed of at the Hampton Court Paddock last Saturday, when the thirty lots offered for competition realised 6955 guineas. A colt by Springfield—Furiosa realised the highest price, 1150 guineas being given for him by the Duke of Portland.

The Duke of Cambridge inspected the Corps of Commissioners in Westminster Hall on Sunday, and complimented them on their appearance and antecedents. The corps subsequently marched to church for Divine service. The corps now numbers 1291. An old pensioner, ninety-eight years of age, was present, who had been in the Peninsula and at Quatre Bras and Waterloo.



MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM: MASS MEETING IN BINGLEY HALL.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, June 19.

It is a strange fact that though the Parisians boast several score daily journals, falsely called newspapers, they depend almost entirely on foreign sources for information concerning events outside France. Here, for instance, is the great Tonquin question. The French papers knew nothing whatever about the diplomatic aspect of the matter, to say nothing of its geographical aspect; and if it had not been for the enterprise of the *New York Herald* they might have been sadly put to it to find something to talk about during these dull summer days. Happily, the *Herald* interviewer has come to the rescue, and now the Parisians know the views of the Marquis Tseng and the sentiments of the redoubtable Li-Hung-Chang. The Marquis Tseng returned to Paris yesterday, so that evidently diplomatic relations between France and China are not broken off. On the other hand, it appears this afternoon that the negotiations are making no progress, and the situation is considered very grave. With the exception of the Tonquin question and its discussion, nothing important has happened in the political world. The Senate and the Chamber are finishing up business in order to get away into the country. The Chamber has finally rejected by a considerable majority M. Bernard Lavergne's bill for authorising the alcoholisation of the wine of 1882. This fact is important both to the consumers and the dealers.

The visitor to Paris at the present moment will find himself embarrassed to choose between the many exhibitions that are open for his benefit. It is true the Salon closes tomorrow, but there remain the Salon of modern Japanese artists in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs; the exhibition of insects; the exhibition of plaster casts at the Trocadero; the exhibition of manuscripts, portraits and relics of Jean Jacques Rousseau in the Pavillon de la Ville de Paris; the exhibition of the Hundred Masterpieces in the gallery of the Rue de Sèze, &c. The last-mentioned exhibition is alone worth a journey to Paris to see. All the notable Parisian collectors have lent the finest pictures of their collections, the jewels of their galleries. Never before have we had in Paris an opportunity of so completely studying at the same time in a selection of their best works the great masters of the French school since 1830—Corot, Daubigny, De Camps, Delacroix, Courbet, Millet, Theodore Rousseau, Fromentin, Troyon, Diaz. The old masters, too, are represented by Rembrandt's splendid picture "The Gilder," lent by the Duc de Morny, and by works of Franz Hals, Teniers, Terburg, Hobbema, and others. In the comparison the French school of the nineteenth century holds its own admirably; and one of its masters, I mean Theodore Rousseau, stands out away beyond any landscapists, even above Hobbema. You must see the Rousseaus in this exhibition in order fully to realise how great an artist he was. It is curious to notice, on the other hand, how an artist who ten years ago was at the apogee of a reputation of fashion, Fortuny, sinks to a very low level in company with real masterpieces.

Specialists and admirers of Jean Jacques Rousseau will doubtless take pleasure in inspecting the curious, though very incomplete, iconographical collection exhibited in the Pavillon de la Ville de Paris. Besides a number of Rousseau's manuscripts, they will be able to contemplate the modest bed, the rickety chest of drawers, the barometer, and the table that Rousseau used when he lived at Montmorency; and they will have the consolation of knowing that the franc they have paid for entrance will go towards paying the cost of a monument to Rousseau, which was voted by the Constituent Assembly in 1789, and which has not yet taken tangible form.

A large meeting was held in the Cirque d'Été on Sunday afternoon in commemoration of the death of Garibaldi. Some Italians, including Canzio, the son-in-law of Garibaldi, were present, and speeches made about the fraternity and union of France and Italy. Last night a dinner was given to General Canzio by some of the advanced Radicals; and to-morrow the General will present the Municipal Council with the sword of the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne.

After the capture of Majunga, on the north-western coast of Madagascar, Admiral Pierre, in accordance with instructions, presented an ultimatum, demanding the recognition of the French protectorate on the north-western coast, under the treaties of 1841, the payment of an indemnity of 1,500,000f., and the settlement of the position of Frenchmen holding property on Hova territory. The Queen having rejected the ultimatum, the Admiral, telegraphing from Tamatave on the 13th inst., reports that he has captured that port and its Custom House, and destroyed Foulepointe and Tenerie, which belonged to France till the year 1831. The French had suffered no losses, and had proclaimed the state of siege at Tamatave on account of the mixed character of the inhabitants. The principal operation, says the Admiral, is thus accomplished.

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies on Monday Signor Mancini introduced the Treaty of Commerce with England, and demanded that urgency should be voted for its discussion.

The Emperor of Russia has presented commemorative medals in gold, silver, and bronze to the foreign representatives who attended the coronation.

The Swedish Diet was closed on the 14th inst., in the name of the King, by the new Minister of State, M. Thysellius.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise left Ottawa on Tuesday on a salmon-fishing excursion on the Cascapedia River.

An Ottawa despatch announces that the appointment of Mr. Charles Tupper as Canadian High Commissioner to England has been gazetted.

According to the *Bombay Gazette*, the Indian Government have approved a scheme for the defence of Calcutta against naval attacks, though its execution has been deferred. The estimated cost is over £200,000. A regiment of Volunteer Cavalry has been formed at Bombay. There are now more than 10,000 Englishmen enrolled as Volunteers in India.

A popular fête was held on the 14th inst. at Albury, the border town of New South Wales and Victoria, to celebrate the completion of the direct railway between Melbourne and Sydney. A banquet was given under the auspices of the Governors of Victoria and New South Wales, for which 1000 invitations were issued. The proceedings passed off with éclat.

Several ancient gold articles, resembling in general character those found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, have been discovered on the northern bank of the Amu Darya, the ancient Oxus, about two days' journey from Kodus.

Fighting continues in North Albania.

An exhibition of confectionery and the kindred arts was opened at Heidelberg last week. One hundred and fifty German confectioners, besides several foreigners—French, Swiss, Italians, English, and even North American—were the exhibitors; some of the products of the confectioner's art which were exhibited being of great excellence and ingenuity. All kinds of machines and utensils employed in the confectionery trade were exhibited.

CHESS.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

Last week's notes informed our readers that the chief prize had fallen to Dr. Zukertort, who, as we went to press, scored his twenty-first victory. Since then, the interest of the public has been concentrated on the struggle for the second and other prizes, and the close nature of this contest may be inferred from the position of the leading competitors after the conclusion of the play on Monday, the 11th inst.

| | Score. | To play. | | Score. | To play. |
|------------|--------|----------|-----------|--------|----------|
| Steinitz | 15 | 5 | Englisch | 12 | 5 |
| Blackburne | 13½ | 6 | Mackenzie | 12 | 5 |
| Tschigorin | 13 | 4 | Bird | 11 | 4 |
| Mason | 12½ | 5 | Winawer | 10 | 5 |
| Rosenthal | 12 | 8 | | | |

The favourite for second place was, undoubtedly, Steinitz, whose record in past tournaments fully justified the hopes of his friends, Blackburne and Rosenthal standing next in popular estimation. But as so much depended upon the play of the probable prize-winners, each with the others, speculation seemed a useless exercise of the mind, and it was soon abandoned.

Tuesday's play was signalled by another fine game; Rosenthal v. Zukertort. The former gained some advantage in the opening; but the latter, displaying his usual resource, carried the adverse position by an unexpected coup. After the 38th move of White (Rosenthal), the game stood as follows:—

White (R.).—K at Q B sq. Q at Q B 5th. B's at Q 3rd and K 3rd. Kt at K B 5th. Pawns at Q Kt 2nd and 3rd, K B 3rd, K Kt 4th, and K R 2nd. (Ten pieces.)
Black (Z.).—K at K R 2nd. Q at K B 3rd. R's at K B 5th and K 3rd. B at Q 4th. Pawns at K R 3rd, K B 2nd, Q B 3rd, Q Kt 4th, and Q R 3rd. (Ten pieces.)

From this point the game was continued:—

| WHITE (R.) | BLACK (Z.) | WHITE (R.) | BLACK (Z.) |
|--|----------------|---|------------|
| 38. Threatening to win the Queen by 39. R to Q B 5th (ch), and completely changing the aspect of the game. | B takes Q Kt P | 41. R takes R | B takes P |
| 39. R to B 3rd | B to Q 4th | 42. R to K 5th | |
| 40. Q to B 5th | R takes R | 42. R to K 6th, though showy, is useless, as in that case Black forces a mate in a few moves. | |

And White resigned. This result, although of no practical benefit to Dr. Zukertort, was decidedly useful to Blackburne and Steinitz, the former meanwhile helping his score to an additional unit by winning against Sellman. In the other matches, Noa beat Bird, Winawer beat Mortimer, and the games Steinitz v. Mason, Englisch v. Tschigorin were drawn. The score of the day is:—

| | | | | | | | |
|----------|---|------------|---|------------|---|-----------|---|
| Bird | 0 | Noa | 1 | Mortimer | 0 | Winawer | 1 |
| Steinitz | 0 | Mason | 0 | Tschigorin | 0 | Englisch | 0 |
| Sellman | 0 | Blackburne | 1 | Rosenthal | 0 | Zukertort | 1 |

Mackenzie 1, v. Skipworth retired.
Two notable events occurred in playing off the drawn games on Wednesday, the 13th inst. Zukertort sustained his second defeat in the tournament, and Steinitz his seventh, the victor in the first case being Mackenzie; in the second, Rosenthal. Zukertort's defeat was the consequence of a blunder, whereby he lost a Rook and a minor piece out of hand, at a point where the position was in his favour. No one grudged the genial Mackenzie this victory. In the first round he was singularly unfortunate, but in the second he has regained much of the ground lost, and this useful addition to his score was decidedly popular. As the game is a brief one, we append it here:—

| Mackenzie. | Zukertort. | Mackenzie. | Zukertort. |
|-------------------|---------------|--------------------|---------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 19. B takes K B P | P takes Q B P |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 20. Kt to K B 3rd | P takes Kt P |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | P to Q R 3rd | 21. Q R to Q Kt sq | B takes Kt |
| 4. B to R 4th | Kt to B 3rd | 22. P takes B | Q to K 5th |
| 5. Castles | K takes K P | 23. B to Kt 6th | B to R 5th |
| 6. P to Q 4th | P to Q Kt 4th | 24. Q to Kt 2nd | Q R to Q sq |
| 7. B to Q Kt 3rd | P to Q 4th | 25. R to K 4th | Q to Q 7th |
| 8. P takes K P | Kt to K 2nd | | |
| 9. Kt to K Kt 5th | Kt takes Kt | | |
| 10. Q B takes Kt | B to Q Kt 2nd | | |
| 11. Kt to K B 3rd | Q to Q 2nd | | |
| 12. Kt to Q 2nd | P to K R 3rd | | |
| 13. B to K R 4th | Kt to K B 4th | | |
| 14. Q to K R 3rd | Kt takes B | | |
| 15. Q takes Kt | B to K 2nd | | |
| 16. Q to Kt 3rd | Castles (K R) | | |
| 17. P to Q B 3rd | P to Q 5th | | |
| 18. K R to K sq | K to R sq | | |

The game between Steinitz and Rosenthal was also a Ruy Lopez, and was full of interest throughout. On the 28th move Rosenthal sacrificed a Knight, unsoundly, as it turned out upon examination afterwards; but Steinitz failed to take advantage of it, and the French champion, playing very brilliantly, won in a few moves. The following was the position in the ending:—

White (S.).—K at K Kt sq. Q at Q 2nd. P's at K sq and Q R sq. Kt at Q B 2nd; B at K 3rd; Pawns at K R 2nd, K B 3rd, Q 4th, Q Kt 5th, and Q R 2nd. (Eleven pieces.)
Black (R.).—K at K Kt sq. Q at K R 6th. R at K 3rd. Kt at K Kt 6th. P's at Q B 2nd and Q Kt 2nd; Pawns at K R 2nd, K Kt 2nd, K B 2nd, Q 4th, and Q R 2nd. (Eleven pieces.)

White might here have safely taken the Kt with P, but the game was continued as follows:—

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------|-----------------|------------------|
| 30. B to B 4th | Kt to K 5th | 33. R to K sq | R to Kt 3rd (ch) |
| A very fine conception. | | | |
| 31. R takes Kt | P takes R | 34. B to Kt 3rd | R takes B (ch) |
| 32. B takes B | P takes P | 35. P takes R | P to B 7th (ch) |
| | | 36. K takes P | Q to Kt 7th (ch) |

and Black mates next move.

Three other matches were played on this day. Mason and Sellman drew, for the second time, and Tschigorin scored against Englisch after a tough struggle. A prolonged battle occurred between Blackburne and Winawer, but eventually the latter struck his colours. The score for the day is:—

| | | | | | | | |
|------------|---|-----------|---|----------|---|------------|---|
| Mackenzie | 1 | Zukertort | 0 | Englisch | 0 | Tschigorin | 1 |
| Blackburne | 1 | Winawer | 0 | Steinitz | 0 | Rosenthal | 1 |

The surprise manifested on Thursday when Dr. Zukertort resigned to Sellman was general and genuine, but it did not signify the least disparagement of the Baltimore player's undoubted ability. Since his arrival in London Mr. Sellman has been continuously under medical care, and he has, consequently, played throughout the tournament under disadvantages to which a weaker spirit would have long ago succumbed. These adversities are reflected in his score; but he is now greatly improved in health, and something of his true chess form was displayed in his game with the champion. The latter, we think, underrated his adversary, and was unprepared for the vigorous onslaught to which he was subjected from the opening to the end. The great contest of this day was that between Blackburne and Bird. It was a very lengthy affair, and ended in a draw, as did also the games Mackenzie v. Englisch, Tschigorin v. Rosenthal, Steinitz v. Noa. Mason beat Mortimer, and Winawer scored a bye against Skipworth, retired. It needs not the suggestion of "carelessness," so freely made on Friday, to account for Zukertort's defeat on that day by Mortimer. He played blindly, it is true, missing the winning line of play after sacrificing a Rook, and was, probably, less conscious of necessity for care than, in other circumstances, he might have been. But these are not surprising faults of commission or omission, after seven weeks' experience of unremitting exertion. The day's proceedings were otherwise notable from the defeat of Blackburne by Steinitz. Blackburne played the French defence, and down to the 25th move the game was equal. From that point Steinitz piled up his "small advantages," and eventually won. Mackenzie, continuing his improved form, defeated Winawer prettily; Bird, playing in the best style, beat Rosenthal; Tschigorin beat Mason, and Englisch beat Noa. Sellman scored a bye against Skipworth, retired. The score of the two days is therefore:—

the opening to the end. The great contest of this day was that between Blackburne and Bird. It was a very lengthy affair, and ended in a draw, as did also the games Mackenzie v. Englisch, Tschigorin v. Rosenthal, Steinitz v. Noa. Mason beat Mortimer, and Winaver scored a bye against Skipworth, retired. It needs not the suggestion of "carelessness," so freely made on Friday, to account for Zukertort's defeat on that day by Mortimer. He played blindly, it is true, missing the winning line of play after sacrificing a Rook, and was, probably, less conscious of necessity for care than, in other circumstances, he might have been. But these are not surprising faults of commission or omission, after seven weeks' experience of unremitting excitation. The day's proceedings were otherwise notable from the defeat of Blackburne by Steinitz. Blackburne played the French defence, and down to the 25th move the game was equal. From that point Steinitz piled up his "small advantages," and eventually won. Mackenzie, continuing his improved form, defeated Winaver prettily; Bird, playing in the best style, beat Rosenthal; Tschigorin beat Mason, and Englisch beat Noa. Sellman scored a bye against Skipworth, retired. The score of the two days is therefore:—

The draws played out on Saturday call for little comment, save the game between Bird and Blackburne, which was well contested, but after a prolonged battle ended in favour of the latter. The day's score was:—

| | | | | | | | |
|----------|---|------------|---|-----------|---|------------|---|
| Bird | 0 | Blackburne | 1 | Mason | 0 | Sellman | 0 |
| Englisch | 0 | Mackenzie | 0 | Rosenthal | 0 | Tschigorin | 0 |
| Steinitz | 0 | Noa | 0 | | | | |

Steinitz defeated Mackenzie on Monday and Mason on Tuesday, thus bringing up his total score to nineteen; and as none of the remaining competitors can attain to that figure, he gains the second prize—£175. In the other games played on Monday, Mortimer, playing in capital style, beat Tschigorin; Winawer beat Bird, Mason beat Noa, and Rosenthal beat Sellman. The game between Blackburne and Englisch was, at a late hour, abandoned as drawn. This was the twenty-sixth and last round of the tournament, and there then remained eight drawn games to be played out. Four of these were played on Tuesday—viz., Mackenzie v. Englisch, drawing for the third time, scored half a point each; Steinitz, as recorded above, beat Mason. Winawer beat Sellman, and Tschigorin beat Rosenthal. On Wednesday Blackburne and Englisch drew, and Mackenzie beat Rosenthal. As we go to press the remaining games have yet to be played.

The large demand which a detailed record of this great tournament has made upon our space now ceases. We shall next week resume the publication of our usual problem, and endeavour to clear off arrears in our correspondence.

THE COURT.

Before her Majesty's departure for the south she, as well as the Royal family, visited, as usual, the Glassalt Shiel; the Princesses making various other excursions on Deeside. The Queen and the Royal family attended Divine service on Sunday, performed at Balmoral by the Rev. Archibald Campbell, who dined with her Majesty. Telegrams have been sent by the Queen to the authorities at Sunderland concerning the painful accident there, and sympathising messages to those bereaved.

Her Majesty entered upon the forty-seventh year of her reign on Wednesday.

The Queen has expressed to the Duke of Devonshire, the Chancellor of Cambridge University, that she highly approves of the decision of the subscribers to the Memorial to the late Prince Consort to devote the surplus in hand (£1800) to the foundation of a Prize or Scholarship, to bear the Prince Consort's name, for the promotion of historical studies.

At the State Concert presided over by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Buckingham Palace on the 14th inst. were present Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Hereditary Prince and Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck. Other guests filled the Royal saloon; and the artistes included Mesdames Albani, Pauline Lucca, and Scalchi, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Santley, and Signor Marconi. Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins. The band and chorus, consisting of 160 performers, were selected from the Royal Italian Opera, the Philharmonic Society, and the principal London Choral Societies, together with her Majesty's private band. The Princess of Wales was attired in blue satin brocade draped with Brussels lace, and pearl and diamond ornaments, with various orders.

The Levée held by the Prince of Wales yesterday week at St. James's Palace was attended by the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian. Nearly 200 presentations were made to his Royal Highness.

The second State Concert at Buckingham Palace will be next Wednesday; and another State Ball will be given at the Palace on July 6.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Hereditary Prince and Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen and Prince Albert Victor, were present at the performance at the Lyceum Theatre in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music. Yesterday week the Prince held a Levée, and, with Prince Albert Victor, attended a lecture (Admiral Sir Frederick Nicolson, Bart., C.B., in the chair) given by Captain Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., on "Machine Guns," at the United Service Institution; and in the afternoon his Royal Highness and the Princess, with their family, drove to Hurlingham to see the game of lacrosse, Canadians v. Iroquois Indians, and in the evening their Royal Highnesses were at the Royal Italian Opera. On Saturday the Prince and his son went to Gravesend, and witnessed from Mr. Pearson's steam-yacht, the *Lady Torfrida*, at the Nore, the Royal Thames Yacht Club Regatta, of which club his Royal Highness is commodore. Divine service was attended as usual by the Royal family on Sunday. His Royal Highness presided on Monday at the opening of the conferences of the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington, when the inaugural address was delivered by Professor Huxley. The Hereditary Prince and Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen returned to Marlborough House from visiting the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Bagshot Park, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Duc d'Aumale dined with their Royal Highnesses. On Tuesday the Prince presided at the second Conference of the International Fisheries Exhibition, at South Kensington, and read a paper on the "Sea Fisheries and Fishing Population of the United Kingdom," by Vice-Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh. Prince Albert Victor left for Sandringham to study, preparatory to his going to the University of Cambridge. Their Royal Highnesses, accompanied by the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen and their daughters, were present at Mr. Clifford Harrison's recital at Princes Hall, Piccadilly; and, with the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, dined with Lord and Lady Alington, at Alington House, South Audley-street. The Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen left for Government House, Portsmouth, on a visit to Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. The Military Tournament on Wednesday at the Agricultural Hall was witnessed by the Prince and Princess and various other members of the Royal family.

The Canada, in which Prince George of Wales is serving as a midshipman, left Plymouth Sound on Tuesday for the North American station.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited the Military College at Oxford last Saturday, the Duchess distributing the prizes.

The Duchess of Albany, who was accompanied by the Duke, distributed Lady Peck's prizes to the inmates of the National Orphan Home, Ham-common, on Saturday. His Royal Highness presided at the fifty-sixth anniversary festival of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Corporation, held at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday, when upwards of £1200 was subscribed to the funds.

Lord Spencer, who left Dublin for the North of Ireland last Saturday, was presented with an address at Cavan. In reply, his Excellency said the Government felt the importance of promptly bringing forward measures necessary for developing the prosperity of Ireland, and would not fail to consider where Parliamentary legislation was needed to effect this object.—The Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer on Monday paid a visit to Londonderry, and had a very cordial reception. Replying to an address, Lord Spencer alluded to the improved condition of Ireland, congratulated them on the blows struck at secret societies, and promised that he would not relax his efforts to make the law respected in every part of the land.—The Lord Lieutenant arrived in Belfast on Tuesday night, having on his way halted at Antrim for a few hours, and inspected the Antrim Militia. In the interval between the arrival and departure of the train at Coleraine he received an address from the Town Commissioners and the Harbour Commissioners of Coleraine. At Antrim his Excellency also received an address from the Town Commissioners, and subsequently inspected the local militia. On arrival at Belfast Lord Spencer was received by the Mayor (Mr. Taylor), and a large crowd had assembled on the platform and cheered his Excellency enthusiastically as he drove off to the Imperial Hotel. At night Earl Spencer received a most loyal reception in the Theatre Royal. The Lord Lieutenant arrived at Armagh on Wednesday morning, and after receiving an address from the Town Commissioners left on horseback for the Folly, to review the troops. Along the route he was cheered, and the houses were all decorated. After the review his Excellency was entertained at luncheon by the officers of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. His Lordship was loudly cheered as he drove to the railway station on his way to take train for Dublin.

THE CHURCH.

The Duke of Devonshire has given a large site for a new church at Eastwood, near Keighley, Yorkshire.

The Rev. William Josiah Irons, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's and Rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, Lombard-street, died on Monday at his residence in Gordon-square, at an advanced age, after a long illness.

The Rev. C. W. Furze, Principal of Cuddesdon College, Oxford, was on Tuesday morning installed into the Canonry of Westminster, vacant by the death of Archdeacon Jennings, the ceremony being performed by the Dean.

The Archbishop of York has placed at the disposal of the Cutlers' Company the cabinet of cutlery late presented to him by the working men of Sheffield. It will, therefore, form part of their attractive Exhibition of Cutlery, now being held at Salter's Hall.

The Archbishop of Canterbury was present last Saturday at the annual Speech Day at Wellington College, and, in response to a public welcome from the head-master, assured all present that his days when head-master there were among his most pleasant recollections.

The Dedication Festival of St. Alban's Church, Holborn, was kept on Tuesday. At the usual lunch in the Holborn Townhall Lord Edward Churchill took the chair, and, on behalf of Mr. Mackonochie's friends and late parishioners, presented him with an illuminated address, accompanying a sum of more than £1400.

A further donation of £1000 to the Southwell Bishopric Fund—making the fourth gift of similar amount since the Mansion House meeting, on June 1—has been promised. In this instance the contribution is given by Sir John Hardy, through the Bishop of Lichfield, and will be credited to the Staffordshire subscription list, in which county Sir John Hardy is a landowner.

A series of five painted windows from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, have been presented to the Church of St. Stephen, Hounslow, the gift of friends, in memory of Mr. Saxon Gurney. The subjects are from Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of "The Last Supper."—A stained glass window from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., Fitzroy-square, has been placed in Northfleet church.

A charge of threatening to murder the Bishop of Norwich and to destroy his palace and Norwich Cathedral was heard on Tuesday, at the Norwich Police Court, against Joseph Betts, a commission agent, carrying on business in that city. A letter dated the 5th inst., addressed to the Bishop and signed "An Invincible," was read in support of the accusation, and the right rev. prelate to whom it was sent was called as a witness. The prisoner was remanded.

A Reuter's telegram from Durban announces the death of Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal. No particulars are given. Dr. Colenso was in his sixty-ninth year. He was Second Wrangler and Smith's prizeman at Cambridge in 1836, was Assistant Master of Harrow School from 1838 till 1842, and was appointed first Bishop of Natal in 1853. The first part of his celebrated work on the Pentateuch appeared in 1862, and led to his deposition by his Metropolitan, the Bishop of Cape Town. The deposition was, however, declared null and void by the Privy Council, and Dr. Colenso remained the only legal Bishop of Natal until his death.

Mr. W. A. Tyssen-Amherst, M.P., on Saturday last laid the foundation-stone of a new church, to be dedicated to St. Andrew, in Bethune-road, Stoke Newington. In the extensive parish of St. Mary, Stoke Newington, there has been during the past few years an enormous increase in house building, the residents consisting mostly of the middle class, and St. Andrew's is but one of several churches which have sprung up in the neighbourhood. The new building, of which Mr. Blomfield is the architect, will seat 930 people, and consist of a lower nave, aisles, transepts, chancel, and two vestries. It will cost £11,000, or, excluding the tower, £9000, and of this sum £4000 is already in hand or promised. Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, who is the lord of the manor, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have between them found the site for the new church and vicarage. The offertory realised about one hundred guineas, besides which Mr. Foster contributed £100, in addition to previous gifts. A public luncheon afterwards took place at the Assembly Rooms, Defoe-road, Mr. Tyssen-Amherst presiding.

In presiding at the annual meeting of the Association of Lay Helpers for the Diocese of London, held on Tuesday at Exeter Hall, Lord Cairns said that his desire in taking the chair was to show his sympathy with that great organisation in this diocese which was represented there that evening. If they looked back two or three generations there was little or no help outside the Church; but at the present time all this had changed. The vast majority of the churches in this diocese were extremely well filled by a body of clergymen who, for zeal, energy, ability, and holy lives, never had been exceeded. But outside the churches there was a huge, seething population, who never had entered a place of worship. They had to be sought out, and the object of this association was to provide lay helpers to assist the clergy, the number in this diocese being from 3000 to 4000. He thought the lay helpers need not be either skilful speakers or preachers, but should have hearts to sympathise with the difficulties, wants, anxieties, privations, and sufferings of that portion of the population who never entered a place of worship. Above all, lay helpers should know clearly in their own minds what it was they wanted to put before the people, for it was clear thinking that made clear speaking. Other addresses were given.

The Very Rev. Alexander Chinnery Haldane has been elected Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, in succession to the late Bishop Mackarness.

The seventy-third annual meeting of the Swedenborg Society was held on Tuesday at 36, Bloomsbury-street, London; Major Bevington presided. The report of the committee states that 1995 volumes of the works of Swedenborg were sold, and 879 presented during the past year. The society has, among others, received legacies from the late Rev. A. Clissold, of Stoke Newington, of £4000, and £200 from the late Mr. Thomas Tapling, of Gresham-street.

A portrait of Dr. Fench, Archbishop of Dublin, painted by Sir Thomas Jones, was on Saturday last presented to his Grace at the Palace, Stephen's-green, by a deputation representing a number of friends in the united dioceses of Dublin, Glendalough, and Kildare, who had adopted this mode of expressing their sense of the Archbishop's high qualities. The Lord Chancellor read an address, with which the picture was accompanied, and an illuminated copy was presented to the Archbishop, who delivered a suitable reply.

At the Cannon-street Hotel, on Tuesday, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., opened a bazaar in aid of the London Welsh Wesleyan Methodists' new chapel building fund, and addresses were delivered by Archdeacon Farrar and Mr. J. H. Puleston, M.P.; followed on Wednesday by an address from Sir H. Hussey Vivian, Bart., and on Thursday by Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P. The ladies presiding at the stalls were

dressed in the peasant costume of the Principality; and the musical entertainments connected with the bazaar derived an appropriate attraction from the kind services of Madame Edith Wynne, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Mary J. Williams, Mr. Minshall, Mr. John Thomas, and Mr. Brinley Richards.

CAMBRIDGE CLASS LISTS.
MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

| WRANGLERS. | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 25 Matthews, St. John's | 13 Wilberforce, Trin. | { Burne, Trinity |
| 26 Gallop, Trinity | { Buist, Corpus | { Jenkin, Trinity |
| 3 Lachlan, Trinity | { Gifford, St. John's | { Baylis, Peterhouse |
| { Chevalier, Trinity | 16 Calver, Trinity | { Bress, Emmanuel |
| { Whitehead, Trinity | 17 Story, Caius | { French, Emmanuel |
| { Chree, King's | 18 Wideman, Caius | 29 Lee, Tavendish |
| { Hogg, St. John's | 19 Ilder, Trinity | 30 Bolton, Clare |
| 8 Morley, King's | 20 Romer, Trin. Hall | 31 Tetley, Catharine |
| { Kuchler, Sidney | 21 Semple, St. John's | 32 Holt, Christ's |
| { M'Farlane, Caius | { Hewitt, Peterhouse | 33 Thomas, Jesus |
| 11 Sharp, Emmanuel | { Malden, Trinity | 34 Kewley, Sidney |
| 12 Knott, Peterhouse | | |

| SENIOR OPTIMES. | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| { Hastings, Queens' | 45 Gosnell, Christ's | { Tootell, Christ's |
| { Watson, Catharine | { Mason, Trinity Hall | { Wells, F.A., John's |
| { Cull, Catharine | { Smith, Magdalene | 57 Trevor, Emmanuel |
| { Summers, Sidney | { Colbourne, Corpus | 58 Nicholl, Trinity |
| 39 Herbert, J. A., John | { Gray, Corpus | 59 Laupman, Peterhouse |
| 40 Murray, Queens' | 50 Hunt, Catharine | 60 Potter, Corpus |
| 41 Killock, Emmanuel | { Adams, Clare | 61 Salmon, Clare |
| 42 Graham, Caius | { Armstrong, Christ's | 62 Butcher, St. John's |
| 43 De Saumarez, Trin. | { Eves, Magdalene | 63 Odling, St. John's |
| 44 Edwards, Queens' | { Fulton, Magdalene | 64 Pacey, Christ's |

| JUNIOR OPTIMES. | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| 65 De Reuter, Trinity | { Hamlyn, Trinity | 86 Wickham, Trinity |
| 66 Stables, Trinity | { Watermeyer, Esm. | 87 Hope, Trinity |
| 67 Whiteley, Emman. | 78 Chester, St. John's | 88 Nuttall, Trinity |
| { Copland, T., Pemb. | { Ohm, Christ's | 89 Raven, Emmanuel |
| { Lund, T., St. John's | { Ruston, Christ's | 90 Wyatt, Trinity Hall |
| { Stokes, Sidney | 81 Danders, St. John's | 91 Tittley, Caius |
| 71 Lewis, Jesus | 82 Manners, Jesus | 92 Brooke, Emmanuel |
| 72 Watson, Christ's | 83 Cooper, Trinity | 93 Dunn, Trinity |
| 73 Edwards, Emman. | 84 Burne, St. John's | 94 Lewis, St. John's |
| { Bentham, Pembroke | 85 Wheatcroft, Corpus | |
| { Wheeler, Corpus | | |

Ægrotant—Hartley, King's; Kirby, Cavendish.

The Senior Wrangler, Mr. George Ballard Matthews, Leominster, is son of the late George Matthews, Richard's Castle, Ludlow. He was educated at Ludlow Grammar School. Afterwards he was at University Hall, London. He has passed First Class in his examinations, and taken many prizes. He is scholar of St. John's College, and has been first in each of the college examinations. His private tutor was Mr. Besant.

WOMEN.

Wrangler: Perrin, Girton (between 20 and 21).
Senior Optimes: Collier, Newnham (equal to 29); Perry, Newnham (equal to 57); Sprague, Girton (equal to 62).
Junior Optimes: Newman, Newnham (between 92 and 93).

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

PART I.

Class I.—Division 1: Beasley, Trinity; Macnaghten, Trinity; Stewart Brown, Trinity; Strachan, Pembroke; H. F. W. Tatham, Trinity. Division 2: Cowan, Trinity; Ford, King's; Grout, King's; J. E. Harman, King's; Macnaghten, King's; Robson, Christ's; Tait, Peterhouse; White Thomson, King's; Wilson, Pembroke. Division 3: Blenkins, Trinity; Carpenter, Sidney; Seaman, Clare; Starkie, Trinity.

Class II.—Division 1: Barnard, King's; Bather, Pembroke; Broughton, Caius; Farrar, Magdalene; Gaskin, Emmanuel; Hardman, St. John's; Joynes, King's; Kirkpatrick, Trinity; Plaskett, Peterhouse; R. Ridmayn, Trinity; Scott, Christ's. Division 2: Boyle, King's; Clay, Trinity; Cross, Trinity; Cross, Emmanuel; Layng, Jesus; Mallinson, Christ's; Monro, Clare; Scott, Pembroke; Sikes, Trinity; Warburton, Trinity; Whiting, St. John's. Division 3: Austen, Emmanuel; Chater, Christ's; Fiecher, Clare; Grant, Corpus; Perry, Magdalene; Pender, Caius; Robinson, Trinity; H. Smith, Caius; Weldon, Jesus; Wix, Pembroke.

Class III.—Division 1: Atkinson, Sidney; Benbow, Trinity; Bull, Jesus; Chapman, Sidney; Copeland, King's; French, Trinity Hall; Lees, Clare; E. M. Pollock, Trinity; Richardson, Queens'; Tyler, St. John's; Westall, Queens'; Wilkes, St. John's. Division 2: Black, St. John's; Eyre, Corpus; Gardner, Trinity; Gordon, Trinity; Hardwick, St. John's; Haulam, Emmanuel; J. T. Lomax, St. John's; Newton, Magdalene; Lawley, King's; Pearce, St. John's; Pryor, Trinity; N. H. Smith, St. John's; Vyvyan, Trinity. Ægrotat: Knowles, St. John's. Allowed the ordinary degree: Cahusac, St. John's; Gill, Queens'; Hemingway, St. Catharine's. Excused the general examination: Gedge, Pembroke; J. G. Marshall, Corpus; S. W. R. Phillips, St. John's.

PART II.

Class I.: Barker, Trinity; Chambers, Trinity; Coleridge, King's; Dimsdale, King's; Dixon, Christ's; Eyres, Christ's; Heath, Trinity; Juge, King's; Pearson, Christ's; Platt, Trinity; Raption, St. John's; A. H. Smith, Trinity; H. W. Wallis, Caius; Whitley, Jesus.

Class II.: Dingwall, Peterhouse; Forte, Clare; Fulford, Clare; Liddell, Trinity; Macnamara, Trinity; W. Wells, St. John's.

Class III.: Cooper, Christ's; Crawford, Emmanuel; Marshall, Trinity; Merton, Trinity; J. C. Powell, King's; Walker, King's.

WOMEN.

First Class: C. C. Black, Newnham; C. M. Calthrop, Girton; E. G. Sharpley, Newnham. Second Class: C. A. Hutton, Girton. Third Class: K. Jex Blake, Girton.

HISTORICAL TRIPOS.

Class I.: Ropes, King's; Haines, King's. Class II.: Drake, Trinity, and Straker, Jesus (equal). Class III.: Carrington, Trinity; E. O. Powell, King's; Dickinson, Trinity; Harris, Downing; Sandford, St. John's.

WOMEN.

Class I.: B. Chamberlain, Newnham (between 1 and 2). Class II.: F. M. A. Gadsden, Girton (equal to 1 and 2). Class III.: M. Williams, Newnham (between 1 and 2). S. Fletcher attained the standard of an ordinary degree.

MORAL SCIENCES TRIPOS.

Class I.: Aves, Ball, and Clough, Trinity; Johnson, King's; Peiris, St. John's; Stout, St. John's. Class II.: Ratigue, St. John's. Class III.: Heard, Caius; Lucas, St. John's; T. H. Nunn, Christ's; T. Stevens, St. John's. Allowed the Ordinary Degree: N. H. Garland and Haythornthwaite, St. John's.

WOMEN.

Class I.: K. Tennant, Newnham. Class II.: O. Macmillan, Newnham. Class III.: Ægrotat (Honours)—H. Malleston, Newnham.

Mr. C. J. Tarring, of the Inner Temple, has been appointed Assistant Judge of Her Majesty's Supreme Consular Court at Constantinople.

A curious case came before Mr. Justice Chitty in the Chancery Division on Monday—namely, whether a gift in a will to a husband and wife and a third party was to be divided into three equal parts, one to each, or into two moieties, one to the husband and wife and the other to the third party. His Lordship held that each took one third, as the status of the wife was altered by the Married Women's Property Act.

Major Gildea, 20, Phillimore-gardens, Kensington, W., will be glad to receive the names, guaranteed by a military officer, magistrate, or clergyman, of the nearest of kin of any man who lost his life in the late Afghan campaign. In addition to over £4000 already distributed among the widows and orphans, Major Gildea has just received close upon £6000 for the benefit of the relatives of men who lost their lives during the late Afghan campaign.

By order of Lord Carlingford, the sole executor to the late Frances, Countess Waldegrave, the celebrated residence of Horace Walpole, Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, was offered for sale yesterday week at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, by Messrs. Ventom, Bull, and Cooper. Bidding was very slow, and nominally started with an offer of £10,000, which, however, was immediately doubled. By tardy advances the bids reached £23,500, and finally stopped at £25,000. Mr. Bull, the auctioneer, announced that this sum was below the reserve price, and, failing an advance, he withdrew the lot.

THE DUKE OF ALBANY AND PRINTERS.

The fifty-sixth anniversary dinner in aid of the funds of the Printers' Pension Corporation took place on Tuesday evening at Willis's Rooms. The Duke of Albany occupied the chair, the company numbering about two hundred.

The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been disposed of,

The Chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The continued Prosperity of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation," said—It is impossible, gentlemen, for those who are, like myself, frequently called upon to look into the affairs of charitable institutions, and to decide upon their respective titles to support, not to be struck with the great number of such institutions which not only deserve but also stand greatly in need of pecuniary aid. And without doubt an obligation is laid upon us all to help, not one particular charity only, but, according to our means, all such as commend themselves to our notice: but, to-night at least, we may be allowed to do all in our power, both as regards ourselves and as regards those whom we can influence, to turn the stream of charitable subscriptions into the coffers of the printing trade charities, and I will venture to affirm that these charities have, I will not say a special claim, to the exclusion of others, upon the benevolence of the public, but they have, at any rate, a special attractiveness. Their history is briefly this. In 1827, two pressmen were occupied in printing the rules and regulations of the Clock and Watch-makers' Society, and the work upon which they were engaged suggested to them the formation of a similar institution, "for the relief of aged, infirm, distressed workmen and their widows, in the several branches of the printing trade." Their employer, overhearing them as they discussed the project, interested himself warmly in the scheme, and materially aided in its development. Such was the commencement of the first of the triple charities, which are now incorporated into one body. The second effort that was made for the benefit of old and indigent printers dates from the year 1849, when Lord Mahon had laid the foundation-stone of the printers' almshouses, and afterwards, as Lord Stanhope, had the satisfaction of presiding at the opening ceremony and witnessing the fulfilment of the work which he had done so much to promote. Lastly, it was decided in 1863, by those who were interested in the two charities already in existence, to complete, as it were, the circle of usefulness of the trade charities by making provision for the destitute orphan children of printers. These then, gentlemen, are the three incorporated charities that I have been invited to bring to your notice this evening, and to solicit you to support. It is greatly to the honour of the members of the trade that they use considerable efforts amongst themselves to raise contributions towards these charities. I find, for instance, in Mr. Hodson's excellent work on the printing trade charities, that in almost every printing office of importance there is a local collector who is charged with the duty of collecting a penny a week from each compositor or pressman who is willing to contribute. As to other sources, the Council rely mainly upon legacies, collections after sermons, and the like, and upon subscriptions and donations which are forthcoming upon such occasions as this. From this last-named source I observe in the report for 1882 that "a very considerable sum is confidently anticipated," and I need not tell you it will give me personally the greatest possible satisfaction to find that this anticipation has been realised. The Council are fortunate enough to possess a certain amount of invested property, but I do not consider that they have more than they ought to have, for it is impossible to say how soon, or from what quarter, some special demand may be made upon this fund, and I would rather see it increased than diminished. It has, indeed, already been necessary to realise a portion of the funded property of the Corporation in order to assist the orphan charity, the funds of which had fallen grievously into arrears. I hope that one result at least of our meeting here to-night will be to place this particular fund upon a more solid basis, and that by our donations this evening we may set an example of practical sympathy with these excellent charities such as may stimulate our successors at future anniversary dinners not to fall below the standard which we have set up for them. I have been so struck with a passage from a sermon preached by the late Dean Stanley in aid of this charity, that I would ask you to allow me to conclude these few observations by reading it to you. It is as follows:—"Those of us who have written, those of us who have read the endless words which come from the teeming Press of our day, must remember that behind the innumerable sheets and the vast mountain of type, and the constant whirl of machinery, there stands an army of living workmen, unseen friends, through whose close attention and ever busy fingers the light of God, the light of the world, the light of knowledge, the light of grace, streams out in countless rays to every corner of our streets and homes. It is for us to repay that anxious labour, that straining care, that wasting vigilance, and to see that when they are dead and gone, then also in the dark corners of the bereaved households shall gleam the light of consolation, of cheerfulness, of comfort, and that thus in the humblest form, yet not unworthy of its great Original, the Divine command shall be repeated for their widows and orphans 'Let there be light.'" My Lords and Gentlemen, I give you the toast of "The Printers' Pension Corporation."

The secretary then read a list of subscriptions amounting altogether to £1204.

The proceedings of the evening were enlivened by a selection of vocal music.

On Monday the Town Council of Croydon appointed Mr. C. M. Elborough, solicitor, Town Clerk to the new borough.

The Duke of Argyll has been elected president of the London Sanitary Protection Association, in place of Professor Huxley, who, while resigning the presidency, retains his seat at the board.

The managers of the Metropolitan Asylum District have obtained the consent of the Local Government Board to the purchase of the twin-ship Castalia, to be used as a floating hospital for smallpox patients. It is proposed to moor the vessel in the Thames, off Long Reach.

In reply to a very large number of invitations, guests to the number of between 3000 and 4000 assembled on Tuesday night for the annual Professors' soirée, held in the University College, Gower-street. The visitors were received by the Deans of the Faculties. During the evening the band of the Coldstream Guards performed.

The annual conversazione of the Society of Arts will be held this year at the Fisheries Exhibition on July 11. The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to attend.—The Society's Albert medal, for "distinguished merit for promoting arts, manufactures, or commerce," has been awarded for the present year to Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker for the eminent services which, as a botanist and scientific traveller, and as director of the National Botanical Department, he has rendered to arts, manufactures, and commerce by promoting an accurate knowledge of the floras and economic vegetable products of the colonies and dependencies of the Empire.



THE PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES & FAMILY
WATCHING THE GAME.



CAPT. BEERS.



"BIG JOHN"



IROQUOIS INDIANS.



BONNELL
MAKING A
HIGH CATCH



AIRD
THROWING A GOAL



A PICK-UP



ROSS MACKENZIE
MAKING A LONG THROW.



"LA CROSSE," AT HURLINGHAM.

The Canadian amateur team and the Iroquois Indian team of La Crosse players, now visiting England, have performed in London before large assemblies of spectators. At Kennington Oval, on Monday week, the team of Canadian colonists played against a team of amateurs residing in Great Britain and Ireland, and won an easy victory over the latter. On the following Friday, at the Hurlingham Club ground, there was an interesting match, which attracted many fashionable visitors, notwithstanding the wet weather, between the Canadians and the Iroquois. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and the three young Princesses, came on the ground in two carriages, and were received by Lord Holmesdale, Lord De Lisle, Lord Dudley, and other members of the committee. The Royal Standard was hoisted, and the band of the 4th Hussars played the National Anthem.

The game of La Crosse is played by teams consisting of twelve men on each side. There are two goals, about 150 yards apart, which are formed by two poles 6 ft. high, placed 8 ft. apart. In order to score a game the ball (which is about 8½ in. in circumference, and made of solid sponge rubber) must be put from the front side through the 6 ft. square space which forms the goal. The object of each side is to keep the ball from going through the goal they defend, and to put it through the goal defended by their opponents. Unlike football, play does not cease when the ball is thrown behind the goals. The ball is picked up, carried, and thrown entirely with the "crosse," and no player (except the goal-keeper) is on any consideration allowed to touch it with his hand. The game is of Indian origin, but has been changed and modified by the Canadians into its present form, and has so many good points to recommend it that it has been adopted as the National Game of Canada.

The teams were composed as follows:—Canadians: Dr. W. G. Beers, captain; Mr. W. K. McNaught, goal; Mr. R. McKenzie, point; W. C. Bonnell, cover point; L. Dwight, F. W. Garvin, and D. E. Bowie, field; S. Struthers, centre; J. R. Craven, N. J. Fraser, and W. D. Aird, centre field; W. J. Cleghorn, home; E. Smith, inside home; D. Nicholson and W. O. Griffin, home field. Iroquois Indians: "Scattered Branches" (the man's name, as translated from his native language), field captain; "Wind Moving," point; "Leaves Chasing Quick," cover; "Leaves Moved," "June Stand Up," and "Deer Whispering," field; "Flying Wind," centre; "Strong Arm," "Waving Blossom," and "Tree Fall Down," centre field; "White Water," home; "Hole in the Sky," inside home, and two others, with Indian names, in the home fielding posts. Dr. W. G. Beers, captain of the Canadians, is a leading member of the Montreal La Crosse Club, and was one of the goal-keepers in the match played before the Prince of Wales when his Royal Highness was in Canada in 1860. He was with the team that came to England in 1876, and played before the Queen at Windsor; and he has published some treatises of high authority upon the rules and history of the game.

The performance at Hurlingham, on Friday week, began at five o'clock. The umpires were Mr. E. T. Sachs, the hon. secretary of the South of England La Crosse Association, and Dr. Archer, vice-president of the same club, Mr. H. C. Kelley, of the North of Ireland Club, being the referee. The first game only occupied a few minutes. Mr. W. D. Aird, of the Canadians, made several smart attacks on the Indian quarters, which the Iroquois saved very cleverly on two or three occasions; but presently they had to give way before a well-directed stroke from Mr. Aird. The second game was chiefly characterised by some grand throws made by Mr. Ross Mackenzie and one of the Indians. It was a contest of much longer duration than the first, as it occupied more than fifteen minutes. Eventually the Indians dropped the ball in between the posts, and so equalised the scores. Mr. H. C. Bonnell, of the Canadians, made some fine runs and throws in the next bout, as did also Mr. Ross Mackenzie and Strong Arm, the Indian. It was a long and spirited tussle, lasting half an hour, fortune ultimately following the Canadians. Mr. Cleghorn after this scored another point against the Iroquois team in a few minutes, and gave them the lead of three to one. In the subsequent bout the men of the prairie were successful, but before the call of time another was placed to the credit of the Canadians, who thus won by four goals to two.

Our illustrations of La Crosse are from sketches taken on the ground at Hurlingham.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

The amateur sailing-matches arranged by this Club, on Thursday week, at Erith, proved attractive to a large number of spectators. There were two distinct contests: the one, for cruisers exceeding thirteen tons but under thirty-five tons burden, was over the longer course, from Erith to and round the Nore light-ship, and returning to finish at Gravesend. For this handicap race, with five prizes, were entered the following competitors, in the order of size:—Fleur-de-Lys, yawl, 33 tons (Mr. H. Edie); Elsie, cutter, 32 (Mr. S. H. Sturges); Lotos, 28 (Mr. W. Byrne Jones); Peregrine, yawl, 27 (Mr. G. L. Paine); Kittie, yawl, 27 (Mr. W. F. C. Wigston); Challenge, cutter, 20 (Mr. W. Bridges Webb); Eudora, cutter, 20 (Mr. J. Corlett); Vanessa, cutter, 19 (Mr. Fielding Scovell); Magnolia, cutter, 19 (Mr. G. W. Browne); Torch, cutter, 15 (Mr. W. H. Williams). This was a handicap in which not only tonnage but general capacity were taken into account, and Fleur-de-Lys had consequently to allow Vanessa 1 min., Challenge 5, Elsie 8, Kittie 10, Lotos 12, Magnolia 13, Torch 15, Eudora 18, and Peregrine 23. The second race, which was begun simultaneously with that of the larger yachts, was for little yachts not exceeding three tons, to sail from Erith round the Middle Blyth Buoy, and back to Gravesend. Both classes got smartly under weigh at half-past ten, with a north-east wind, rather light and variable, and the tide half ebb. These conditions favoured the lighter craft, and very soon Challenge, Vanessa, Magnolia, and Elsie were well in front, but the competition between these was spirited. Again and again Vanessa seemed to be overhauling Challenge, while Fleur-de-Lys, whenever the breeze freshened, improved her position. Soon after noon it became evident that the turn of the tide would render it hopeless to run to the Nore; so, at about two o'clock, the steamer Eagle, specially engaged by the club, brought up off Southend, and the yachts doubled round her. Just at this time the wind became much brisker and backed to the E.S.E., and some fine sailing was the result. Challenge came round at 2 hours 8 min. 15 sec.; Vanessa, 2 hours 12 min. 35 sec.; Fleur-de-Lys, 2 hours 18 min. 3 sec., the last in a style which drew forth general admiration. Magnolia, Elsie, Lotos, Eudora followed. From thence the run home was lively; Fleur-de-Lys overtook Vanessa, but Challenge, fortunate in getting the best of the change in the breeze, increased her advantage and came in first at 4 hours 18 min. 5 sec.; Fleur-de-Lys being timed 4 hours 44 min. 10 sec.; and Vanessa, 4 hours 45 min. 0 sec. The result was that Challenge took the first prize, £40; Vanessa, second, £25, having 10 sec. to the good in virtue of her time allowance; and Fleur-de-Lys, third, £15.

Magnolia and Elsie were fourth and fifth respectively, and were followed by Torch and Lotos. Of the small yachts Chittywee won the first prize, £20, by 6 min.; Mascotte being second; and Snarleyow third. On Saturday, when three matches were sailed, the Prince of Wales was present, as Commodore of the club, at Gravesend; and Mr. Jameson's Samœna won the first prize in the first class.

BENEVOLENCE AND SELF-HELP.

The thirty-first annual festival of the City Orthopaedic Hospital, situated in Hatton-garden, was celebrated on the 13th inst. at the Freemasons' Tavern. Mr. Alderman Cotton, was in the chair, and the subscriptions amounted to £450.

The foundation-stone of a new Convalescent Home was laid at Swanley, Kent, on the 14th inst., by the Rev. S. Kettlewell, of Eastbourne. The building is intended as an adjunct to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and is the gift of Mr. Charles Thomas Kettlewell, the governor. The treasurer, Sir Sidney H. Waterlow, was present, and mentioned that the land, which consists of fifteen acres, was an anonymous gift.

The Earl of Shaftesbury presided yesterday week at the annual meeting of the Indigent Blind Visiting Society, held at Farnley House, Chelsea. The report stated that 811 blind poor were under regular visitation, the benefits of the society including scripture reading, educational classes, and pecuniary relief. The institution has been half a century in existence.

It was stated at the distribution of prizes and medals on board the Warspite training-ship that, since the Marine Society first began its work, 59,400 poor boys had been trained and sent to sea.—Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., in his official capacity as President of the Local Government Board, took part on Monday in the seventh annual inspection of the Exmouth training-ship, and delivered an address to the boys, in which he pointed out the advantages of discipline and of presence of mind in the face of such appalling calamities as that reported from Sunderland.

A military tournament, in aid of the Cambridge Fund for old and disabled soldiers, was begun on Monday at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and continued during the week. The programme was an interesting one, the competitions, as at previous performances under the same auspices, being open to officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the Regulars, Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers. The sum of £600 was given away as prizes.

Mr. Justice Pearson presided on Monday at the anniversary festival of the United Law Clerks' Society, which was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Since its establishment, in 1832, the society has expended £74,446 in assisting law clerks, their widows and children, in affliction and temporary distress. The general fund now amounts to £68,270, and there is an entirely distinct fund—the Benevolent—out of which relief is afforded to law clerks when in need, whether members or not, and to their families. Subscriptions and donations were announced, amounting to upwards of £300.

The twenty-eighth annual festival of the Poplar Hospital for Accidents was held on Tuesday evening at Limmer's Hotel, Mr. James Duncan in the chair. Subscriptions to the amount of £1700 were announced.

The annual festival of the Stockwell Orphanage Schools was held on Tuesday in the grounds of the institution, Clapham-road. Special interest attached to the occasion, as memorial-stones were laid by Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., and Mr. J. Duncan, to mark the commencement of a building to contain a master's house, a board-room, and various offices. The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who was present at the ceremony, stated that he had received £500 that morning towards the sum required. Mr. Samuel Morley, referring to the fact that the day was the President's birthday, said there were few men in England who had done more honourable and better service than Mr. Spurgeon in lifting the people into higher life. According to the report, there are now 365 children in the orphanage, of whom seventy-nine have been admitted during the year. The institution is open to all classes and is non-sectarian. To avoid the look of pauperism, the children are dressed differently. During the afternoon bands entertained large numbers of visitors. The several houses were thrown open to inspection. In the evening a public meeting was held and addressed by Mr. Spurgeon and others.

Some Orphan Homes have had their claims urged. A special festival dinner in aid of the Sailors' Orphan Girls' School and Home was held at the Cannon-street Hotel on the 13th inst., under the presidency of Mr. Goschen, M.P. In the course of the evening Mr. C. Nash, the secretary, announced subscriptions amounting to about £1000.—The Orphan Working School, with which is amalgamated the Alexandra Orphanage, celebrated its 125th anniversary at Willis's Rooms on the same day, when a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen dined together, under the presidency of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P. The secretary read a long list of subscriptions, the chairman stating that the festival had been one of the most successful ever held in connection with the school.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany paid a visit to the National Orphan Home (for fatherless girls), Ham-common, Richmond, last Saturday afternoon, when her Royal Highness distributed a number of prizes annually given by Lady Peel to former and present inmates. A number of young ladies presented purses containing £5 each to her Royal Highness, the total amount thus contributed to the funds of the home being £90, in addition to which £30 had been received anonymously.

A special concert, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Albany, took place on Thursday at the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall in aid of the funds of the hall. Among the vocalists who offered their services are Lady Simeon and Miss Edith Brandon; Mr. Howard Reynolds and the band of the Coldstream Guards also assisted.

The seventy-seventh anniversary of the Licensed Victuallers' School will be celebrated at the Crystal Palace next Tuesday, under the presidency of Captain Henry Townshend, of the firm of Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons, and will be supported by the Earl of Wemyss, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and some members of Parliament. At the close of the dinner the children maintained, clothed, and educated in the institution will be introduced.

A Dramatic Performance will be given by the Thesens Dramatic Club at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, next Tuesday, in aid of the funds of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo-bridge-road. Several distinguished amateurs have promised their assistance, and there will be an efficient orchestra.

Earl Brownlow will preside at the annual distribution of prizes to the scholars of the London Orphan Asylum, Watford, next Saturday.

The fishing season opened on the Upper Thames last Saturday. Capital sport was, as a rule, enjoyed, some fine jack, several weighing about six pounds, being taken, while barbel, chub, roach, and dace were more or less plentiful. A hundred more trout were placed in the Windsor waters.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON BRITISH FISHERIES.

The Prince of Wales was present at the second conference in connection with the Fisheries Exhibition, held in the Conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Gardens on Tuesday; and, before a large and brilliant assembly, including many representatives of the Diplomatic Corps and most of the international jurors, read a paper, prepared by his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, entitled "Notes on the Sea Fisheries and Fishing Population of the United Kingdom." Among the noblemen and gentlemen who occupied seats on the platform were the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Roxburghe, Count Münster, Musurus Pasha, the Marquis of Hamilton, the Marquis of Exeter, Lord Henry Lennox, Professor Huxley, Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., Mr. Duff, M.P., and Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke.

After expressing the Duke of Edinburgh's regret that he could not be present, the Prince of Wales read his brother's paper in a clear voice, which enabled the audience in the most distant parts of the conservatory to hear every sentence.

The exordium of the "Notes" explained that throughout the period of three years, commencing November, 1879, during which the Duke of Edinburgh held the command of the Naval Reserves, his duties necessitated his frequent presence on the British coasts, both on sea and on land, giving him occasion to visit a very large proportion of our fishing villages, and opportunities of observing the labours of the fishing population. Thus was he enabled to realise more and more thoroughly the great importance of our sea fisheries, as one of the many forms of that maritime industry, the steady pursuit of which had contributed so much to the welfare, prosperity, and glory of the British Empire. Not only were our sea fisheries of great importance in obtaining a considerable portion of our food supply, but also in providing a means of subsistence for a large section of our population, and in keeping within our borders a skilful, brave, and hardy race of seamen, trained from their earliest boyhood to seek their livelihood from, and to contend with, the most stormy and tempestuous of seas. In stating that over half a million of our fellow-subjects depended each day for their bread upon the fish taken from the sea overnight, he alluded only to the fishermen, their wives and families, excluding the buyers, curers, gutters, coopers, carters, porters, boat builders, net makers, wholesale and retail dealers in the towns, with their assistants and various others more or less dependent on the success of our fisheries for a livelihood. The number of men and boys engaged in the capture of fish on our coasts might be estimated at about 113,640, distributed in the following manner:—England, 41,300; Scotland, 43,100; Ireland, 19,800; Isle of Man, 2840; Channel Islands, 1600. Out of this number 90,000 were bona fide fishermen—men engaged in fishing occupations from one year's end to another—while of the remaining 24,000 some derived only half their living from that source, and others even less. Taking the average of a fisherman's family to be six in all, this gave them a total of 540,000 souls, the satisfaction of whose daily wants depended immediately upon the successful labours of the 90,000 bona fide fishermen. The daily intercourse with danger which their calling entailed had produced a race of men strong, inured to hardship and exposure, patient and persevering in their calling, brave, prompt, and full of resource, intelligent, and amenable to discipline. The foundations of the great position which this kingdom had attained amongst the nations of the world must, in some measure, be attributed to our fishermen, for they were our first seamen. In earlier times our first maritime commerce must have been conducted by them, and they also manned our fighting navies. The fisheries of the West of England were the nursery of the sailors who enabled Drake to circumnavigate the world, and, as he said, to "sing the King of Spain's beard" on more than one memorable occasion. Within the last few years the connection of our fighting navy with our fishermen had been, to a slight extent, revived by the establishment of the Royal Naval Reserve of the second class, which was recruited chiefly from amongst these men.

In the course of his inspections of the drill ships and batteries appropriated to the training of the Naval Reserve a large number of fishermen came under his observation. Considering their opportunities, he found that they had, as a rule, a good knowledge of their naval duties, and that they performed them with alacrity and steadiness, which could only be attained by close attention to, and a lively interest in, the instruction imparted to them. The officers charged with their instruction, without exception, spoke favourably of them. Under the present system of manning, he had seen fishing-vessels so admirably managed as a rule that he was inclined to doubt whether the necessity for having a certificate would be any safeguard that the men who were the best practical fishermen, seamen, and pilots, would obtain the command. He should rather be inclined to rely on the master and on the second hand having a stake in the ownership of the boat. With respect to the ratio of loss of life among fishermen in pursuit of their calling, his Royal Highness had collected a great many valuable statistics, showing that in England the loss per 1000 men per annum was 7.53; in Scotland, 1.8; and in Ireland, 1.5. The two highest ratios in England were 11.31 in the Harwich district and 9.58 in the Hull district; and the lowest, 0.75 in the Newhaven district. Excluding the two former districts, the loss of life was very much the same in England as in Scotland, and slightly exceeded the rate of death from accident amongst railway servants, which was about 1.48 per 1000.

To make provision for the family in case the bread-winner should be by some sudden calamity taken away, the adoption of some system of insurance among fishermen was strongly urged, but small self-denial being required to pay the weekly or monthly subscriptions or premium necessary to insure it. As an instance of what might be done in this direction, he mentioned the Coastguard Life Insurance Fund, of which he was one of the trustees during the time he held the command of the Naval Reserves. In the second part of his paper the Duke of Edinburgh explained the manner in which the four great divisions of the fishing industry of the United Kingdom—trawling, drifting, great line fishing, and seining—were conducted, and gave detailed statistics as to the number of men and value of the vessels engaged in each. On many parts of our coasts the want of convenient and accessible harbours was a great hindrance to the successful prosecution of the fisheries and a fruitful source of danger to our fishermen. Many fishing villages had no harbour accommodation of any sort. The boats were launched from the beach, and on their return had to be hauled up out of reach of the sea at high water. There was at present no port which could be safely approached in bad weather on the east coast between the Thames and the Humber. With respect to the fisheries on the east coast of Ireland many interesting facts were given, and as illustrating the ease with which they might be developed, it was mentioned that in 1880, the year of the distress, a Canadian committee distributed in one district nets to

the value of £200, and in the following year the people to whom they were given captured £1200 worth of mackerel.

In conclusion, his Royal Highness stated that, instead of looking upon any improvement of the means of capture as tending to exterminate the species, he was rather disposed to welcome it as the possible producer of an increased supply of fish for the benefit of our teeming population. The United States had set the example of devoting a sum annually to the breeding of sea fishes, and this was an example well worthy of imitation by European nations. Unity of action was almost a necessity, and he sincerely hoped the present International Exhibition might do much to bring this about.

His Royal Highness during the reading of the paper, which occupied over an hour and a half, was frequently applauded. On the motion of the Duke of Roxburgh, seconded by the Duke of Northumberland, a vote of thanks to the Duke of Edinburgh for preparing the paper, and to the Prince of Wales for reading it, was carried by acclamation. In reply,

The Prince of Wales said—Your Excellencies, my Lords, and Gentlemen, I feel sure that my brother will be much gratified, not only by the kind way in which this vote of thanks has been proposed and received by you to-day, but also by the kind attention which you have given to the paper which I have had the great pleasure of reading to you. It is obvious that as it has taken some time it will be better that the discussion should take place on some future occasion. I shall let my brother know with what applause the paper was received. That I am sure will be most gratifying to him, as I know how much he has at heart not only the important subject of fish culture in our own country, but the well-being of our brave fishermen (Cheers). During the three years he was Admiral Superintendent of the Naval Reserves, he took great trouble to find out everything concerning them, and it has taken him some time to get up this paper (Hear, hear). For myself, I thank you for your kind reception, and for giving me the great pleasure of reading this paper to you (Cheers).

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CHAPTER XLIX.

ROME.



It was in the month of January following, when the white thoroughfares of Rome were all shining clear in the morning sunlight, that Yolande Winterbourne stood in the spacious vestibule of the Hotel du Quirinal, waiting whilst her father read a letter that had just been given him. She was dressed in deep mourning; and perhaps that only heightened the contrast between the clearness and brightness of her English-looking complexion and ruddy-golden hair and the sallow foreign-looking faces around. And if the ordeal through which she had passed had altered her expression somewhat—if it had robbed her for ever of the light laughter and the carelessness of her girlhood—it had left in their stead a sweet seriousness of womanhood that some people found lovable enough. It was not her father only who saw and was charmed by this grave gentleness of look, as an odd incident in this very hotel proved. At the time of the Winterbournes' arrival in Rome, there happened to be there—and also staying at the Quirinal Hotel—a famous French painter. Of course everyone in the hotel knew who he was, and every one pretended not to know; for he seemed to wish to be alone; and he was so hard at work that when he came in for his mid-day meal—which was of the most frugal kind—he rarely spent more than ten or twelve minutes over it, and then he was off again, only pausing to light a cigarette in the corridor. Well, one day the Winterbournes went as usual into the winter-garden saloon of the hotel to have a bit of lunch, for they were going for a drive somewhere in the afternoon, and they were just about to sit down at their accustomed table, when the famous artist rose from his table and approached them. He was a little man, with a boyish face, but with careworn eyes; his manner was grave, and yet pleasant.

"Pardon me, Sir, the liberty; but may I present myself to you?" said he, in the queerest of pronunciations—and he held a card between his finger and thumb.

"You do me a great honour, Monsieur," said Mr. Winterbourne, with a low bow, and addressing him in his own tongue; and he managed dexterously to hint that Monsieur—had no need of a visiting-card with which to introduce himself.

Meanwhile Yolande had turned aside, under pretence of taking off her bonnet; and the great artist, without any circumlocution, told her father what was the object of his thus

desiring to make their acquaintance. He was painting a religious subject, he said, which had great difficulties for him. He had observed Mademoiselle from time to time. She had so noble an air, an expression so tender, so Madonna-like. All that he wanted, if her father would grant the request, was to be permitted to sit at their table for a few minutes—to observe more closely, to find out what was that peculiar charm of expression. Would Monsieur forgive a painter, who could only plead that it was in the interest of his art that he made so bold a request.

Mr. Winterbourne not only gladly assented, but was greatly flattered to hear such praise of Yolande from so distinguished a man; and so she was immediately summoned, and introduced; and they all three sat down to the little table, and had their lunch together. Yolande was in happy ignorance that she was being studied or examined in any way whatever; and he took good care not to let her know. This little, sad-eyed man proved a cheerful enough companion. He talked about anything and everything; and on one occasion Yolande had the happiness of being able to add to his knowledge. He was saying how the realistic decorations on the walls of this saloon—the blue skies, the crystal globes filled with swimming fish and suspended in mid-air, the painted balconies and shrubs and what not—would shock the severe theorists who maintain that in decoration natural objects should be represented only in a conventional manner; and he was saying that nevertheless this literal copying of things for the purposes of decoration had a respectable antiquity—as doubtless Mademoiselle had observed in the houses of Pompeii, where all kinds of tricks in perspective appeared on flat surfaces—and that it had a respectable authority—as doubtless Mademoiselle had observed in the Loggia, where Raphael had painted birds, beasts, or fishes, anything that came ready to his hand or his head, as faithfully and minutely as drawing and colour could reproduce them.

"I saw another thing than that at Pompeii," said she, with a slight smile.

"Yes?" he said—and she did not know that all the time he was regarding the beautiful curve of the short upper lip, and observing how easily the slight pensive droop of it could be modulated into a more cheerful expression.

"I had always imagined," said she, "that veneering and wickedness like that were quite modern inventions. Don't they say so? Don't they say that it is modern depravity that paints common wood to make it like oak, and paints plaster to resemble marble? But in Pompeii you will also find that wickedness—yes, I assure you, I found in more than one house beautiful black marble with yellow or white veins—so like real marble that one would not suspect—but if you examined it where it was broken you would find it was only plaster, or a soft greystone, painted over."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle," said he, laughing, "they were a wicked people who lived in Pompeii; but I did not know they did anything so dreadful as that."

This was the beginning of an acquaintanceship that lasted during their stay in Rome; but was limited to this brief chat in the middle of the day; for the famous Frenchman was the most devoted of workers. And then when he heard that the Winterbournes were likely to leave Rome, he besought the father to allow Yolande to give two or three sittings to a

young American artist, a friend of his, who was clever at pastels, and had a happy knack in catching a likeness. As it turned out that M. — did not wish merely to procure a commission for his brother-artist, but wanted to have the sketch of the beautiful young English lady for himself, Mr. Winterbourne hesitated; but Yolande volunteered at once, and cheerfully; for they had already visited the young American's studio, and been allowed to hunt through his very considerable collection of bric-à-brac—Eastern costumes, old armour, musical instruments, Moorish tiles, and the like. It was an amusement added to the occupations of the day. Besides, there was one of the most picturesque views in Rome from the windows of that lofty garret. And so Yolande sat contentedly, trying the strings of this or that fifteenth-century lute, while the young American was working away with his coloured chalks; and Mr. Winterbourne, having by accident discovered the existence, hitherto unsuspected, of a curious stiletto in the hollow handle of a Persian war-axe, now found an additional interest in rummaging among the old weapons which lay or hung everywhere about the studio.

And so we come back to the morning on which Yolande was standing at the entrance to the hotel, waiting for her father to read his letter. When he had ended, he came along briskly to her, and put his arm within hers.

"Now, Yolande," said he, "do you think Mr. Meteyard could get that portrait of you finished off to-day? Bless my soul, it wasn't to have been a portrait at all—it was only to have been a sketch. And he has kept on niggling and niggling away at it—why? Well, I don't know why—unless"—

But he did not utter the suspicion that had crossed his mind once or twice. It was to the effect that Mr. Meteyard did not particularly want to finish the sketch; but would rather have the young English lady continue her visits to his studio—where he always had a little nosegay of the choicest flowers awaiting her.

"What is the hurry, papa?" she said, lightly.

"Well, here is a letter from Shortlands. He has just started for Venice. If we are to meet him there we should start to-morrow for Florence. There isn't much time left now before the opening of Parliament."

"Then let us start to-morrow morning," said she, promptly, "even if I have to sit the whole day to Mr. Meteyard. But I think this is the only time we have ever been in Rome without having driven out to the Baths of Carracalla."

"I have no doubt," said he, "that the Baths of Carracalla will last until our next visit. So come away, Yolande, and let's hurry up Mr. Meteyard—'yank him along,' I believe, is the proper phrase."

So they went out together, into the clear white sunlight.

"And here," said he, discontentedly, as they were going along the street of the Quattro Fontane, "is Shortlands appointing to meet us in Venice at the — Hotel. I'm not going to the — Hotel: not a bit of it!"

"Why, papa, you know that is where Desdemona was buried!" she exclaimed.

"Don't I know!" said he, with a gloomy sarcasm. "Can you be three minutes in the place without being perfectly convinced of the fact! Oh, yes, she was buried there, no

doubt. But there was a little too much of the lady the last time we were there."

"Papa, how can you say that!" she remonstrated. "It is no worse than the other ones. And the parapet along the Canal is so nice."

"I'm going to Danieli's," he said, doggedly.

"I hope we shall get the same rooms we used to have, with the balcony," said she; "and then we shall see whether the pigeons have forgotten all I taught them. Do you remember how cunning they became in opening the little paper bags—and in searching for them all about the room? Then I shouldn't wonder if we were to see Mr. Leslie at Venice. In the last note I had from him, he said they were going there; but he seemed dissatisfied with his companion, and I do not know whether they are still together."

"Would you like to meet the Master at Venice?" said he, regarding her.

A trifle of colour appeared in her cheeks; but she answered cheerfully—

"Oh, yes, very much. It would be like a party of old times—Mr. Shortlands, and he, and ourselves, all together."

"Shortlands has some wonderful project on hand—so he hints; but he does not say what it is. But we must not attempt too much. I am afraid you and I are very lazy and idle travellers, Yolande."

"I am afraid so, papa."

"At all events," said he, as they were going down the steps of the Piazza di Spagna—which are no longer, alas! adorned by picturesque groups of artists' models—"at all events, I must be back at the beginning of the Session. They say the Queen is going to open Parliament in person this year. Now there would be a sight for you! That is a spectacle worth going to see."

"Ah," she said, with a quick interest, "am I to be allowed to go the House of Commons after all? Shall I hear you make a speech? Shall I be in the grill—is it the grill they call it?"

"No, no, you don't understand, Yolande!" said he. "It is the ceremony of opening Parliament. It is in the House of Lords; and the Queen is in her robes; and everybody you ever heard of in England is there—all in grand state. I should get you a ticket by hook or by crook, if I failed at the ballot; I heard that one was sold for £40 the last time—but maybe that was romance. But I remember this for fact, that when Lord — returned from abroad, and found every available ticket disposed of, and couldn't get one anyhow, he was in a desperate state because his wife insisted on seeing the show; and when he went to an official, and said that, no matter how, Lady — must and should be admitted, that blunt-spoken person told him that he might as well try to get her ladyship into the Kingdom of Heaven. But we'll manage it for you, Yolande. We'll take it in time. And if we can't secure it any other way, we'll get you into the Reporters' Gallery, as the representative of a ladies' newspaper."

When they had climbed up to the altitudes of the young artist's studio, which was situated in one of the narrower streets between the Piazza di Spagna and the Corso, they found Mr. Meteyard rather dismayed at the prospect of their leaving Rome so soon. It was not entirely a question of finishing the portrait. Oh, yes, he said, he could get the sketch finished well enough—that is, as well as he was likely to be able to do it. But he had no idea that Mr. and Miss Winterbourne were going away so soon. Would they dine with him at his hotel that evening? He was coming to England soon; might he call and see them? And would Mr. Winterbourne take with him that Persian axe in the handle of which he had discovered the stiletto? And would Miss Winterbourne allow him to paint for her a replica of a study of a Roman girl's head that she seemed rather to like, and he would have it forwarded to England, and be very proud if she would accept it?

Alas! alas! this youth had been dreaming dreams; and no doubt that was the reason of his having dawdled so long over a mere sketch in crayons. But he was not wounded unto death. It is true, he covered himself with reproaches over the insufficiency of the portrait—although it was very cleverly done and an incontestably good likeness; and he gave them at his hotel that evening a banquet considerably beyond what a young painter is ordinarily supposed to be able to afford; and the next morning, although the train for Florence leaves early, there he was, with such a beautiful bouquet for the young lady! And he had brought her eau-de-cologne, too, for the journey, and fruit, and sweets (all this was ostensibly because he was grateful to her for having allowed him to make a sketch of her for his friend the famous French painter); and when at last the train went away out of the station he looked after it sadly enough. But he was not inconsolable, as events proved; for within three months of this sad parting he had married a rather middle-aged Contessa, who had estates near Terracina, and a family of four daughters by a former husband; and when the Winterbournes next saw him, he was travelling *en garçon* through the Southern English counties, along with two Scotch artists, who also—in order that nothing should interfere with their impassioned study of Nature—had left their wives behind them.

CHAPTER L. VENICE.

John Shortlands, however, was delayed by some business in Paris; and the Winterbournes arrived in Venice first. They went to Danieli's; and secured the rooms which were familiar to them in former days. But Yolande found that the pigeons had forgotten all she had ever taught them; and she had to begin again at the beginning—coaxing them first by sprinkling maize on the balustrade of the balcony; then inveigling them down into the balcony itself; then leaving the large windows open, and enticing them into the room; and finally educating them so that they would peck at any half-folded packet they found on the stone floor, and get at the grain inside. The weather happened to be fine; and father and daughter contentedly set about their water-pilgrimages through the wonderful and strange city that never seems to lose its interest and charm for even those who know it most familiarly, while it is the one thing in the world that is safe never to disappoint the new-comer, if he has an imagination superior to that of a hedgehog. There were several of Mr. Winterbourne's Parliamentary friends in Venice at this time; and Yolande was very eager to make their acquaintance; for now, with the prospect before her of being allowed to become occasionally and listen to the debates, she wished to become as familiar as was possible with the personnel of the House. She could not honestly say that these legislators impressed her as being persons of extraordinary intellectual force; but they were pleasant enough companions. Some of them had a vein of facetiousness; while all of them showed a deep interest—and even sometimes a hot-headed partisanship—when the subject of cookery and the various *tables d'hôte* happened to come forward.

Then, one night when they had, as usual after dinner, gone round in their gondola to the hotel where Mr. Shortlands was expected, they found that that bulky north-countryman had

arrived, and was now in the saloon, quite by himself, and engaged in attacking a substantial supper. A solid beefsteak and a large bottle of Bass did not seem quite in consonance with a moonlight night in Venice; but John Shortlands held to the "colum, non animus" theory; and when he could get Dalescourt fare, in Venice or anywhere else, he preferred that to any other. He received the Winterbournes with great cordiality; and instantly they began a discussion of their plans for filling in the time before the opening of Parliament.

"But what is the great project you were so mysterious about?" Mr. Winterbourne asked.

"Ay, there's something now," said he, pouring out another tumblerful of the clear amber fluid. "There's something worth talking about. I've taken a moor in Scotland for this next season; and Yolande and you are to be my guests. Tit for tat's fair play. I got it settled just before I left London."

"Whereabouts is it?" Mr. Winterbourne asked again.

"Well, when it's at home they call it Allt-nam-ba."

"You don't mean to say you've taken Allt-nam-ba for this year?"

"But indeed I have. Tit for tat's fair play; and, although the house won't be as well managed as it was last year—for we can't expect everything—still I hope we'll have as pleasant a time of it. Ay, my lass," said he, regarding Yolande, "you look as if a breath of mountain air would do ye some good—better than wandering about foreign towns, I'll be bound."

Yolande did not answer; nor did she express any gratitude for so kind an invitation; nor any gladness at the thought of returning to that home in the far mountain wilderness. She sat silent—perhaps also a trifle paler than usual—while the two men discussed the prospects of the coming season.

"I'll have to send Edwards and some of them up from Dalescourt; though where they are to get beds for themselves I can't imagine," John Shortlands said. "Won't my fine gentleman turn up his nose if he has to take a room in the bothy! By-the-way, my neighbour Walkley—you remember him, Winterbourne, don't ye?—has one of those portable zinc houses that he bought some two or three years ago when he leased a salmon-river in Sutherlandshire. I know he hasn't used it since; and I dare say he'd lend it to me. It could easily be put up behind the lodge at Allt-nam-ba; and then they'd have no excuse for grumbling and growling."

"But why should you send up a lot of English servants, who don't know what roughing it in a small shooting-box is like?" said Mr. Winterbourne. "Why should you bother? We did very well last year, didn't we? Why shouldn't you have exactly the same people—and here is Yolande, who can set the machine going again?"

"There you've exactly hit it," said Shortlands. "For that is precisely what Yolande is not going to do, and not going to be allowed to do. It's all very well for an inhuman father to let his daughter slave away at grocers' accounts. My guest is going to be my guest, and must have a clear, full holiday as well as any of us. I don't say that she didn't do it very well; for I never saw a house better managed—everything punctual—everything well done—no breaking down—just what you wanted always to your hand—but I say that, this year, she must have her holiday like the rest. Perhaps she needs it more than any of us," he added, almost to himself.

It was strange that Yolande made no offer—however formal—of her services; and did not even thank him for his consideration. No; she sat mute; her eyes averted; she let these two discuss the matter between themselves.

"I am paying an additional £80," said Shortlands, "to have the sheep kept off; so that we may have a better chance at the deer. Fancy all that stretch of land only able to provide £80 of grazing. I wonder what some of the fellows on your side of the House, Winterbourne, would say to that. Gad, I'll tell you now what I'd like to see: I'd like to see the 666 members of the House of Commons put on to Allt-nam-ba, and compelled to get their living off it for five years."

"They wouldn't try," said his friend, contemptuously. "They'd only talk. One honourable member would make a speech three columns long to prove that it was the duty of the right honourable gentleman opposite to begin rolling off a few granite boulders; and the right honourable gentleman opposite would make a speech six columns long to show that there was no Parliamentary precedent for such a motion; and an Irishman would get up to show that any labour at all expended on a Scotch moor was an injury done to the Irish fisheries, and another reason why the Irish revenues should be managed by a Committee of his countrymen meeting in Dublin. They'd talk the heather bare before they'd grow an ear of corn."

"By-the-way," said John Shortlands, who had now finished his supper and was ready to go outside and smoke a pipe in the balcony overlooking the Grand Canal, "I wonder if I shall be able to curry favour with that excellent person, Mrs. Bell."

"But why?" said Yolande, speaking for the first time since this Allt-nam-ba project was mentioned.

"Oh, that she might perhaps give Edwards and them a few directions when they go to get the place ready for us. I dare say they will find it awkward at first."

"I am sure Mrs. Bell will be very glad to do that," Yolande said at once. "If you like I will write to her when the time comes."

"She would do it for your sake, anyway," he said. "Well, it will be odd if we should have just the same party in the evenings that we used to have last year. They were very snug those evenings—I suppose because we knew we were so far out of the world, and a small community by ourselves. I hope Jack Melville will still be there—my heart warmed to that fellow; he's got the right stuff in him, as we say in the north. And the Master—we must give the Master a turn on the hill—I have never seen his smart shooting that you talked so much about, Winterbourne. Wonder if he ever takes a walk up to the lodge. Should think it must be pretty cold up there just now; and cold enough at Lynn, for the matter of that."

"But Mr. Leslie isn't at Lynn, is he?" said Yolande, suddenly.

"Where is he, then?"

"He had started on a yachting cruise when I last heard from him," Yolande said. "Why, we had half hoped to find him in Venice; and then it would have been strange—the Allt-nam-ba party all together again in Venice. But perhaps he is still at Naples—he spoke of going to Naples."

"I don't know about Naples," said Shortlands, "but he was in Inverness last week."

"In Inverness! No—it is impossible!"

"Oh, but it is certain. He wrote to me from Inverness about the taking of the shooting."

"Not from Lynn?" said Yolande, rather wonderingly.

"No. He said in his letter that he had happened to call in at Macpherson's office—that is their agent, you know—and had seen the correspondence about the shooting; and it was then that he suggested the advisability of keeping the sheep off Allt-nam-ba."

"It is strange," Yolande said, thoughtfully. "But he was not well satisfied with his companion—no—not at all

comfortable in the yacht—and perhaps he went back suddenly."

And then she added—for she was obviously puzzled about this matter—

"Was he staying in Inverness?"

"Indeed I don't know," was the answer.

"Did he write from the Station Hotel?" she asked again, glancing at him.

"No; he wrote from Macpherson's office, I think. You know he used often to go up to Inverness, to look after affairs."

"Yes," said Yolande absently: she was wondering whether it was possible that he still kept up that aimless feud with his relatives—aimless now that the occasion of it was for ever removed.

And then they went out on to the wide balcony, where the people were sitting at little tables, smoking cigarettes and sipping their coffee; and all around was a cluster of gondolas that had been stopped by their occupants in going by, for in one of the gondolas, moored to the front of the balcony, was a party of three minstrels, and the clear, penetrating, fluted voice of a woman rose above the sounds of the violins, and the guitar, with the old familiar

*Mare si placido,
Vento si caro
Scordar fa i triboli
Al marinaio*

—and beyond this dense cluster of boats—out on the pale waters of the Canal—here and there a gondola glided noiselessly along, the golden star of its lamp moving swiftly; and on the other side of the Canal the Church of Santa Maria della Salute thrust its heavy masses of shadow out into the white moonlight. They were well acquainted with this scene; and yet the wonder and charm of it never seemed to fade. There are certain things that repetition and familiarity do not affect—the strangeness of the dawn, for example, or the appearance of the first primrose in the woods; and the sight of Venice in moonlight is another of these things—for it is the most mysterious and the most beautiful picture that the world can show.

By-and-by the music ceased; there was a little collection of money for the performers; and then the golden stars of the gondolas stole way in their several directions over the placid waters. Mr. Winterbourne and Yolande summoned theirs also; for it was getting late; and presently they were gliding swiftly and silently through the still moonlight night.

"Papa," said Yolande, gently, "I hope you will go with Mr. Shortlands in the autumn, for it is very kind of him to ask you; but I would rather not go. Indeed, you must not ask me to go. But it will not matter to you; I shall not weary until you come back; I will stay in London, or wherever you like."

"Why don't you wish to go to Allt-nam-ba, Yolande?" said he.

There was no answer.

"I thought you were very happy up there," he said, regarding her.

But though the moonlight touched her face, her eyes were cast down, and he could not make out what she was thinking—perhaps even if her lips were tremulous he might have failed to notice.

"Yes," said she, at length, and in a rather low voice, "perhaps I was. But I do not wish to go again. You will be kind and not ask me to go again, papa?"

"My dear child," said he, "I know more than you think—a great deal more than you think. Now I am going to ask you a question; if John Melville were to ask you to be his wife, would you then have any objection to going to Allt-nam-ba?"

She started back, and looked at him for a second, with an alarmed expression in her face; but the next moment she had dropped her eyes.

"You know you cannot expect me to answer such a question as that," she said, not without some touch of wounded pride.

"But he has asked you, Yolande," her father said, quietly. "There is a letter for you at the hotel. It is in my writing-case; it has been there for a month or six weeks; it was to be given you whenever—well, whenever I thought it most expedient to give it to you. And I don't see why you shouldn't have it now—as soon as we go back to the hotel. And if you don't want to go to the Highlands for fear of meeting Jack Melville, as I imagine, here is a proposal that may put matters straight. Will it?"

Her head was still held down, and she said in almost an inaudible voice—

"Would you approve, papa?"

"Nay, I'm not going to interfere again!" said he, with a laugh. "Choose for yourself. I know more now than I did. I have had some matters explained to me, and I have guessed at others; and I have a letter, too, from the Master—a very frank and honest letter, and saying all sorts of nice things about you, too, Yolande—yes, and about Melville, too, for the matter of that—I am glad there will be no ill-feeling, whatever happens. So you must choose for yourself, child, without let or hindrance—whatever you think is most for your happiness—what you most wish for yourself—that is what I approve of."

"But would you not rather that I remained with you, papa?" she said, though she had not yet courage to raise her eyes.

"Oh, I have had enough of you, you baggage!" he said, good-naturedly. "Do you expect me always to keep dragging you with me about Europe? Haven't we discussed all that before? Nay, but, Yolande," he added, in another manner, "follow what your own heart tells you to do. That will be your safest guide."

They reached the hotel, and when they ascended to their suite of rooms, he brought her the letter. She read it—carefully and yet eagerly, and with a flushed forehead and a beating heart—while he lit a cigarette and went to the window, to look over at the moonlit walls and massive shadows of San Giorgio. There was a kind of joy in her face; but she did not look up. She read the letter again—and again; studying the phrases of it; and always with a warmth at her heart—of pride, and gratitude, and a desire to say something to someone who was far away.

"Well?" her father said, coming back from the window, and appearing to take matters very coolly.

She went to him, and kissed him, and hid her face in his breast.

"I think, papa," said she, "I—I think I will go with you to Allt-nam-ba."

(To be continued.)

Bidding successfully against the representative of the Berlin Museum, Mr. Burton yesterday week secured for the National Gallery Mantegna's noble tempera painting *en grisaille*, on canvas, "Samson and Delilah." The price paid was £2362. The work formed part of the Sunderland Collection in the possession of the Duke of Marlborough.

TERRIBLE DISASTER AT SUNDERLAND.

One of the most deplorable accidents ever known to have happened from crowding and rushing in a public building—a disaster the more affecting, as it caused the death of nearly two hundred children, who were cut off from the assistance of elder persons, and were left to perish miserably in a very few minutes—took place at Sunderland, on Saturday afternoon. At the Victoria Hall, the largest building for popular meetings and entertainments in that town, situated between the Tower-road and Murton-street, or Laura-street, Borough-road, a grand day performance of conjuring, moving and speaking wax-figures and marionettes, and other diverting illusions, mock spectres, and the like, was given by Mr. A. Fay and Miss Fay, from the Tynemouth Aquarium, coming to Sunderland for this purpose. A large number of penny and twopenny tickets for children had been issued, for the special occasion, to many of the schools in the town, as the entertainment was arranged for children. There was to be a distribution of toys and other prizes among the children at the close of the performance. The interior of the hall is divided into three parts—the area, which seats about 1000 persons; the gallery, which has sitting accommodation for 1100 adults; and the dress circle, which will seat 600 or 700. The dress circle was not occupied to any extent, but the gallery and the lower area of the hall were crowded with children. At the close of the conjuring entertainment, when the distribution of prizes took place below, there was much excitement on the part of the children in all parts of the building. As toys were being given away down stairs, the children in the gallery were soon hastening down to participate in the distribution. From the gallery down to the lower floor there are four flights of stairs with passages intervening. Leaving the gallery the steps are approached through folding doors, which open outwards, as do the majority of doors in the building. It was at the bottom of the third flight of steps where the great disaster happened. There are about a dozen steps, at the foot of which is a very short passage, with a door made to open either outward or inward. Unfortunately the door was almost closed. About twenty to twenty-four inches from the jamb was a hole into which the door was bolted, so that only one person could pass through at a time, an arrangement suitable for checking those going in, but a formidable barrier to a crowd on its way going out. The mass of children, filling the passage and staircase behind, could not pass through the narrow space left open; they were forced against the wall; many fell, others tumbled upon them, and speedily some four hundred children were thrown in a confused heap behind the door and were thus suffocated or squeezed to death. The caretaker of the hall, Frederick Graham, soon became aware of the dreadful occurrence. When he got to the lobby at the point of the gallery stairs he found a heap of children lying there. He got them cleared out, and saw what had happened. He then rushed by way of the dress circle to another entrance leading to the stairs higher up, and called upon the children to come out that way. He succeeded in getting a large number of them safely out that way, but the pressure down towards the door, which was blocked, was exceedingly great. The children were buried seven or eight layers deep, lying, crushed, in all directions. He immediately gave the alarm, and seven or eight men came in to assist him. Some of the children were shrieking, and crying for aid, while those underneath were suffocated. The caretaker, his wife, and those helping him did all they could to save as many as possible, but it was a very heavy task to liberate those who were alive and rescue the dying. A spectator states that quite twenty children were heaped up one above another in the aperture where the door was open 24 inches. At the staircase, a short distance behind the door, they were piled in a dense mass, closely packed, up to the fourth step, and along the passage or landing, 14 feet long and 7 feet wide, from the door to the steps, they made a pile of dead or dying bodies, about 6 feet high. The horrible sufferings that must have been endured by many of these poor little boys and girls, some of them mere babies, are beyond conception. Very little noise was heard, and no screaming, in the other parts of the building; only a confused din of trampling and crowding which excited no alarm, during five or six minutes. About four hundred children altogether were blocked up there, and half of them were rescued alive. No grown-up person had attempted to lead the way for the children, to regulate their movements, or to guard the staircase and passages; it appears that only three or four women, mothers with their infants, were in the gallery with nearly twelve hundred children. It was at five o'clock, or a few minutes past five, that the disaster occurred. In a very short time the Victoria Hall was besieged by a multitude of distressed mothers and fathers hastening to find their children, living or dead. As soon as the bodies were claimed or recognised, they were taken away in cabs, while the living, if injured, were removed to the Infirmary, and some to the Palatine Hotel. The Mayor of Sunderland, Mr. J. W. Wayman, with several other members of the Corporation, were present to render assistance, and order was kept by the police. Dr. J. Walter Beattie, Dr. Lambert, Dr. Bolton, Dr. Watherston, and other medical gentlemen, helped actively, first in extricating the children still alive from the mass of dead, and then in the needful surgical or medical treatment. The exact number of dead, up to Monday night, was 197, but there were some not likely to recover the shock. An inquest was opened that day by Mr. John Graham, coroner for Chester Ward, and another inquest by Mr. Crofton Maynard, Coroner for Easington Ward. The burial of most of the children killed was to take place in the Monkwearmouth Cemetery on Tuesday afternoon. Her Majesty the Queen has sent a message from Balmoral to the Mayor of Sunderland. "The Queen is terribly shocked at this awful calamity, and her heart bleeds for the many poor bereaved parents. She prays that God may support them, and she is most anxious to know how the injured children are." A meeting has been held in the town, and a subscription for the relief of the distressed families has been opened.

The competition for the selection of the Scotch eight in the Elcho Challenge Shield contest at Wimbledon was concluded at Cowpley, Glasgow, yesterday week. The following six are entitled by their shooting to be included, in order of merit:—Captain Thorburn, Peebles; J. Ferguson, Ayr; W. Kelman, Ross; T. Caldwell, Renfrew; J. Love, Ayr; D. Fraser, Edinburgh. The remaining two will be chosen by these six.—Of the seven corps of volunteers inspected in the metropolitan district last Saturday, whose total strength was a little over 4200, the largest muster was made by the 10th Middlesex, who had 805 of all ranks on parade in Regent's Park; the 8th Middlesex, the next in order of strength, had about 770 in Hyde Park.—The tie for the Bronze Champion Badge by Middlesex, City of London, and Tower Hamlets Rifle Association, was shot off on Monday afternoon—Captain H. Munday, the winner, being the fortunate holder of five champion badges, two gold, one silver, and two bronze. The tie for the Middlesex Bronze Medal was decided at the same time, and resulted in a victory for Private Merrick, Civil Service R.V.O.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

The interesting Exhibition, at South Kensington, of objects collected to exemplify the Fisheries of all the world, has proved most attractive and successful as a popular entertainment, having already been visited by half a million of persons. Its more scientific and specially instructive utility will henceforth come into greater prominence, with the opening, this week, of a series of Conferences, under the Presidency of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, assisted by their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Edinburgh and his brothers, for lectures, essays, and discussions upon different subjects connected with fish and fishing and the fish trade. On Monday, in the Conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society, the first meeting of this series was held, the Prince of Wales in the chair. A very able inaugural address was delivered by Professor Huxley, who was introduced by his Royal Highness to the audience; and he received a vote of thanks moved by Count Münster, the German Ambassador, and seconded by the Earl of Northbrook. The Turkish Ambassador, Musurus Pasha, moved a vote of thanks to the Prince of Wales, which was seconded by Earl Granville. The Conference was resumed on Tuesday, when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales read a paper by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh on the Sea Fisheries and Fishing Population of the United Kingdom.

So far as the arrangements have been definitely made, the following is a list of lectures and lecturers:—1. "Fish Culture and Acclimatisation of Fishes," by Sir James Gibson Maitland (who at Howietoun has the finest fish culture establishment in the United Kingdom); 2. "Seal Fisheries," by Captain Temple; 3. "Oyster Culture and Fisheries," by Professor Habrecht; 4. "Principles of Fishery Legislation," by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, M.P.; 5. "Fisheries of the United States," by Professor Brown Goode, the able scientist selected by the American Government to represent it in the Exhibition; 6. "The Herring Fisheries," by Mr. R. W. Duff, M.P., whose printed lecture upon the character and aims of the exhibition has been widely read; 7. "The Pilchard and Mackerel Fisheries," by Mr. T. Cornish; 8. "Fresh-Water Fisheries, including Trout," by Mr. Francis-Francis; 9. "Fish as Food," by Sir H. Thompson; 10. "Fish Transport and Fish Markets," by Mr. H. E. Spencer Walpole, for so many years Frank Buckland's colleague in the official inspectorship; 11. "Fish Diseases," by Professor Huxley; 12. "The Economic Condition of Fishermen," by Professor Leone Levi; 13. "The Food of Fishes," by Dr. Francis Day, who has prepared the fine collection in the Indian Court; and, 14. "The Scientific Results of the Exhibition," by Professor Ray Lankester.

The Fishmongers' Company gave a conversazione at their hall on Monday evening to meet the executive committee, foreign commissioners, and the British and foreign jurors of the International Fisheries Exhibition.

The Russian Court, which was opened last week, nearly completes this International Exhibition. From the ceiling hang nets, one of which, used in the sturgeon fishery, is 750 yards long. The walls are decorated with the heraldic devices (in which fishes figure) of those Russian towns which are celebrated for their fishery operations. The exhibits, ranged on stands and cases of native manufacture, comprise nets of all sorts—some of raw silk; personal equipment and implements of fishermen, one from the Caspian; hand-made hooks; fishing lines of great fineness and strength from Archangel; cordage made by Mr. John Hoth, of St. Petersburg; a collection of stuffed fish of commercial importance, fish in spirits, and fish dried, amongst which is the "Shemaja" (*Alburnus Clupeoides*), a kind of bleak, known in Russia as "the king of fishes," and six kinds of crayfish, also isinglass, caviare, and oil from various fishes. There are also illustrations of the method of catching fish; an interesting model of a self-catching machine used for the "Goregoni" or white fish; models of a fish-curing establishment in Astrachan; of a barge for the transport of fish; of a fish shop and store on board a barge, with other barges for the carriage of live fish moored alongside; and a model of the oldest fish-breeding establishment in Russia—that of Nikolsky, established by M. Vrassky, inventor of the dry or "Russian" method of impregnating fish ova. We may notice diagrams of artificial fish breeding and the diseases of fish, by Michael Girdvoyn; wax models of the development of the sterlet by Professor Ossianikoff; tanks and jars for the transport of fish; walrus tusk, and a cabinet of that material made by a peasant; specimens of fresh-water and marine Algæ, and beautiful sealskins from the Pribiloff islands.

We present, in the drawings which fill two pages of this Supplement, some illustrations of the models of various kinds of fishing-boats, nets and other fishing-gear, to be found at the International Fisheries Exhibition. One of the most interesting as well as instructive of the objects placed before the public eye at this Exhibition is a beautiful model lent by the Princess of Wales, and placed in a conspicuous position in the entrance-hall. The object of this model is to show how the very important process of fishing with trawl gear is carried on. It is so constructed that it exhibits not only the smacks and other vessels sailing and working on the surface of the water, but also the fishing gear, and the way in which it is used for the purpose of catching the fish that are usually taken on the bottom of the sea, such as turbot, soles, and plaice. A better notion will be acquired by those unacquainted with deep-sea fishing, in five minutes, by an inspection of this model, than could be obtained from any lengthened description; and we have therefore given an illustration of it. All the best white fish are caught by the operation of trawling; and trawl-fishing gear, such as is in daily use over all parts of the North Sea, may be found in great variety of form, as well as dimensions, in this Exhibition. It may be very small, as used for catching shrimps, or of immense size, the trawl beam in some cases being 50 ft. in length. The gear is, of course, in all cases proportionate to the size of the vessel working with it; but whatever its size, the object to be attained is always the same. It is to drag over the bottom of the sea a long triangular pocket, or bag-shaped net, having a large opening at one end and being closed at the other. The upper part of the wide opening is stretched along a beam of wood, the lower part being quite slack. At each end of the trawl beam are placed oval or triangular-shaped iron frames, rounded at the bottom; these support the trawl beam when in use and allow for the formation of an open mouth to the net, which is the space between the ground and the trawl beam above. The top of the net is fastened to the beam, and the bottom to a thick ground rope, which is secured at each end to the bottom of the trawl heads, and is much longer than the space between them. The ground rope drags along the bottom of the sea, and the fish pass over it into the net, and are carried along to the tapering end of it. The trawl beam with its gear is lowered to the bottom of the sea by means of a very strong rope, called the trawl rope. This is attached to the bridle of the trawl, which is a rope fastened to each end of the beam. The trawl gear is got up on deck, when a sufficient extent of ground has been worked over, by means of a powerful capstan and other tackle.

The Illustration at the bottom of the Engraving shows another great system of fishing which is carried on at certain times of the year. It is of the highest importance, for by its means herrings are taken—a most important industry in Scotland, and not much less so in England, Holland, and other countries whose coasts form the shores of the North Sea. This system is called drift-net fishing. It is used especially to take those fish which move about in shoals or schools, as herrings, mackerel, and other varieties. In this case the nets are arranged so as to form a perpendicular wall in the sea. The fish, travelling forward, run their heads into the meshes, and are caught by the gills, being unable to extricate themselves from the lint of the net. The drift-net is of great length, generally from a mile to a mile and a half. It is composed of a number of nets placed end to end, each net being about twenty fathoms long; hence it is called, when complete, a fleet of nets. The nets forming one fleet are all of the same depth, generally about five fathoms; but in some localities they are used much deeper. Along the top of the net is a rope called the net rope, having corks attached to it at fixed distances. These support the upper part of the net, and keep it from sagging between its main supporters, which are little tubs called bowls, floating on the surface of the water, the top of the net and line of corks being a considerable distance below it, generally about five fathoms. The bowls are connected with the nets by small lines. In Scotland bladders are used instead of wooden tubs or casks, and in Norway glass balls covered with network are found to answer the purpose of corks. To connect the whole of the fleet of nets, and enable them to be "shot" and hauled in, a large rope is required, called the net-warp, which must be somewhat longer than the whole length of the united nets. A buoy is placed on this at its outer end to mark the extremity of the fleet of nets, and the inner end is attached to a capstan on the deck of the vessel. The nets are always "shot" overboard at night and hauled up in the morning. By hauling in the net-warp, which comes in over the vessel's bows where the bowls are detached, the net comes in amidsthip over the vessel's side. As may be expected, it is a long, laborious work, getting in the nets, on account of their great length. When a capstan is used the men walk twelve miles while passing round it to get in a net-warp a mile in length. English fishermen carry on the herring-fishery in large vessels, generally luggers, and slightly salt the fish immediately it is taken—doing this allows them to go farther from their port and remain longer at sea. The Scotch boats are smaller, and go to sea every night and return in the morning. The fish are better when cured immediately they are taken from the sea, consequently Scotch-branded herrings are much esteemed in all the countries to which they are exported. Scotch herrings are usually cured as white herrings—that is, they are carefully pickled, but not dried. The Yarmouth herrings are nearly all dried, and when taken near the coast and cured with a little salt, they are the well-known bloaters.

The fishing-boats used by the Norwegian, Dutch, and Flemish at the present time are highly interesting, as they represent the forms of the vessels, to a very great extent, that were used throughout the north of Europe many hundreds of years ago. We have given illustrations of several of these, many accurate models of which, in all their varieties, may be found in the different departments of the Exhibition—as the Belgian "chaloupe," a boat now used at Blankenberghie. This is precisely the kind of vessel that was in use at the time of the Norman invasion, and would be called a ship at that time. It is one of the rudest forms and description of fishing vessel now in use, except the wicker framed and hide or canvas covered curraghs and coracles of the west coast of Ireland.

The Norwegian "Jøgt" or yacht is also a very ancient form of vessel, undoubtedly representing the old Viking's ship, but of a somewhat later period than the remarkable specimen recently discovered in Norway. These vessels have retained their forms for hundreds of years, and are now in constant use along the whole coast of Western Norway, but more particularly among the Lofoden Islands and up the Sogne and Hardanger Fiords.

Another illustration represents an ancient form of vessel still in use among the Dutch fishermen. It is doubtless a development of the Norwegian Jøgt into a small ship, and probably represents the first kind of vessel that navigated the northern seas, that was worthy to be called a ship. The older Norwegian and Danish vessels are merely large boats, whereas this one, called a "dogger" or "Hoekerskip," is a decked vessel capable of keeping the seas in any weather, and affording accommodation for the crew and for cargo and stores sufficient to last during a comparatively lengthened voyage.

The Ramsgate Improvement Commissioners have decided to petition the Privy Council to grant a charter for the incorporation of the town. The petition is signed by about five hundred of the largest and most influential ratepayers.

The dynamite conspiracy case, which had lasted four days at the Old Bailey, was concluded on the 14th inst. All the prisoners, with the exception of Bernard Gallagher and Ansbrough, were found guilty. The convicted men were sentenced to penal servitude for life and the others released.

Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, of the South-Eastern Circuit (youngest son of the late Charles Dickens), has been appointed to the Recordship of Deal, vacant by the recent appointment of Mr. Biron, Q.C., as a metropolitan police magistrate.—The Lord Chancellor has transferred Mr. H. J. Stonor from the County Court Circuit No. 46 (Southwark and Wandsworth) to the County Court Circuit No. 43 (Brentford, Brenton, and Marylebone), vacant by the death of Mr. Serjeant Wheeler; and has transferred Mr. H. Holroyd from the County Court Circuit No. 26 (Staffordshire) to Circuit No. 46; and has appointed Mr. Thomas Hudson Jordan, of the Northern Circuit, to succeed Mr. H. Holroyd.

The Lord Mayor has issued an address in which, inviting public attention to the forthcoming Exhibition and Loan Collection of Irish Lace, to be held in the Mansion House, he says:—"The object of the exhibition is, I believe, one which will commend itself to the sympathy and support of all classes—viz., the revival of a meritorious, but much neglected, Irish industry, and the giving employment to the many hundreds of workers in it in the sister country. It is not in any sense a commercial speculation, for any profit that may arise from it will be devoted to the encouragement of the industry. The movement has the patronage of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and the Princesses of the Royal House, besides a large number of ladies who are anxious that Irish lace should again come into fashion, and it has the practical support of all the leading manufacturers and traders in lace in London, Dublin, and the provinces. Their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales and Princess Christian have lent some beautiful specimens of lace for the occasion. The exhibition will be opened by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on the 25th inst., at four o'clock, and it will be open daily for the next fortnight from ten a.m. to eight p.m.

MODELS OF FISHING BOATS AND FISHING GEAR IN THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

NORWEGIAN YACHT.



DOGGER, OR HOEKERSHIP.



BLANKENBERGHE FISHING-BOAT.



NORTH SEA BOMBOAT, OR FINK.



NORWEGIAN FISHING BOAT - N.W. COAST



TRAWL BEAM FISHING GEAR



ZUYDER ZEE FISHING BOAT



NORWEGIAN SLOOP FISH CARRIER



TRAWL FISHING ILLUSTRATED BY A MODEL CONTRIBUTED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES



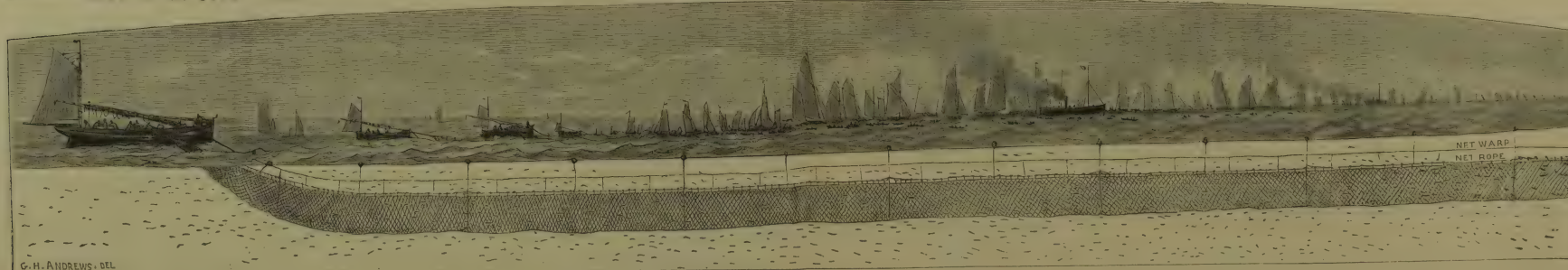
DUTCH RIVER FISHING BOAT



BOAT OF THE SOQUE FIOR.



DUTCH FISHING BOAT



G. H. ANDREWS. DEL.

DRIFT-NET FISHERY: BOXING FLEET OF TRAWLERS IN THE DISTANCE.

The Drift-Net is about five fathoms deep and from one mile to one mile and a half long; it is composed of separate nets, each twenty fathoms long.

THE SMALLER TRIALS OF LIFE.

It would be difficult to calculate how many small troubles are equal to one large one. Sir Arthur Helps, in his pleasant way, suggests that the discomfort caused by fashionable dress would outweigh many an evil that sounded very big; that possibly, if we did but know it, shaving, severe shirt collars (which, by-the-way, are once more coming into use), and other ridiculous garments are equivalent to a great European war once in seven years; and that women's stays cause about as much suffering as an occasional pestilence. No doubt we make ourselves very uncomfortable for the sake of our neighbours. We neither love nor honour Mrs. Grundy; but few of us are bold enough to disobey her. England is a free country, of course; but the Englishman who has a character to maintain dares not walk in eccentric ways. He is, indeed, at full liberty to go wrong, and to break God's laws, if not man's; but the crooked path he selects must be one which is not under the ban of society. Lord Chesterfield understood this perfectly when he wrote those lively letters to his dull son, in which he so affectionately advised him to be a scamp while affecting the manners of a gentleman.

This is straying a little from the subject, which has to do with nothing evil, but with very much that is uncomfortable. When a severe trial falls upon a brave man he braces himself up to bear it, looks it full in the face, rouses all his courage, and, if he can do nothing, awaits the result with calmness. It is possible to face a lion and yet to be overcome by a mosquito. Irritability of temperament has a great deal to do with the worries that afflict humanity. It is not so much what happens, as how we regard it, and our estimate is often coloured by dyspepsia. There is nothing particularly painful in the crowing of a cock, or even in street music; but the one kept Carlyle from sleeping and the other drove Babbage half wild. A man may be in a state of miserable discomfort because his accounts disagree by a shilling; a woman may let you know by no uncertain signs that she is not "mistress of herself though China fall." The proverb says it is useless to cry over spilt milk, but many persons destroy the happiness of their lives by worrying about what is inevitable. Why did they do this? how is it they forgot to do that? have they not acted foolishly? what will neighbours think?—these questions they ask themselves again and again, never reaching a conclusion, and knowing all the time that they are unable to reach one. Their cogitations,

Like Ixion moving, not progressing,
Or squirrel caged, for ever pressing
Against the bars that hold it in,
End only just where they begin.

But while no good result is reached by vain thoughts like these, they cause a loss of power and a lassitude of spirit.

The smaller trials of life seldom act as tonics. A lady disappointed with her cook does not rise to a higher spiritual level in consequence, and if her husband has been robbed by his butler, the loss is not likely to improve his temper. All of us long at times, and probably strive also, to raise our thoughts into a serene atmosphere,

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth.

Some lovely glimpse of nature fills us with repose. The murmur of the river soothes us; the mysterious silence of the woods recalls the happy fear of boyhood; and, opening our hearts to these healing influences, we "feel that we are greater than we know." These are happy moments, but, after early youth, as brief as they are happy. If we have a dream of heaven one day, a score of petty anxieties beset us on the next. What we thought a happy investment turns out a failure, or the kitchen boiler bursts, or the parlour-maid's follower has disappeared with the family plate, or our name by some perverse fate has been hitched into a Society journal.

Civilisation and custom add not a little to the smaller trials of life. The man of business is distracted with the telegraph and the telephone, and the difficulty of living in these days of competition destroys the zest of existence. The fretful worry of the time cannot, however, be regarded as a slight evil, unless indeed by men of the Mark Tapley order; and in keeping to our text it would be more appropriate to dilate on the misery of tight boots, smoky chimneys, badly-cooked dinners, and ill-assorted evening parties. The amusements of life are certainly among its minor trials, so badly do we manage them; and so, too, are the constant and astounding applications for charity which beset everyone whose name happens to be on a subscription-list. This is a modern reason, but a strong one, for doing good by stealth. Are long lectures, long sermons, and long speeches to be classed among our small trials? That depends, we incline to think, upon the patience of the sufferer. There are people strong enough to endure with equanimity the tawdry verbosity of a flowery elocutionist: there are others who cannot bear such a strain without nervous irritation. Still worse does a sensitive person find it to sit in that prison-house of innocence—the jury-box—his sole consolation being that, if it is sweet to die for one's country, it is sweet also (in a bitter way) to suffer for its sake.

It may be doubted whether shyness in a girl and nervousness in a man can be classed among small trials. They are not so distressing as a surgical operation, but they are painful enough in many cases to rub the bloom from life. The air of England, often soft and sweet, is not dry enough to be exhilarating, and the nervousness that shrinks from society is a peculiarly English complaint—

Few Frenchmen of this evil have complained,
It seems as if we Britons were ordained,
By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,
To fear each other, fearing none beside.

The catalogue of small trials might be increased indefinitely. They spring up like weeds, but, like weeds, they may be kept under. They beset half-employed persons; they almost disappear when a man is fired by a great purpose and puts out all his energy. Healthful and hopeful work is the almost unfailing remedy for worry; but, if work does not avail, try the pleasant recipe of a gallop across country, or a game at lawn-tennis, or, if too old for sport so vigorous, Mrs. Battle's favourite game of whist.

J. D.

At a great Congregation, held at Cambridge University last week, the degree of Doctor in Law was conferred on the under-mentioned gentlemen:—

Count Menabrea, member of the Academy of Science in Turin, formerly Italian Ambassador; Emil Hübnér, Professor in the University of Berlin.
Adolph Michaelis, Professor of Classical Archaeology in the University of Strasbourg.
Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of the University of Edinburgh.
Sir John Lubbock, Bart., F.R.S., M.P. for the University of London.
Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford.
Sir Richard Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I.
Lieutenant-General J. T. Walker, R.E., C.B., F.R.S., Surveyor-General of India.
Matthew Arnold, M.A., D.C.L. Oxon, formerly Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford.
William Watson Goodwin Eliot, Professor of Greek Literature in Harvard College, U.S.
Reginald Stuart Poole, Keeper of Coins and Medals at the British Museum.
Henry Enfield Roscoe, Professor of Chemistry in Owens College, Manchester-Victoria University.
George Frederick Watts, R.A.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN FORREST, BART.

Sir John Forrest, second Baronet, of Comiston, Midlothian, J.P., Commissioner of Supply, died on the 5th inst., at 35, Manor-place, Edinburgh. He was born April 18, 1817, the son of Sir James Forrest, Advocate (created a Baronet in 1838, when filling the office of Lord Provost of Edinburgh), the year after her Majesty's Coronation, by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of Mr. Alexander Horsburgh, of Horsburgh. He succeeded his father April 5, 1860, and is himself succeeded (never having married) by his only surviving brother, now Sir William Forrest, third Baronet, born in 1823, who is married and has issue.

SIR JOHN SAVAGE.

Sir John Savage, of Belfast, whose lamentable death is announced, was an influential linen merchant in that important town, was an Alderman of the Town Council and Chairman of the Gas Committee. He was born in 1814, the son of Mr. John Savage, of Glenavy, county Antrim, and married, in 1833, Mary, daughter of Mr. John Turtle, of Moira, county Down. In 1872 he filled the Civic Chair of Belfast, and received the honour of knighthood during his year of office, on the occasion of the Lord Lieutenant Earl Spencer's visit to the North.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel William Veysie (retired), Indian Army, 7th Bengal Cavalry, on the 10th inst., aged eighty-one.

Mr. Serjeant Wheeler, Judge of the Brentford, Brompton, and Marylebone County Courts, at his residence, Holland Park-terrace, on the 17th inst., in his seventy-eighth year.

Anne, Dowager Countess of Kingston, widow of Robert, sixth Earl of Kingston, daughter of Sir Robert Gore-Booth, Bart., and mother of the present Earl of Kingston, on the 14th inst., at Kilonan Castle.

Robert Brisco Owen, M.D., F.L.S., J.P. and D.L. for Anglesey, formerly of the Hon. E.I.C.S., on the 6th inst.; he was third son of Owen Owen, of Glynafon, the descendant of a very ancient Cambrian family, the Owens of Pencraig.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Augustine Law, late H.M. 103rd Regiment, at Brighton, on the 18th inst. He served in the Punjab, at Mooltan and Goojerat, and took part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny.

The Hon. Mary Stourton, eldest daughter of William, seventeenth Lord Stourton, niece of his Eminence Cardinal Weld, and aunt of the present Lord Mowbray, Segrave, and Stourton, on the 6th inst., at York, in her eighty-second year.

Mr. Robert Bruce Chichester, formerly of Lower Seymour-street, youngest son of Colonel John Palmer Chichester, of Arlington Court, Devon, and brother of the late Sir John Palmer Bruce Chichester, Bart., on the 11th inst., aged eighty-three.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederic Gandy, late Scots Fusilier Guards, of Heaves, Milnthorpe, Westmorland, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1862, on the 25th ult., aged seventy. He was second son of the late Dr. Joseph Pilkington Brandreth, and changed his name to Gandy on his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Mr. James Gandy, of Heaves.

Mr. Edward FitzGerald, of Little Grange, Woodbridge, Suffolk, youngest son of the late Colonel John FitzGerald, of Boule Hall, M.P. for Seaford, by Mary Frances FitzGerald, his wife, daughter and heiress of Mr. John FitzGerald, of Williamstown, in the county of Waterford, on the 14th inst., aged seventy-four.

Mr. Clement Arthur Thruston, of Pennal Tower, county Merioneth, J.P., High Sheriff 1870, son of the late Captain Charles Thomas Thruston, R.N., of Talgarth Hall, by Eliza, his second wife, daughter of Admiral Sotheby, on the 9th inst., at Southsea, aged forty-five. He married, in 1861, Constance Sophia, daughter of Major-General L. C. Russell, C.B., and leaves issue.

Mr. William Wilson Carus-Wilson, of Hayne House, Moretonhampstead, after an illness of short duration, of congestion of the lungs, at his residence, on the 11th inst., aged sixty. He was the eldest son of the Rev. W. Carus-Wilson, of Casterton Hall, Westmoreland, well known for his philanthropic and literary works. He was born in 1822, and in 1843 he married the daughter of the late Right Hon. Edward Litton, M.P., Master in Chancery.

Mr. Henry Sambrook Leigh, dramatist and littérateur, suddenly, on the 16th inst., at the age of forty-seven. He was the author of "Carols of Cockayne," "Strains from the Strand," and other "Trifles in Verse," as he modestly termed them. He contributed humorous and elegant lyrics to numerous publications—some of his verses having adorned these pages; and was besides an accomplished linguist, a clever musician, and a brilliant conversationalist.

THE IMPERIAL PALACE OF PETERHOF.

On the shore of the Gulf of Finland, below the mouth of the Neva, and within twenty miles of St. Petersburg, is the Marine Palace of Peterhof, to which the Emperor and Empress of Russia have retired after the splendid but fatiguing ceremonies of the Imperial Coronation at Moscow. We present some views of the buildings and grounds of Peterhof, which are more finely situated, and more tastefully arranged, than those of Tsarsko Selo, the other great Imperial Palace in the country near St. Petersburg. Our illustrations are copied from photographs by Mr. A. Lorens, of that city. The Palace, on the verge of a steep declivity, commands an extensive view of sea and land, from the island fortress of Cronstadt, and the coast of Finland beyond, on the one hand, to the banks of the Neva, which river is seen along its whole course up to the city. The gardens are beautifully laid out, with a canal, five hundred yards long, which forms a series of cascades, fountains, and other waterworks, scarcely inferior to those of Versailles. The Fountain of Neptune, of which we give an illustration, and the Fountain of Samson, adorned with a colossal bronze figure of that Biblical Hercules tearing open the jaws of a lion, are especially admired. There is also a flight of marble steps, over which the water pours from a considerable height, and so contrived that lamps can be placed behind the falling water, at night festivals, to illuminate the cascade; besides a variety of devices in sculpture, tritons, dolphins, naiads, and swans, adapted to the general aquatic display. Within the Peterhof grounds are several minor palaces, or sumptuous ornamental cottages, those of Marly, Monplaisir, and Sniamskiy, the Empress Catherine's Villa, and the Hermitage, which have been constructed, at different times, to suit the fancies of members of the Imperial Family. The original and principal edifice of Peterhof was founded by Peter the Great.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale has undertaken the organisation of the Fancy Dress Quadrille at the Royal Caledonian Fancy Dress Ball at Willis's Rooms on the 25th inst.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1883) of Mr. Francis Marcet, late of No. 13, Stratton-street, Piccadilly, who died on April 12 last, was proved on the 7th ult. by William Marcet, M.D., the son, Henry Pasteur, and Augustus Prevost, the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £124,000. The testator leaves, among other things, his property at Maligny, near Geneva, with the furniture and effects, and the annual profits derived from the literary works of his mother, Mrs. Marcet, to his said son; and there are special bequests to each of his daughters, Sophie Duval, Caroline Emma Pasteur, and Anna Mathilde de Candolle. The testator also bequeaths £105 to the North London or University College Hospital, £100 to the Hospital at Geneva, £50 to the Society for the Organisation of Charitable Relief at the west end of London, and legacies to grandchildren, sons-in-law, his executor Mr. Prevost, and housekeeper. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided equally between his four children.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1877), with a codicil (dated Nov. 20, 1879), of Mr. Hughes Francis Ingram, formerly of Halifax, Yorkshire, but late of Poulett House, Lyme Regis, Dorset, who died on April 11 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Ingram Fuller Godfrey, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £113,000. The testator leaves Poulett House and the premises adjoining, with the furniture and effects, and his Aire and Calder Navigation shares, to his sister, Miss Margaret Ingram, for life, and then to his nephew Ingram Fuller Godfrey; various stocks and shares, amounting to about £30,000, to his said sister for life, and then to his nephew Albert Henry Godfrey; his real estate at Halifax, all the residue of his real estate, and £10,000 stock, to the said Ingram Fuller Godfrey; certain stocks, amounting together to nearly £16,000, to the said Albert Henry Godfrey; and numerous legacies to cousins, servants, and others. The residue of the personality he gives to his said nephews.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1868), with five codicils, of Mrs. Alexandrine Gehier de St. Hilaire Archdeacon, late of No. 8, Rue d'Anjou, Saint Honoré, Paris, who died on March 24 last, was proved in London on the 2nd ult. by Edmond Archdeacon, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to over £54,000. The testatrix bequeaths 10,000f., the interest to be applied in providing and distributing soup among the poor of Nogent-sur-Marne, under the management of the Sisters of St. André Nogent; 2000f. each to the poor of Nogent and the poor of her district; and legacies to her grandchildren, great-grandchildren, servants, and others. The remainder of her property passes to her heirs according to the law of France.

The will (dated June 11, 1875), with a codicil (dated May 26, 1879), of Mr. Robert Bowman, late of Springwell, Clapham-common, who died on March 31 last, has been proved by Alexander Anderson Weston, James Steven, John Berney, and James Adams, M.D., the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to over £46,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his sister, Jane Bowman, for life; and at her death, after payment of some legacies, to his executors in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1878) of Mr. Frederick Allen, formerly of Birmingham, but late of Llandudno, who died on Feb. 10 last at Erdington, was proved on the 10th ult. by Roland Felton Allen and Frederick Felton Allen, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000. The testator gives £250 each to his sisters, Caroline Emma and Eliza, and his brother George; and the residue of the personality and all his real estate to his said two sons.

The will (dated June 29, 1877), with a codicil (dated Jan. 14, 1878), of Miss Mary Selina Bathurst, formerly of No. 20, Grosvenor-gardens, but late of the Château Leader, Cannes, who died on March 16 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by Earl Bathurst, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testatrix, after giving numerous legacies, both pecuniary and specific, including £5000 to her nephew Allen Benjamin Bathurst, leaves the residue to her nephew Lancelot Julian Bathurst.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1882), with a codicil (dated April 5, 1883), of Sir George Alfred Arney, formerly Chief Justice of New Zealand, but late of No. 17, Devonshire-place, Portland-place, who died on April 7 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Stacey Colls and Robert Henry Speed, the executors, the personal estate exceeding £16,000. The testator leaves to his niece, Mrs. Maria Charlotte Colls, £4000 and the plate presented to him by the members of the Auckland Bar; to Mrs. Emma Speed, £4000; to his godson, George Martin, all his lands in Turanga district, near Howick, Auckland; and numerous legacies to relatives, godchildren, friends, servants, and others. The residue of his property, including the remainder of his real estate in New Zealand, is to be held, upon trust, for his said niece, her husband, and children.

The will (dated May 20, 1854) of Sir Edwin Pearson, F.R.S., formerly Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard, late of "Rozel," Sunnyside, Wimbledon, who died on April 18 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by the Hon. Alicia Anne Dame Pearson, the widow and sole executrix, to whom he gives all his property.

At a meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects last week the Royal gold medal of her Majesty was presented to Mr. Francis Crammer Penrose, M.A., past vice-president, surveyor to the fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Grissell gold medal to Mr. H. A. Paley; the Soane medal and £50 to Mr. R. A. Briggs; the Institute silver medal and ten guineas to Mr. J. Strong, of Chester; and the second medal to Mr. W. H. Bidlake, B.A. The medal and ten guineas for essays were presented to Mr. H. Sirr. The Pugin travelling scholarship of £50 will be conferred on Mr. W. A. Pite on the completion of his tour; while the Sharpe Prize was awarded to Mr. J. G. Sankey.

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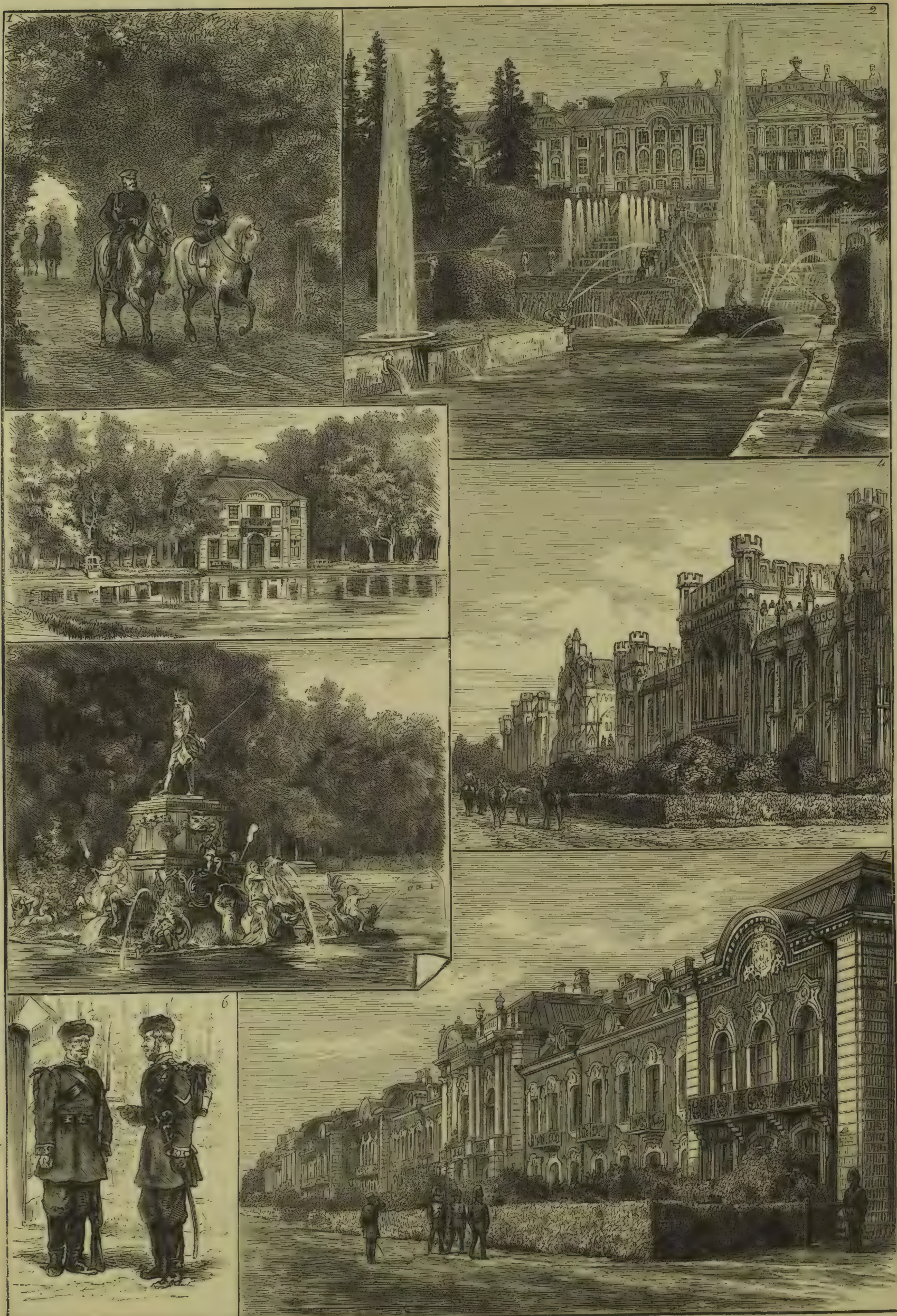
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1. Grand Alley. 2. Palace of Peterhof, from the Canal. 3. Palace of Marly. 4. Imperial Stables. 5. Fountain of Neptune. 6. Rifleman of Tsarsko Selo. 7. Palace of Peterhof—Front Façade.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S MARINE PALACE AT PETERHOF.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The Summer Exhibition of this older Society, in its pleasant large room in Pall-Mall East, though much smaller than that of the "Institute" at the new Galleries in Piccadilly, is still not less attractive to the experienced seekers of what is good in a delightful branch of Art. Our Journal of May 5 contained the proper critical notice of some of the most conspicuous works in the present collection, and we are permitted now to copy, from the Society's Illustrated Catalogue, a dozen and one facsimile sketches, by the artists themselves, of designs which can be appreciated without the aid of colouring.

The President, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., occupies the place of honour, as Head Centre, in our double page, with his very expressive figure in the attitude of "A Doubtful Pause." It is a young man of a Southern race, perhaps of the South of France or the Riviera, wearing a red cap, and with a seafaring look about him, stopping to think a moment while he writes a letter. Sir John Gilbert's more elaborate composition, of a mixed congregation on the wooded banks of a stream listening to the preaching of St. John the Baptist in the Wilderness, shows careful study of the Old Masters; and if the grouping, attitudes, and costumes are too evidently arranged for scenic effect, the animated and picturesque character of the whole scene is worthy of admiration.

Below the "Doubtful Pause" we have placed, Mr. E. K. Johnson's figure of a pensive maiden occupied in the stern task of burning "Old Letters." She holds the papers, one after another, to the flame of a lamp, very classical in pattern, which stands on the floor beside her. The burnt-out fragments of tinder lie perilously near her feet, and we cannot but feel some anxiety lest she should drop the next of the burning pieces so as to set fire to her white muslin dress. But the design is interesting, and is simply and effectively treated by the artist.

At the top corners of our double page will be found two of the most pleasing works in this exhibition. One is Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Fresh from the Hills," a couple of Welsh girls, carrying water, descending a mountain path, with a goat and frisking kids, which are full of natural spirit and life. The other is "A Labour of Love," by Norman Tayler, in which a Cornish fisherman and his wife or sweetheart, on the seashore where he has just landed from fishing—or perhaps where the net has been only spread to dry—are preparing to carry it home; and he is placing one end of the net, like a shawl, over the shoulders of the willing lass, after which he will take up the other end, and they will carry it between them. We like this picture as well as any one, and it ought to be a favourite in the year of the Fisheries Exhibition. Mr. Birket Foster's beautiful view of "Clovelly," from the hill above, overlooking the little fishing harbour and the bay, is equally appropriate to the same occasion. The views of Fleet-street and Holborn, by Mr. Herbert Marshall, are excellent in drawing; but we demur to the extreme dinginess and murkiness of their hues, and to the air of vaporous gloom that pervades them, as well as to the frosted surface of the ground. This artist's view in Little Britain, "A City By-way," is exceedingly pleasing, and he contributes other studies of London and riverside scenery, which deserve much commendation.

In the picture of horses waiting at a blacksmith's door on one of the Paris quays, Mr. Basil Bradley has produced a very truthful and agreeable piece of work. His larger composition, entitled "Lost," represents a pack of hounds, on a frosty day, having lost the scent, puzzling over the ground of a country road, with the anxious huntsman in charge, and with a lady and gentleman riding up from the field behind. Mr. Norman Tayler again appears to advantage as a painter of the fishery folk, in his design of a mother and daughter seated among the boats on the shore, "Waiting for Father." A girl at the organ, playing "Cujus Animam," with her little sister beside her, by Mr. Walter Duncan, has much grace and expression of feeling. "Patching up the Old Flag," by Mr. Arthur Hopkins, is likely to be popular for the sake of its subject, and is a lively, spirited composition. Miss Harrison's flower-drawings are very good; and that of the yellow field-daisies, in a pot, cannot fail to rejoice the heart of a simple lover of nature.

NEW BOOKS.

After the experience we have lately had of certain publications which competent judges have condemned as ill-advised, it is quite a relief to find that the two volumes entitled *The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson* (Chatto and Windus) contain scarcely anything beyond an admirable picture, which the personal correspondence renders, as it were, photographically minute and accurate, of a genuine and lasting friendship between two celebrated men of intellect and letters—the grim "prophet" of Chelsea in England and the transcendental "prophet" of Concord in America. The volumes, got up and printed after a fashion and in a type that provoke a desire to read and produce an unusual sense of ease and comfort in reading, were prepared under the editorship of Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who modestly abstains from the exhibition of his name upon the titlepage, but does not the less deserve, nay rather the more requires, a grateful acknowledgment of the elaborate care he has bestowed upon the work, with the very clear table of contents, useful, explanatory, and illustrative notes, and double index, so that the task of reference is greatly facilitated by the separation made between the letters of Carlyle and Emerson. To Mr. Moncure D. Conway, moreover, than whom few Americans are better known among literary circles in England, the thanks of the reader appear to be due for energetic and successful effort in recovering "some of Emerson's early letters which had fallen into strange hands." That they should have so fallen may seem, perhaps, to be a reflection upon Carlyle, and to throw some doubt upon the sincerity of his professions; but the most treasured letters do somehow escape from custody, and find their way into regions where, like lost dogs, none but the expert would think of looking for them. At any rate, the correspondence under consideration is conducted in a spirit and in terms which can hardly fail to convince the most sceptical that the two correspondents were fitted by nature to be sympathetic, that circumstances tended to promote mutual esteem in a remarkable manner, and that the friendship which their letters breathe was cordial and not conventional or superficial. Carlyle, it may be remembered, died in 1881, at the great age of eighty-five; Emerson about a year later, at the somewhat lesser age of seventy-nine. In the spring of 1873 they met, in London, for the last time; in that year Emerson returned to his American home, and from that date no more letters passed between them. "They were both old men," says the editor, "and writing had become difficult to them," but "they were secure in each other's affection." Nor does the correspondence afford any ground for calling this assertion in question. How that affection originated may not be generally known, and it may not be uninteresting to trace the origin. It was in 1833 that Ralph Waldo Emerson, mainly attracted to Europe by the desire of

seeing three or four writers, of whom Carlyle was one, descended, like a welcome visitor from the clouds, upon the solitary Carlyles at Craigenputtock, and left them charmed with him and anxious to know more of him. In 1834 began a correspondence which was carried on, with the inevitable breaks, for a period of nearly forty years. Meanwhile the American, to judge from the evidence of his letters, had not been altogether unsuccessful in promoting the Englishman's views regarding "work and wages" as man's prime necessity (especially wages); and such amiable services—as long as they last and do not, as they sometimes do, lead to misunderstandings, suspicion, disputes, and heartburnings—are a wonderfully efficacious cement of friendships. The two friends, then, turned honest pennies between them, interchanged criticisms, communicated thoughts, shared sorrows; and the result is a very readable correspondence, amusing as well as instructive, and sometimes very touching.

To carry coals to Newcastle has long been a proverbial expression significant of superfluous or inappropriate labour; but the title of the two volumes called *To the Gold Coast for Gold*: by Richard F. Burton and Verney Lovett Cameron (Chatto and Windus) suggests quite the converse operation. And yet the Gold Coast has certainly not been regarded for some years, not to say generations, as the country for which the enterprising voyager in quest of gold would trim his bark. A general opinion has long been held that a fever, and a bad one, is all that the most sanguine visitor can expect to bring away, if he should bring so much as his life, from the Gold Coast. However, the famous traveller Captain Richard Burton, who has been everywhere, and a good deal further, in the course of his adventurous career, and who, since he took what may be termed his preliminary canter some thirty years ago to Mecca, has seen more men and cities than ever the great Odysseus saw in his wildest dreams, assures us that, as regards the Gold Coast, "gold and other metals are there in abundance, and there are good signs of diamond, ruby, and sapphire." It "remains to be seen," he says, "if England has still honesty and public spirit enough to work this new-old California." He himself "will answer for its success, if the workers will avoid" all sorts of faults with which he considers that they are ordinarily chargeable. Captain Burton's favourable estimate of the future in store for the patrons of the Gold Coast, there is reason to believe, is fully endorsed by his fellow-traveller and joint author, Captain Cameron, R.N., C.B., who will also, perhaps, be answerable, as Captain Burton will, for the success of operations carried on according to Cameron-Burtonian or Burton-Cameronian principles. Gold is generally a sufficiently attractive subject of itself, though everybody may not be so susceptible of its influence as to wake up with a sneeze from the soundest sleep at the smell of it, as a certain money-lender is said to have done whenever a sovereign was held to his nose while he slept, and, therefore, there can be small occasion to dwell upon the many inducements there are to read these deeply interesting volumes concerning the Gold Coast. There are maps, an index, a coloured illustration, all that heart can desire in these respects; and the book is filled as full of narrative, information, and criticism as the many pages could hold. Obviously it is impossible to deal in detail, within the limits of space at command, with a work which almost overflows with matters of geography, ethnology, geology, ornithology, mineralogy, and business connected with the working of mines; but the volumes can be strongly recommended not only to the practical persons to whom the main purpose of the narrative is of importance but to readers who care only to be entertained.

A volume of interesting recollections of active military campaigning life, from the regimental surgeon's point of view, which is rather less tinted with "pipeclay" than that of a combatant officer, has been published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. Its title is, *Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders*. The author, Surgeon-General Munro, M.D., C.B., was surgeon to the 93rd Highlanders from 1854 to 1867; and his intimate association with the fortunes and achievements of that gallant North British regiment, both in the Crimean War and in the Sepoy War of India, will secure the admiring sympathy of a multitude of readers. In a frank, simple, and unpretentious manner, and in a tone of cordial sincerity, Dr. Munro relates many striking personal anecdotes of the officers and men with whom he served, while unconsciously giving proof of his own zeal and fidelity to duty, and of his extreme solicitude for the welfare of the soldiers under his medical charge. This book contains no lengthened repetition of historical narratives which we knew before; only some of the author's own experiences at the battle of the Alma, and soon afterwards at Balaklava, where the 93rd formed Sir Colin Campbell's "thin red line," which repelled the mass of Russian cavalry; again, in November, 1857, at the Relief of the Residency at Lucknow, and the siege of that city, with the same excellent General in command; and subsequently, at the capture of Bareilly, and through the Rohilkund and Oude campaign, after which this regiment occupied stations in the hills, moving eventually to the Punjab and the north-west frontier. Dr. Munro was present at some of the sharpest fighting in the Sepoy War; but among the most interesting stories he has to tell are those of wounded and dying soldiers, their fortitude and cheerful resignation, and the happier instances of friends who survived perhaps the extraction of a bullet, or the amputation of an arm, in which latter case are several of his acquaintance now in London, whose "empty sleeve," whenever he meets them, he is apt to regard with feelings of just congratulation. His account of the terrible visitation of cholera in the garrison at Peshawur in 1862 has an especial importance. There is much good description of the scenery and people of the Punjab, and of the sub-Himalayan sanitary stations, with similar notices of Delhi, Agra, Gwalior, and Jhansi, which places were seen by Dr. Munro in his last year of active service.

Under the title of *Rivers of Life; or, Sources and Streams of the Faiths of Man in All Lands*, General Forlong has produced a considerable work, two quarto volumes of which are now published by Mr. Quaritch, along with a chart, which is intended to be a "Student's Guide" to the sources and evolutions of the most prominent religions of the world. The plan of this extensive treatise is that of working back to the primitive objects of adoration, and to trace, in the early conditions of civilisation, those visible symbols which man associated with the manifestations of deity, such as the serpent, the sun, fire, and other objects. By means of the chart these elementary emblems form a warp, represented by colours, mixing at times with each other, and into this are woven the chronological sequences, with the appearances of founders of faith, and the nations that were influenced by each stream. General Forlong had a long experience of life in India, which brought him much in contact with many of the aboriginal tribes, whose religion is of a much more primitive kind than that of the Hindoos. These people are probably the descendants of the Asuras, whom the Aryans conquered at some remote time in the Vedic period. It is a very remarkable thing that many remains of these early races still exist, and these have continued quite untouched by the Brahminic faith around them. Prominent

among sacred objects is the serpent. If not a deity itself, it seems to have been associated by the human mind in some mysterious way with the Deity. The rudest African tribes worship it as the "supreme God," under the name of Dangbue. In India the "Naga," or serpent, is a well-known word; Nagpore means the City of the Serpent. The Hindoo mythology has many references to Naga-Rajahs, or Serpent Kings; and all the faiths of India are mixed up with serpents, one of the most striking being that of Vishnu-on-Shesha, which is represented in pictures as a serpent coiled up and forming a cradle or boat, and is supposed to represent Eternity. On this Vishnu reposes, the seven heads of the serpent forming a canopy, floating on the Ocean of Time. The Dragon of the Chinese the author very reasonably classes as one of the many forms of this mythical creature. General Forlong's book is not limited to the sources of faith, but traces them down the stream of time through all their principal developments. The migrations of faith come in also for consideration, and the author has much to say of the ancient Turanian race, who have been known by many names. He considers that they were the great people of the early ages; literature, art, and science all originated with them. It is certainly becoming clear that the Turanian race in India were great builders, before the Aryan conquest, while the invading Aryans were not. This is made out from the Vedas themselves, which speak of their cities and fortresses as something wonderful.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

SECOND NOTICE.

The *Nineteenth Century* has a fair collection of moderately interesting articles, but nothing of especial mark except Professor Goldwin Smith's manly words on the Irish question. He sees the best solution, or at least palliative, in emigration; but discourages the proposal to send emigrants to Canada, without offering any adequate alternative. It appears to us that whether with reference to climate, natural resources, political condition, or the affinities of religion and race, the La Plata States offer by far the most favourable field yet suggested for the development of the energies of the Irish people, and that the latter would be more welcome there than in Canada. Papers by Mr. Howard and Mr. Bear on the agricultural question seem to show that neither political party has succeeded in gaining the confidence of the farmers. Mr. Rowsell gives a detailed and, on the whole, an encouraging account of the progress of Egyptian reform under English auspices; and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold describes the mimic parliaments which are springing up over the country, and which certainly may be made very useful instruments of political education. Mr. Schütz Wilson's study of Wallenstein successfully vindicates that remarkable adventurer from the charge of treason, but represents him as considerably more disinterested than can well have been the case. Prince Krapotkin replies to Mr. Lansdell's defence of the Russian prison system, and Mr. Finlayson makes a *prima facie* strong case for the repeal of the most recent legislation restricting the hours of labour in factories.

The *Contemporary Review* has also a good and varied number, commencing with M. de Laveleye's equitable plea for the neutralisation of the Congo as the great river highway of Central Africa, under the guarantee of all the Great Powers. Sir Arthur Hobhouse contends that the recent legislation of Lord Ripon's Government is merely the development of the accepted policy of England in India. Mr. Traill bids the Conservative party despair of an Elisha, on the ground—unanswerable if established—that it never had an Elijah. "De Mortuis" is an interesting account of cremation in Japan, with reflections on its applicability to Europe. Mr. Mulhall's statistics of insanity and suicide raise some curious questions—among others, whether they are always accurate. It is difficult to see why Rome should have twice as many suicides as Naples, and Florence two and a half times as many as Rome.

The third quarterly issue of the *Scottish Review* presents a rather diminished proportion of the ecclesiastical element; but "Some Results of Scottish Theology" are criticised by a different writer taking note of the two preceding articles, in November and February, upon that grave subject, and holding the balance of consideration between them. The position of secondary or intermediate education, with reference to certain Scottish educational endowments, is treated by a competent hand; and "The Future of the Highlands," which has recently appeared a topic of increasing urgency, finds a zealous advocate of agricultural improvement, who insists on the reduction of the vast sheep-walks and deer-forests, and on the encouragement of planting and farming. "Agnosticism" is made the subject of a thoughtful and candid argumentative essay, which arrives at a rational conclusion in favour of religious belief. "Early Scottish Burghs," and "Archæology in the South-West of Scotland," are papers of some value to the student of national history. There are lighter reviews, one concerning Mrs. Carlyle and one about Lord Macaulay, which may be acceptable to readers who have not yet become tired of their personal biography and its endless subsidiary gossip.

The most interesting contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* are Mr. Whittier's spirited ballad, "How the Women Went from Dover," and "A. F.'s" notes of one of the latest courses of lectures delivered by Emerson. Harper has beautifully illustrated papers on Lambeth Palace, the Imperial House of Russia, and "The Home of Hiawatha"—i.e., Minnesota. "Faustus," by S. S. Conant, is a fine poem. The *Manhattan*, a new illustrated New York Magazine, is very light, but readable.

The fiction in *Temple Bar* is very good, but the attention of readers will be mainly engrossed by a biographical contribution relating to "Mr. Gladstone's early politics" in the days of the Reform Bill. It is enriched with four letters from the future Premier to his tutor, Mr. C. Wordsworth, now Bishop of St. Andrews, dealing partly with political, partly with collegiate affairs, and all honourable to the writer from their frank and manly tone. *Belgravia* continues "Maid of Athens," completes "Heart and Science," and commences "One of His Inventions," a new fiction by Mr. C. Gibbon, which promises well. "The Flyfisher's Birds," by M. G. Watkins, is a pleasant paper. Mr. Richard Jefferies contributes to the *Gentleman's Magazine* one of his characteristically vivid and observant sketches of labourers' life, this time on "Village Miners." The most interesting of the other articles are Mr. D. Errington's exposure of habitual faults in writing English, and Mr. Malcolm MacColl's estimate of the prospects of the Conservative party, which he opines will be bright in proportion as they abjure the perilous example of Lord Beaconsfield.

London Society is very attractive with "Tales Out of School," stories of the scrapes and high jinks of members of the Civil Service; Miss Price's "Foreigners," Mrs. Riddell's "Three Wizards and a Witch," and a notice of Captain Gronow, with specimens of his reminiscences. The *Theatre* has the autobiography of an actor, letters by Rachel, and other contributions of interest.

We have also to acknowledge the *Argosy*, *Time*, *Tinsley's Magazine*, *Good Words*, *Merry England*, *Colburn's United Service Magazine*, *The Army and Navy Magazine*, and *Baily's Magazine*. Among the Fashion Books received are *Le Follet*, *The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*, and *The World of Fashion*.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.



FRESH FROM THE HILLS. TOM LLOYD.



CLOVELLY. HERBERT FOSTER.



A DOUBTFUL PAUSE. SIR JOHN GILBERT, B.A.



FLEET-STREET. HERBERT M. MARSHALL.



A LABOUR OF LOVE: TAKING HOME THE NETS ON THE CORNISH COAST. NORMAN TAYLER.



THE SMITHY DOOR, QUAI DE LA GARE, PARIS. BASIL BRANTLEY.



ST. JOHN PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS. SIR JOHN GILBERT, B.A.



OLD LETTERS. E. E. JOHNSON.



LOST. BASIL BRANTLEY.



WAITING FOR FATHER. NORMAN TAYLER.



CUE'S ANIMAN. WALTER DUNCAN.



GROVE OF YELLOW FIELD-DAISIES. MARIA HARRISON.



PATCHING UP THE OLD FLAG. ARTHUR HOPKINS.

POETRY.

The new volume of poems by Algernon Charles Swinburne, entitled *A Century of Roundels* (Chatto and Windus, publishers), consists of a hundred pages, with a short piece of lyric verse on each page, composed upon the principle, which was familiar to Italian Quattrocentisti, of ending with the repetition of a phrase given by the first of the three stanzas. The effect at the outset is rather pleasing, and seems to lend an air of conclusive completeness to the expression of the dominant thought; but, like every such artificial contrivance, we find it become trite and wearisome after a succession of trials, and we prefer the simplicity of the best English poetry. Mr. Swinburne's unsurpassed talent for verbal melody has, indeed, found in this species of versification a very suitable method of exercise; and all who are acquainted with his "Poems and Ballads," his "Songs before Sunrise," "Songs of Two Nations," and "Songs of the Springtides," must expect here the smoothest and sweetest flute-playing that can be performed with our language. This he is sure to give us whenever he deals with its words in any lyrical measure; but the present series will be acceptable to a wider circle of sympathetic readers for the sake of higher merits, those of new purity and delicacy of feeling, with a reverent tenderness for the mysteries of life, for infancy and the parental relation, which happily gain in riper years upon the mind of a genuine poet, after the passionate impulses of youth. Babies and little children, their "little feet" and "little hands," their deep, earnest, intensely wondering eyes, the death of one, which was "one of twain," the sacred sorrow of its mother, and the growing-up of a fair boy to his ninth birthday, when he disdains to be called "a child," furnish the worthy themes of some twenty-five touching poems in this collection. These subjects are not, however, treated in a childish tone or manner; and there is no truly manly or womanly heart that can fail to respond to Mr. Swinburne's meditations upon them. The volume contains not one specimen of the class of emotional love-songs, or the profuse descriptions of female charms, with which former publications have abounded; but it is pervaded by a higher strain of serious reflection. A few of the pieces relate to the feelings excited by Wagner's music, or by the scenery of the Riviera and of the Channel Islands. But most of them incline to pensive commentary on the deepest problems of human destiny. Much is said of death, in the vein of Petrarch's "Trionfo di Morte"; but this is accompanied with such an inspiring hope, and faith in the future, as is expressed in the following lines:—

All that man in pride of spirit slights or prizes,
All the dreams that make him fearful, vain, or fond,
Fade at forethought's touch of life's unknown surprises
Far beyond.

In the country of Shakspeare, in the present age, the readers of true dramatic poetry, who study it purely for its own sake, are very few. Those who still cherish a taste for this, perhaps the highest form of imaginative literature, should already have gained some acquaintance with the best writings of the kind produced in our day. The author, in our humble judgment, of the finest English reading plays—acting plays are quite another species—that have been published in the past ten or twenty years, is one bearing the assumed name of "Ross Neil." Three volumes, issued with unobtrusive modesty, and with no flourish of advertisements, no solicitation of personal compliments and praise, have appeared since 1871, at intervals of two or three years, sent forth by Messrs. Ellis and White, of New Bond-street. Among their contents, to mention those which we deem most worthy of an enduring fame, but which may have to win a tardy public appreciation at some future time, were several admirable dramatic studies of good subjects chosen from English history; the tragic fate of Lady Jane Grey, the heroic constancy of Lord and Lady Russell, and the pathetic story of Lady Arabella Stuart. Ross Neil has the power, more especially, of enlivening the conception of individual characters by a flowing strain of emotional eloquence, sustained with perfect consistency and fidelity to the situation, and in a tone which is noble, frank, and elevated, while entirely free from affectation. The same merits are to be found in this author's romantic plays:—"Inez, the Bride of Portugal," "The Cid," and "Tasso," with a charming moral fairy-tale called "Elfinella," which has been acted at the Princess's Theatre, and at Edinburgh. These were the most noteworthy plays of this class in preceding volumes. We now welcome the publication of a fourth volume, which presents four new pieces, "Andrea the Painter," "Claudia's Choice," "Orestes," and "Pandora," sustaining an equally high average of literary quality. With regard to the treatment of that terrible antique theme of Greek classical tragedy, which Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides handled in their different methods and styles, it might be the opinion of scholars who can feel the Greek spirit as well as analyse the Greek grammar, that Ross Neil's "Orestes" has the austere dignity and concentrated force of a genuine Greek play. So much can hardly be said of "Pandora"; and the subject is one which should rather, we think, have been treated in a narrative poem like the "Hyperion" of Keats, as the mythical personages lack substance for dramatic presentment. There is great originality in the play of "Andrea the Painter"; which is forcibly conceived as the story of a Florentine artist, in Lorenzo de Medici's time, who entertained a deadly hatred of his rival Domenico the Venetian, and while dissembling his enmity under the show of intimate friendship, waylaid him one night drunk in the street, and stabbed him, letting the suspicion of this murder fall upon his own pupil Morello. The character of Andrea, and the gradual operation upon his mind of growing evil passions, jealousy, envy, and malignity, gaining a fatal mastery over him, are portrayed with so much insight into the moral capabilities of human nature that this play has an absorbing interest. It might, we should suppose, be readily adapted to performance on the stage, and could not fail to prove very effective with a strong masculine actor for the principal part, and a sufficient actress for that of Nina, who contrives to discover the guilt of the old painter, and to rescue her lover Morello, by hearing Andrea's self-accusing babble under the influence of a sleeping potion. "Claudia's Choice," the remaining play in this new volume, is a domestic comedy of English life in the olden times, somewhat resembling in colour and style that called "The Heir of Linne," which appeared three or four years ago. The heroine, only daughter of an impoverished nobleman, in a dilapidated rural mansion, is betrothed, for the purpose of saving her father from ruin, to a plain honest man of low birth, of Puritanic virtue, and of considerable wealth, whom her family and friends despise, and when a change of fortune suddenly makes her rich without him, they tempt her to renounce the intended marriage. Claudia, however, shows a more noble mind in her "choice," as she persists in becoming the wife of Gideon Adams. We hope that the author will return, in future productions, to those high examples and renowned passages of our national history which are fittest for serious dramatic poems, and which Ross Neil is eminently qualified to treat in this manner.

We cannot altogether praise the dramatic production of Mr. J. C. Heywood, entitled *Sforza: A Tragedy* (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). He has, in a degree beyond the common, a

certain faculty of terse and energetic dialogue, reminding us somehow of Alfieri; but his blank verse is deficient in metrical harmony, the style and diction are crude, and the subject, itself repulsive, does not prosper or brighten in the gloomy presence of conspiring male and female assassins. The women are all betrayed or betraying; and Luigia, who has been seduced and abandoned by the usurper of the Ducal throne at Milan, forfeits in her relentless pursuit of vengeance all claim to our sympathy; while the ambitious Onoria, wife of Sforza, and her niece Ippolita, whom the licentious tyrant seeks to marry after divorcing Onoria upon a false and injurious pretext, fail to exhibit the more interesting aspects of womanly character. It is a very dismal play; and the grotesque interludes with mobs of townsfolk, and with Ninni, the idiot, who carries a secret message written on his forehead but hidden by smears of dirt, lack true humour. The final act, which takes place in the Cathedral Church, obtains a solemn musical accompaniment by the singing of the ancient Latin hymn "Dies Ira," an expedient already used by Goethe and by Sir Walter Scott to heighten the effect of dramatic scenes. Mr. Heywood has composed some fresh music upon this theme, and printed it as an appendix to the tragedy of "Sforza"; but we have not had an opportunity of hearing the music tried.

There is an accomplished Jewish lady in the city of New York, Miss Emma Lazarus, whose poetical works—her fine dramatic studies of "Admetus" and "Alcestis," and other pieces—were found deserving of commendation some years ago. She has recently, it appears, been more occupied with historical and contemporary topics belonging to the cruel experiences of her co-religionists, persecuted in different countries of Europe and in different ages, and, unhappily, but the other day in Russia and Germany. A weekly journal entitled *The American Hebrew* has received many contributions of verse from Miss Lazarus tending to illustrate the condition of Jewish fugitives and exiles, or the devout aspirations of their faith and their ancient race, so often exposed to unjust, insolent, or violent ill-treatment at the hands of professing Christians. Some of her pieces written with this view are republished in a collection bearing the name *Songs of a Semite*, which we have received from New York. The most interesting of the minor pieces is a poem of six stanzas in *ottava rima*, called "In Exile," which describes a party of Russian Jewish refugees of the present day in Texas, seated beneath a sheltering tree, after supper, when their daily toil with the herd of oxen is finished, and singing their national songs. Other poems refer to the Jewish anniversary festivals, or to the traditions of former seasons of humiliation or deliverance, with allusions to Biblical, Talmudical, or later Rabbinical instances, and to some recorded events of mediæval history. Miss Lazarus accompanies the reprint of these short pieces with a few translations from Heine, from Solomon Gabirol, Judah Ben Halevi, and Moses Ben Ezra; and with the publication of a new dramatic work, a regular tragedy in five acts, which is of greater literary importance. *The Dance to Death*, as this tragedy is styled, perhaps too quaintly, derives both its plot and incidents, and its name, from a terrible story of the wholesale burning to death, in May, 1349, of all the Jewish families, men, women, and children, dwelling in the town of Nordhausen, in Thuringia, when they were accused of poisoning the rivers of Germany, and of engendering the frightful pestilence called "The Black Death." The popular fury against these innocent victims of merciless bigotry and insane frantic superstition was greatly stimulated by the wild performances and mad preachings of the Flagellants, a herd of fanatics who marched all over Europe, flogging themselves in the public streets, to give example of voluntary penance. Miss Lazarus has constructed, moreover, a very interesting story of private domestic life, in the family of Süßkind von Orb, the leading man of the Jews at Nordhausen, with his adopted daughter Liebheid, who is really the child, but unknown, of a German knight, Heinrich Schnetzen, the trusted vassal of the Landgrave of Thuringia, and the relentless instigator of those cruelties against the Jews. The Landgrave's son, Prince William of Meissen, is in love with this maiden, though she has been brought up as a Jewess. The speeches of Süßkind von Orb and Rabbi Jacob, pleading before the Council for mercy to their people, are very dignified and powerful, and unaffectedly pathetic. In the last scene, as related in the original narrative, the Jews are assembled upon a platform, beneath which the fire is kindled for their destruction, and there they perform a solemn dance, accompanied with minstrelsy, still glorying in the faith of Israel. We should think this and other poems of Miss Lazarus well worth republishing on our side of the Atlantic.

A Book of Dreams is the new volume (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) produced by Mrs. Hamilton King, author of "The Disciples" and "Aspromonte," whose poems have seemed remarkable for intense moral earnestness, not less than for luxuriance of imagination. But these are simply "Dreams" of the richest poetical quality, reminding us of some of Tennyson's earlier poetry—letting the indolent but ardent and restless fancy roam at pleasure through diverse visions of wonder, awe, and beauty, in solitary wanderings or lingerings amidst the scenes, half remembered, half conjured-up by mental magic, with which a romantic mood delights to surround itself. "Remembered Paths" is a vivid exhibition of the way in which the mind often combines, or presents to itself in succession, its imperfect reminiscences of sundry bits of country, the scenery of field, woodland, or mountain, and the banks of a stream; or even, as in the poem called "A Holiday," constructs a visionary city, with its streets, churches, and grand buildings, from the vast store of impressions gathered in travel, or in familiar haunts of summer rambling, associated with pleasing sensations of movement and change. The most vigorous and energetic mind is apt to indulge sometimes in reveries of this description. "A Palace," which the dreamer is constrained to enter, and in which he is driven by some unseen mystic force, through endless suites of gorgeous apartments and stately corridors, in utter loneliness, dreading to reach the repository of a fatal secret, or to be overtaken by an avenging foe, is not an infrequent form of these experiences.

An elegant little volume (published by Chapman and Hall) contains some *Love Poems*, by "Paolo," which are inspired by a refined feeling of the tender passion, and are framed with a nice sense of the harmonies of words and thoughts. The versification of most of these short pieces is similar to that of "In Memoriam," in eight-syllable lines, with an inner rhymed couplet between the first and fourth rhyming lines; but some of them are in the older form of the elegiac quatrain with alternate rhymes; and they are, in general, constructed with a perfect mastery of verbal music, as well as with propriety and grace of diction. Not much can here be said of the topic, as it is confined to that most ancient, but ever young, and to some minds affecting, expression of a fond lover's sentiments, in varying moods of joy and hope, of disappointment and regret, in which many lyric poets of different ages and nations have deemed fit to indulge. "Paolo" is by no means the least effective and agreeable of this class of writers in verse.

ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

THE BRAIN.

Professor McKendrick gave his tenth and concluding lecture on Physiological Discovery on Tuesday, the 5th inst. He began by describing the experiments by which the paths of nervous impressions have been ascertained, and how Sir Charles Bell's theoretical views had been corrected by Brown-Sequard's experiments, corroborated by Lockhart Clarke's microscopical observations. The methods by which the functions of the brain had been investigated were next described, beginning with the anatomists of the fifteenth century. The observations and doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim, which first appeared in 1809, did much to advance the knowledge of the physiology of the brain in spite of errors. The remarkable resemblances between the brain of man, during its development, with the brains of different animals, from the lowest forms to the highest, were illustrated by Professor McKendrick; and he stated that in both cases the first part of the brain discovered is that by which the living being is brought into relation with the external world through the senses. The arrangements for volition and for the higher mental operations are added afterwards. The brains of a fish, a reptile, a bird, and a mammal, are formed on the same plan, and the functions of the primary parts are identical throughout the animal kingdom. The effects of disease on the organ and its functions have been much studied, and the results noted; and insanity in all its forms has been proved to be a disease of the brain. This has led to very great improvement in the medical and general treatment of sufferers. Finally, the Professor described some of the results obtained by direct experiment on the brain; by various kinds of electrical irritation; and by other causes; and he commented on the nature of the evidence as to the peculiar functions of different portions of the organ, and on the way in which it had been compared and checked by anatomical observation.

ASIA MINOR AND CYPRUS.

Mr. Reginald S. Poole, of the British Museum, began his third and concluding lecture on Thursday, the 7th inst., with remarks on the sources of Greek art and civilisation in the far East, Cyprus being an important stepping-stone in the progress from Egypt and Phœnicia to Greece. Mr. Poole next adverted to the history of the Hittites, descendants of Heth, the son of Canaan, who flourished as a great nation from about 1600 to 700 B.C., and who were frequently at war with Egypt and other nations. An ancient castle at Jerablus, a mound on the Euphrates, was visited, among others, by Mr. George Smith, who considered it to be a part of the remains of Carchemish, the Hittite capital. The constructive work of Professor Sayce respecting the Hittites was much commended. Mr. Poole then referred to some of the invaluable results of the earnest labours of Dr. Schliemann, so renowned for the thoroughness of his work in the Troad and at Mycenæ. Remarks were then made on the important results of the investigations of Consul Henderson, Mr. Ramsay, and others; and it was stated that Mr. J. T. Wood, the discoverer of the site of the Temple of Diana, was again at work at Ephesus, having obtained the requisite funds. Finally, Mr. Poole alluded to the remarkable discoveries in Cyprus by General Cesnola and others, and to the warm patronage of exploration by the French, Austrian, German, and American Governments. The lecture was illustrated by very interesting maps and diagrams.

THE ELECTRIC DISCHARGE AND ITS CHEMICAL ACTIONS.

Professor Dewar, who gave the discourse at the evening meeting on Friday, the 8th inst., began by exhibiting a brilliant electric arc produced by a new powerful gas engine and dynamo-electric machine. He pointed out the distinctions between the positive and negative poles in the character of their light and their action upon the vapours of copper and silver, the effects of the reversal of the current resembling those of the voltaic battery. The distinctive action of different parts of the arc was shown by the spectroscope. The effect of the differing temperatures of gases upon the electric discharge was illustrated. The brilliant lines in the spectrum of iron were obliterated when hydrogen was introduced in the arc, although the iron was still present. Mr. De la Rue's photographs of the effects of the electric discharge upon the minute residua in rarefied tubes were exhibited, and imitations of the aurora borealis were produced in tubes not so much exhausted. The polarisation was as strikingly demonstrated in the electric arc as it is in a Groves cell. The effect of the discharge at high and low pressure were next illustrated. Having exhibited the brilliant hydro-carbon gases, acetylene, and olefiant gas, the chief illuminating constituents in ordinary coal gas, the Professor produced acetylene in the electric arc by the introduction of hydrogen; and in a similar manner he produced hydrocyanic acid gas by introducing nitrogen and hydrogen into the arc; he also exhibited the beautiful peach-coloured flame of cyanogen, rendered more brilliant by the introduction of oxygen. Remarks were made on the important effects of the silent electric discharge in nature, in causing condensation instead of decomposition. In conclusion, the Professor expressed his opinion that very important results might be expected from the study of these phenomena, aided by spectroscopy, by means of which very minute variations may be detected.

THE RUSSIAN NOBILITY.

Professor C. E. Turner gave his fourth and concluding lecture on Russian Social Life on Saturday last, the 9th inst. He began by pointing out how the Boyars were Slavs by birth descent, men who had distinguished themselves on the battlefield or in the council-chamber, and showed how from the earliest stages in Russian history the service they rendered their Prince was of a free and voluntary kind. Having briefly sketched the history of the ancient nobles, he dwelt on the reforms introduced by Peter the Great, and explained that, contrary to the general opinion, these reforms were no breaking with the past, but the necessary outcome of the policy adopted and pursued by his predecessors. Concessions of no mean importance were made to the nobility by Peter the Third and by Catherine the Great. The influence of these changes on the life and habits of the Russian nobles was exemplified by roughly dividing them into three groups: the Court nobles, as sketched by Derzhavin; the provincial nobles, as portrayed by Goncharoff in his novel "Oblomoff"; and the few who, like Boetsky, the founder of the Smolna Institute, did their best to make the class to which they belonged the true guides and instructors of the people. Having passed the reign of Alexander I. in review, and given a full account of the revolt in December, 1825, under Nicholas, the Professor examined the immediate result of the emancipation of the serfs on the position of the nobles. The increasing impoverishment of land squires suggests the creation of a peasant proprietor as the only remedy for the unsatisfactory financial and social position of the country. In conclusion, some interesting details were given by way of showing how this new social movement had already commenced and would probably extend.

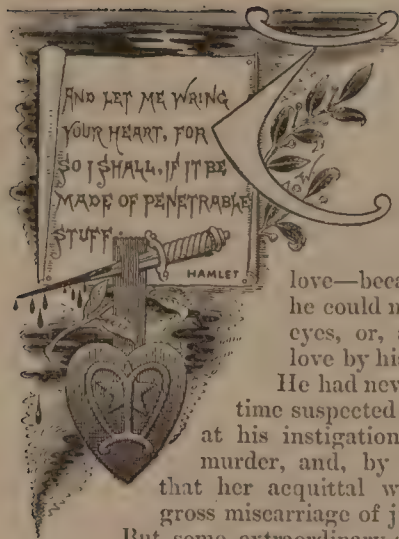
This lecture concluded the Royal Institution season.

EYRE'S ACQUITTAL.

BY HELEN MATHERS.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.



THE remote village of Lovel was one afternoon electrified by news of the death of its Squire, and the intimation that his body might be expected to arrive before night, under the care of his friend, Lord Lovel.

In less than an hour Mr. Eyre's grave was being dug beside that of the woman whose lover and husband he had been, and of whose murder he was secretly believed to be guilty; though if he had killed her, it had been for

love—because, though he could endure to see her die, he could not brook the sight of himself degraded in her eyes, or, as others said, know himself supplanted in her love by his friend.

He had never been accused of the crime, nor even for some time suspected of it, and this was partly due to the fact that at his instigation a woman named Clarke had been tried for the murder, and, by circumstantial evidence, so nearly convicted, that her acquittal was indignantly declared by the Judge to be a gross miscarriage of justice.

But some extraordinary disclosures made by Mr. Eyre in the course of the trial had, in the eyes of many of those present, reversed the position of accuser and accused; while the ruthless lifting by his own hand of the curtain that had screened his inner life appalled the gazers, who in one scathing flash of light saw him stripped naked of his worldly robes, and he as the man that God and his own heart had long known him.

He stood before them a man who for years had been at the mercy of a secret sin; himself the fatal moving power out of which had sprung three successive tragedies of unspeakable pathos and horror, upon which he gazed impassive and unsubdued—less repentant of his misdeeds than callously bold in vaunting them—casting aside like a worn-out glove the honourable life he had worn in those years when he had

Built God a church, and laughed His word to scorn,

and by his inhumanity rather than his sins, cutting himself off from all sympathy with his kind.

As betrayer and deserter of the woman Clarke in her youth, and remorseless bringer to justice of her only friend for the murder of his unacknowledged child (privately exerting his great influence to hang her)—as the man who first robbed his best friend of his sweetheart, then filched his good name and wore it before the world—as the assassin who attempted Hester Clarke's life because he had an hourly dread lest she should tell Mrs. Eyre the truth—as the accuser of that unhappy woman of his wife's murder—and as magistrate committing her to jail while yet his child's corpse lay warm upon her knee—thus, bit by bit, his character during the trial painted itself to the shrinking beholders' gaze, till all felt themselves in the presence of a man whose hand would not shrink from any deed to which his iron will impelled him.

From that day the secret conviction grew and strengthened that Mr. Eyre had himself been the murderer of the wife he had so passionately loved, the most popular reason assigned being a violent jealousy of Lord Lovel, culminating in a fit of madness, in which he slew her.

But those who were best acquainted with Mr. Eyre's haughty and inflexible character, said that he never needed to know jealousy, and felt none; but that the complications of his position with regard to Hester Clarke becoming unbearable—and rather than see his wife endure those miseries that the knowledge of his sin must cost her, he had cut the knot of his difficulties and her life with a single blow, and so secured ignorance to her for ever.

Others denied the murder to have been one of either jealousy or pride, declaring it to be one of simple greed, committed for the sake of the magnificent diamonds she had worn that night, and which were found missing when she was discovered stabbed to the heart, but breathing yet, in her chair.

Strong suspicion had at the time attached itself to the gardener, who was seized on a ladder, placed against her window, within a few moments of the deed, and whose infatuation for Mr. Eyre's French nurse was said to be powerful enough to precipitate him into crime for her sake.

"Give me diamonds like Madame's, and I will marry you," she had said to him not half an hour before the murder; and the diamonds had disappeared, and the gardener been caught almost red-handed, yet Mr. Eyre had refused for one moment to believe in the man's guilt, all his energies being bent to the conviction of the woman Clarke; and before setting out on that lengthened journey, that extended to three years, he had the man and maid married in his presence, and left them established in sole charge of the Red Hall, with certain funds to be disposed of according to his directions. And, though keenly watched by the village, the oddly-matched pair had given rise to no suspicion, and gradually people ceased to believe in their guilt.

Of Mr. Eyre nothing was known. He and Lord Lovel had gone abroad within a few days of each other and were conjectured to be together, but as both preserved an unbroken silence, sending home neither word nor sign of their existence, the first positive news that had reached the village being contained in the telegram that announced the speedy arrival of living and dead.

And those who gathered round to see the digging of Mr. Eyre's grave, whispered that the real secret of Mrs. Eyre's death would never be known now, since the key to it was for ever locked within the cold heart of the man whom she alone had so passionately loved, while all other men and women feared him.

CHAPTER II.

"Seems like yesterday I were digging *her* grave," said the sexton, jerking his head towards the narrow, green mound where Madcap Eyre lay with her child on her breast, "and I'd sooner ha' dug his the first. . . . I misdoubt me if the daisies and crocuses 'll ever spring as free above his, as they do out o' her pretty head—God bless her!"



H. C. WOODVILLE, DEL.

H. W. CUTTS, SC.

"His head and shoulders rose above the sill, filling the window from lintel to lintel."

"If he'd bin a poor man he'd lie at the cross roads with a stake through his heart," said Nancy of the Mill, who stood with arms-a-kinbo. "Lord! to think that she died as happy—like a baby in its mother's arms—'tis said she felt so safe-like, she didn't even kiss him before she died . . . and he'll never get near enough for her to kiss him now—God A'mighty 'ud never stand it."

"I niver thowt he'd a died till he'd swung somebody or 'nother for her," said the blacksmith; "to see his grave a-digging, seems like a story broke off short-like in its middle—t'other world gets the end o't, and neither they nor us is a bit the wiser."

"Love begins all things and death ends 'em," said the gravedigger, sentimentally; "half the sin in the world's born of the taste o' a cherry lip, and a gentle eye'll sink many a soul as has kept the commandments from his youth up—'twas a most powerful true love as turned th' Squire from an honest man, to a black-hearted sinner."

"He give his sowl for her," said a sad-faced woman who stood by, "and he couldn't do more for her if 'twas ever so—he knew that if ever she come to know about Hester Clarke and the drowned child 'twould kill her . . . 'tis said that just afore she died she said 'twas the happiest moment of her life, and niver knowed she'd been murdered—she went so quick after she'd come out of the chloroform."

"There's a man for you!" cried Nancy, lifting up her hands; "if so be as he *did* stab her through jealousy, to bide beside her all through that night, holding the handkercher to her mouth, and not letting her come to herself one blessed minnit, and the doctor saying, sez he, 'if she dies, 'tis murder'—and the Squire looks up and sez, 'What then?' O! Lord, what a man!"

"It minds me of Otheller," said a village pedagogue, whose rusty coat-tails swept his heels. "He killed his wife for jealousy; but there was no knife or chloroform there, only pillows."

"The master had no call to be jealous," said Sally Genge, who had just joined the group; "she never loved but him, and he knowed it."

And what a pair they made," said the gravedigger, resting on his spade, "so lightesome, spirity, and beautiful! She'd walk beside master, but dance along side of t'other—seems like as if they two ought to be lyin' here side by side . . . he left his heart wi' her the day we laid the mool above her."

"She were well loved," said the sexton's wife, softly; "and for her sake the two men loved one another. 'Twas grand to see 'em standing shoulder to shoulder at th' 'sides—'twas the only speck o' virtue in master's character when he up an' said 'twas he, an' not the young Lord, as had brought Hester Clarke to shame—seemin' as if he didn't vally the world's opinion a groat, so long as *she* never heard the whisper o't."

"He was ever of a murderish sort of mind," said the pedagogue, shaking his head—" 'twas greatly in my mind, when he set out so quick after Lord Lovel, that revenge was at the bottom; for, though a man may kill his wife for love, he mostly kills her lover for hate."

"Very bookish talk!" said the sexton, disparagingly; "some more leavings of Otheller, I s'pose; but them as sits down to write books is mostly pore creatures, and nat'rally the folks they set struttin' on the page is like theirselves . . . they aint true to human natur'; an' if you ticket a man wi' a deadly sin, an' expect him to act accordin', ten to one but he'll bust out with a bit o' virtue as'll make you feel as if you'd never knowed its right colour before . . . an' if the master slew her as he lov'd best of all upon earth, 'tis ten to one 'twas for some reason as never entered into your Otheller's or any of them dummies' heads."

"Dummies!" ejaculated the pedagogue, furious at this insult to the creatures of his own discovery—*ergo* his own; but a push from one of the crowd nearly precipitating him into the open grave compelled him to take an awkward leap backwards, in the course of which his head met a tombstone that made him think of Othello with disgust for a week.

The cause of the catastrophe was Job, who came to the very edge, and looked down with bitter hatred at the yawning chasm.

"Dig it deep," he said; "he's been the curse of the place this many a year, and there's no knowing where his sins may sprout up again—but please God we've done with bastards and murders now—a bad man," cried Job, striking his foot against the crumbling earth; "he spoilt my little Master Frank's life, and made him carry on his shoulders a sin that wasn't his'n, and speaks up the truth too late, for *she* never knowed it . . . there's nought but hemlock 'll grow here, though them two sweet souls laid alongside might save him . . . but, thank God, he's *dead*, and my little Master Frank's above-ground!"

His old voice ceased in a triumphant quaver as he turned from the grave to the dwindling group of villagers, for the short November afternoon closing in, and a chilly mist was rising in spectral shapes about the nearer tombstones, and gathering more closely about the little group, formed a wall that shut out all objects beyond.

"Ay!" said the sexton, looking down, "but I'd rather to-day was to-morrow, and we'd got him *here*. Th' Squire were never warsted in anything yet, an' it seems s'prisin that he should be throwed in his first wrastle, so to speak, wi' death. . . . I mostly

gets a blink o' the dead face in its coffin whiles I'm diggin' its grave, but somehow I can't see the master's."

"You shall within the hour," said Job, briskly; "and now I must be hastenin' back, or the body 'll be there afore me, and my little Master Frank 'll be expectin'—"

What was it that froze the words on his lips? Whose was this tall shape that loomed gigantic through the mist, and from which after one shuddering glance all fell away, clutching at each other like drowning creatures in a sinking ship? Job standing erect, the vigour of youth rekindled in his veins, withered and grew old, as, with a lightning conviction of the truth, he stammered, "My master—where is my master?"

Mr. Eyre looked down at the half-veiled chasm at his feet.

"His grave is already dug," he said, "and you have received my message. He lies at the house yonder."

"His grave?" repeated Job, slowly and stupidly; "*his* grave . . . but he's alive—the message was from him . . . 'twas *your* body he was bringing . . . his dinner's preparing, and his chair's set. . . . My little Frank," he sobbed, "my dear, dear little Master Frank"—then seized Mr. Eyre's arm and shook him like a reed; "did you kill him as you killed your wife?" he shrieked.

"He was killed in battle abroad," said Mr. Eyre, and his voice, hollow and worn, might have been a ghost's. "He had been an hour dead when I found him. I laid him in his coffin and brought him straight home. The message must have blundered on its way."

But Job did not hear . . . by the side of that empty grave his faithful old heart broke, and, palsied and tottering, he had crept away home to where, for the first, last time, his little Master Frank was waiting to receive him.

CHAPTER III.

"And so you dug my grave with a will, my friend," said Mr. Eyre, looking keenly at the gravedigger, "and I've disappointed you; but it shan't be love's labour lost. Lord Lovel loved my wife—and she him—and there's room for me on the other side. And they shall have no monument, and no stained glass yonder; but only the flowers they both loved, with the sun shining through them—and there 'll be no briar to grow out of either breast, but only a rose. And so you thought I killed my wife?" he added, turning abruptly to the terrified villagers, who began to smart under a more wholesome fear of him in the flesh than in the spirit.

"Nay, Sir," said the sexton's wife, curtseying, " 'tis not for poor folks like we to judge our master; 'th' old man did but prate out what he's caught up from his better's."

"Good God!" cried Mr. Eyre, like a man violently awakened from a dream, "is it possible?" then stooped and plucked a daisy from her grave. "Poor, poor Madcap!" he said, so low that none might hear him, "and is that all my love hath brought thee?" Then, shrouding himself in his black cloak, the mist swallowed him up from the frightened gazers' eyes, and he was gone.

" 'Tis well that Frank lies yonder, not I," he said aloud as he crossed the churchyard, "since that's the popular idea. I 'll live to disprove it, if only for *her* sake—as if the sweet soul could have loved her murderer—and though I've thought of most things, I never thought of *that*, though clearly some fool did—most likely Busby—and set the country farm-yard in a cackle, because its chief goose had laid another egg. But *she* can't hear them, and she's happy; and Frank's found her by now; and he loves her too well to tell her the secret he wouldn't tell *me*. What was it?" he cried aloud, and standing still in the darkness. "Three years I've lost in hunting for it, and meanwhile the woman's escaped me. But I 'll find her yet."

As he climbed the familiar hill to his home, he thought of how often those two bright young creatures now sound in death below had trod it beside him; and once he drew back, as though physically unable to face the empty house, across whose threshold his Madcap would never dance to meet him any more. He entered the courtyard, and mechanically turned to that wing of the house in which her chamber lay, and from the force of habit, looked up as if he would have distinguished her window through the darkness. But what was this? A clear light burned within, and as he paused below, his foot struck against a ladder placed against the wall. Good God! he thought; has it stood here ever since that night? And then he remembered that it was the very day and month of the year upon which she had been murdered.

He had thought it unnatural that Hester should climb the ladder unless with sinister intent; yet he found his foot on the first rung before he was aware; and as he rose, step by step, put himself in her place, and in the lighted room above seemed to see Madcap, asleep and unconscious of her doom.

As his head and shoulders rose above the sill, filling the window from lintel to lintel, he saw that it was unshuttered and ajar, while through the clouded pane before him he once more beheld the diamonds that he had last seen on his wife's neck when he left her in the drawing-room below with Lord Lovel.

"I'd rather have the right to wear these openly than own the finest farm in Canada," said a woman

whose petticoat of linsey-wolsey, drab stays, and coarse white bodice contrasted as curiously with the jewels she wore, as did her personal beauty with the sordid plainness of the man who stood at some little distance from her, his features expressing a stupid admiration that struggled with an almost abject terror.

"You're just doited to deek y'rself wi' 'em," he said sullenly. "M'appen but they 'll hang the two on us yet."

"There's only we two in the house," she said; "the child's asleep, and every door locked, and master's body's at the Towers by now. There's none likely to come nigh us to-night. Sit down, you fool," she added, as she turned herself this way and that before the mirror, "did ever you see fireflies give out such a shine as you?"

"Sit me down—here?" he said, looking not at his soiled fustian, but at the middle of the room, his eyes fixed as if he saw there some fearsome sight, "seems like as I see her now as I seed her that night sittin' in her white gown, and the red blood gurglin' out"—as though involuntarily, his earth-stained hand lifted itself, and pointed to where his eyes dwelt—"I were mad to let mysel' be dragged here this night; and that poor soul—innocent of all save peeping, and a'most hanged for our sin—I'd ha' confessed all afore I saw her swinging. An' all for naught but to see you wi' a halter of diamonds round your weazle!"

" 'Tis handsomer than many a lady's," said the woman, slowly, as one whom a thought has struck; "why should I go with the poor fool at all?" she muttered, half aloud; "in Paris I might wear 'em, and"—

"I see no murder there," Mr. Eyre had once exclaimed, gazing at his gardener's features; but as Josephine's half-dropped words reached the man's ears and he strode forward, his master knew that his study had been superficial, and that beneath yon boorish exterior might lurk unsuspected possibilities of crime.

"So you'd like to give me the go-by," said Digges with a bitter curse, as he crushed the woman's white arm in his coarse hand; "jest you try it," and he breathed hard and thick; "if so be as I've sold my sowl for you, I 'll git my penny's worth, an' where I go you 'll foller. I allus knew you was a bad lot, but your first fancy man 'll be the last, for I 'll kill the pair o' ye. I've half the mind to tear 'em off yer body this night an' 'fess to the truth!"

The woman laughed as she put her free arm about his neck and kissed him—her beauty held him in bondage yet. In the lower ranks of life it is seldom that a man ill-uses his handsome mate so long as she is true to him.

"Didn't I promise to love you if you could give me diamonds like Madame's?" she said, sickening at the contrast of their two faces in the glass, "and I've worn them *once*. To-night we 'll unpick them from their settings, and hide them for the last time."

"We maun bide awhile afore we makes a move," said Digges, who had relapsed into his usual stolid self; "m'appen the neebours 'll keep their eyes open yet awhile."

"They've given over suspecting long ago," said Josephine; "folks that dress themselves in woollen *must* be virtuous—and poverty's a grand cloak to hide one's sins under."

She was flaunting backwards and forwards before the mirror now, and beyond her lay the pure, simple background of Madcap's chamber, arranged just as she had left it when she had ignorantly started on her last long journey without farewell kiss or word to the husband and children she so passionately loved.

There stood her white bed, and beside it the table that held her Bible, Prayer-book, and portrait of her husband alone and her two boys together; near them lay the broken toy that her boy had dropped when he had paid her his last visit, and wept at leaving her, not knowing how soon he would share with her that sleep which knows no waking. . . . Yonder, too, was the cabinet of which one unlocked drawer held a secret that defied Mr. Eyre, while by its side the easy-chair stood in which Madcap had been "twinn'd of her sweet life" unknowing. . . .

On the borders of the half light Digges hovered, fearful to remain, as to depart, alone, his round eyes resting on anything rather than his wife. All at once the blackness of the window attracted Josephine's attention; it would make a longer looking-glass than the one in which she gazed, and she approached it, seeing but night beyond, for Mr. Eyre covered his face with his mantle as she advanced, so that she saw the jewels flashing like sun rays upon an inky pool.

But as she looked, some horrible, lightning impression of gazing at dark against dark seized her; involuntarily she pressed nearer, and as the heavy mantle slipped, and Mr. Eyre's eyes met hers through the glass, his features menacing and stern, pale and haggard as a man new risen from the tomb, icy terror congealed the very blood in her veins, and slew in her the power to cry out—to stir. Ignorant and superstitious, she never doubted that this was her dead master in his eere-clothes, come to confront her with the witnesses to her crime upon her body . . . and reason tottered, but was not overthrown, till, dashing the casement wide, he stretched his arm and seized her . . . then her wits fled, and even as Mr. Eyre knew it, and saw the chamber door open, and Digges gone, he knew that once more the secret of Madcap's death had escaped him.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Eyre cursed himself for a melodramatic fool as he let the woman go, and hastened to regain earth, knowing that there were but two exits from the Red Hall, by one or other of which Digges was certain to effect his escape.

But the pitch darkness aided the fugitive, and when he dropped noiselessly from the nursery window, Mr. Eyre grimly watching a hundred yards distant, heard nothing, but was so certain of his having got off that he wasted no time in searching the house, but descended to the village, where he had the curious misfortune to be mistaken at every other step for his own ghost.

The story of his appearance in the churchyard was not yet fully circulated through the place, and many believed his body to be then reposing at the Towers, so that some hindrance to the search for Digges was unavoidable.

"Save your cackles," he said at last, sternly, "and search for this man throughout every yard of the village—a hundred pounds to him who seizes and brings him to me alive; but let no one enter the Red Hall," he added, as he mounted the horse that he had himself hastily saddled, and set out at full gallop for Marmiton.

Within five minutes the whole population of the village was abroad, some with lanterns, others with hastily made and kindled brands, whose light they flung on outhouses, and startled fowl-cotes, beating each foot of field and wood, and even climbing to the steep cliff that rose sheer behind the Red Hall, in one upper window of which a light shone, tempting the seekers to pursue their search within.

But none dared withstand their master's commands—he had returned grimmer and more terrible than he departed; but surely not the guilty man they had supposed, as his search for Digges, and a few hasty words he had let fall, pointed to a discovery on his part that the gardener and his wife were the criminals.

But when, half an hour later, Mr. Eyre rode through the village, accompanied by mounted constables, many were the seekers who volunteered to accompany them to the hall, only to be peremptorily refused. Mr. Eyre's keen glance at once discerned that no trace of Digges had been found; and, without pausing to make inquiry, he and those with him rode on the house, where an entrance was effected by breaking a window.

But for the gardener's fatal error in leaving the ladder against the wall, no one could possibly have surprised the woman that night; and those who followed Mr. Eyre uttered a cry of amazement as, pausing on the threshold of what had been his wife's chamber, he made a sign to them to look in.

Before the glass sat Josephine, laughing softly to herself, and playing with the diamonds that now in the idiot's kingdom were her own—to be worn without fear, and gloated over to her heart's content. For the first time in her life she was happy—ay, and to the last day of it, for Mr. Eyre never allowed them to be taken from her during that long and weary time through which he waited patiently for the flicker of reason that should cast its light upon the manner of Madcap's end.

"The man's not guilty," said one of the constables who had been carefully watching her. "If she'd only stolen the diamonds, the shock of seeing you wouldn't have driven her mad. Most likely she committed the murder after Mrs. Eyre's maid had left this room for the night, and went back to the nursery just before Hester Clarke, mounting the ladder through curiosity, discovered what had happened, and shrieked so as to rouse the house."

When asked if the men should search the house, he assented, but did not accompany them, though with his own hand he locked Josephine in a room whence egress was impossible, having previously placed bread and water within her reach.

The happy idiot went willingly, but cried when he took the light away till she fell asleep, hugging the diamonds in her arms.

He then returned to his wife's chamber, and sat down just within, not stirring till he heard approaching steps, when he rose, and, standing on the threshold, asked the chief constable if he had discovered anything?

"Nothing, Sir—leastways only a child, all alone, and sound asleep, Sir."

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Eyre locked and barred the hall door upon the searchers, then returned to his wife's bed-room, and, closing the window, drew the curtains before it.

Here the murderer had stood—What, Digges? From here he must have seen her asleep in the chair that stood midway between bed and window, beside it the diamonds whose wicked shine in a dullard's eyes might have lit the way to an unprincipled, covetous woman beyond . . . but the gardener Digges?

Dropping the curtain, Mr. Eyre advanced as though he were acting a part—how easy to aim one blow at yon sleeping shape—to seize the diamonds, and escape by the open window—to hide them and return, dragged by the miserable power of the victim over its destroyer—to encounter Hester Clarke hurrying from the sight upon which she had privily looked—to seize, and fasten the guilt upon her, she keeping silence throughout her trial, knowing that a word would save her! Digges, the murderer . . . mechanically he turned to a cabinet that stood near him, and opened a certain drawer—then

brought the light, and stood looking down fixedly on a dim outline traced upon the wood within.

Here the knife had lain that was afterwards found in Hester Clarke's possession; but who had placed it there, and did the same hand remove it? He lifted his own, and, as one who makes an experiment, stretched it towards the cabinet; his will making imperious question of his mind, as though he would wrest from it some secret that had been acquired against his knowledge, and must be forced to yield up to his command.

But force of will would not unbar that hidden chamber of his soul, locked even against himself, whose keys he had lost, and his friend found.

"God forgive you!" Frank had written, when he had left Mr. Eyre's sick bed to set out on his journey. "I know the truth."

The truth . . . unless brain, ear, and eye mocked Mr. Eyre to-night, he knew that the clue held in Frank's dead hand, out yonder, was worthless; that the mystery of Madcap's death was for ever solved, and himself the sport of an illusion that had made the opportunity of a clown.

Hester innocent—for the gardener's overheard words cleared her of guilt—and he, that poor worm, that clod, guilty. A fierce sense of the meanness of the instrument that had compassed so great a crime alone moved Mr. Eyre's soul as, in that silent chamber, he realised his own bitter, black mistake.

Come with me now to the storming of the trenches before Sevastopol—see a sunny-haired young fellow leading his men on . . . see him struck by a cannon-ball and reel from his saddle, while his followers trample him beneath their feet as they rush onward to victory . . . see how, amid a storm of shot and shell, a man rushes forward, and, lifting that yet warm body up, bears it away to a place of safety, where he tears aside the scarlet coat, only to find that the heart beneath is still—the heart that holds the lost clue to Madcap's death!

"Silent, with closed lips, unconscious of bravery," so young that his mother in heaven could not have forgotten his likeness yet, the soldier lay—beaten in the fight, but with a gleam of victory shining athwart his wide-opened blue eyes and shattered features that, to one who loved him, might have seemed more nobly beautiful than the glance that had been his in life. Yet as enemy rather than friend, Mr. Eyre lifted that lifeless body, and gently laid it down. He and the man before him had been comrades, sworn to one cause, and it had been no part of Mr. Eyre's scheme that either should die before it was won. No pity for that gallant fate stirred him—no memory of how he had loved his friend, and stolen his Madcap from him softened his heart; only a bleak and a bitter rage filled his soul that, after three long years of pursuit, in which he had wasted the whole forces of his brain and body, he had at last come up with the pursued to find him—dead.

"He should have been shot through the heart as a deserter, not buried as a hero," Mr. Eyre thought, as he folded his cloak across Frank and left him alone in the rude hut, while he himself went to search for those proofs of Lord Lovel's identity that he must take with him to Lovel when he bore the body home for burial.

He carried his life in his hand that night; but, as if he had been Belial's self, no harm touched him, and day was breaking when he found Frank's Colonel—dying—but able to recognise Mr. Eyre as an old friend, and to answer his questions about Frank.

Lord Lovel had joined quite recently, and seemed to court death. He had confided to him, a few days previously, a packet of papers that he desired might be sent to Mr. Eyre if he fell. These papers were on the dying man's body at that moment, and as Mr. Eyre drew them from above his heart a fierce throb of hope animated him; for here, perhaps, Frank, though dead, spoke to him the truth.

As he tore them open, the dying man suddenly cried out, "Has anyone seen Methuen? Take care there's no mistake . . . their own mothers couldn't tell" . . . then died, with the unfinished sentence on his lips.

A withered bunch of flowers . . . a faded ribbon . . . a pale photograph of a girl's face made out of sunshine . . . half-a-dozen letters written in childish letters, and signed "your little sweetheart, Madcap" . . . one or two notes, of which the ink was fresher, and the tone sedate, with the name of "Eyre" added to that of "Madcap" . . . these and no more.

Not a word to his friend—not a syllable to call back the awful burden he had laid upon him . . . and as, later, Mr. Eyre stood looking down upon that shrouded clay, he could have spurned it with his foot in loathing.

When the rude coffin had been made ready, Mr. Eyre and his dead man set out for home, his mind a sullen blank, that last stage of the impotent rebellion against God that had for three years consumed him.

In Frank's name, he telegraphed to Lovel news of his own death, certain that Josephine would immediately communicate the news to Hester, so that he would probably find the two women together on his arrival. No matter what hidden clue Frank had held, in his soul Mr. Eyre knew Hester Clarke to be guilty; and it was with the implacable determination to convict her yet, that he had approached his house that night, expecting to find her within it.

And on his very threshold he had been met by this sordid reading of the tragedy; a mere clue to which had made him a wanderer on the face of the earth for three long years, a clue that had made him put even Hester aside as one to be dealt with later, and now if Digges

or Josephine were guilty—if—but what waste of time to speculate, when by that hour of the following day the man would be in the hands of justice, and probably his confession made.

But as a side-thought will sweep a man out of the track of sober fact, and bid tragedy itself pause while he dallies with a folly, so Mr. Eyre's mind started off at a tangent to Madcap, and rested there, just as a mariner in drowning looks up to the patch of blue above him. So the darkened chamber, the white chair, receded from Mr. Eyre's eyes, and in their place he saw an old-fashioned garden, and a young girl stepping backwards down a ladder, as, aloud, she counted the plums on the garden-wall.

Anon he saw the same young shape (but three months older) sitting beneath the white plume of a thorn, whose blossoms were no paler than her cheeks, till a step on the turf made her turn, and the next moment two gentle arms, arms that trembled, but did not doubt, were round his neck. . . A trysting-place (six hours later), to which a young shape in a white gown came stealing—all her worldly goods tied up in her pocket-handkerchief, and nothing in life to keep her warm but her lover's arms. . . A hurried marriage, at which an old friend of the bride's assisted, and then six years of such happiness as might make a wicked man in love with virtue, and look back with loathing on the pleasures he had found in sin.

And those arms had held her fast and safe through those six short, happy years—ay, and made to her so sure a haven that dreamlessly she had sunk to her last rest in them, knowing neither fear nor pain, so long as they were closed about her—yea, and even in the moment of death knew no pang, but called it the happiest moment of her life.

She had been happy to the last—exultantly in that lonely chamber. Mr. Eyre lifted his brows to Heaven, and cried aloud, that no matter what his suffering, sin, and shame might be, she had never suffered.

Suddenly he rose, and stretching out his hands towards yon empty bed, called wildly and passionately, "Madcap!"

The starved cry rang through the silent house as, pierced through all his armoury of pride by that living thought of her, the strong man awakened for the first time to the full desolation of his miserable lot.

Hark! what was that? A movement rather than a sound that stole through the empty place . . . then a faint stir as of something that approached waveringly and with many halts, till gradually the faint, pattering sound as of a child's bare feet upon polished boards drew nearer and nearer, till, on the threshold of Madcap's chamber, they paused as though in fear or doubt. Through the fierce wrestle of his bodily weakness with the power that crushed him, these footsteps sounded but faintly, nor when a gentle hand pushed the door open, and a little shape stood on the threshold, did he move or turn, till, feeling something approach him, he tore his hand from his eyes, and angrily pointed to the door.

Who was it that dared intrude on him thus? He looked, but at first saw nothing; then downwards, and saw close beside him a child no higher than his knee.

"Go!" he said, once more lifting his hand in the fierce gesture of dismissal that Madcap's children had so invariably obeyed. But the harsh look that sped like a blow, fell faltering, for what was this?

Did he not know this face by heart—its eyes—its lips—the very sunshine of its glance, ay, the very dimples in lips and cheeks—the same bright hair that had so often curled about his hand . . . this could not be Josephine's child?

Unconsciously he sank to his knees, she looking at him earnestly, then, with one of those angelic instincts of pity that will move a little child's heart to the comprehension of a tragedy it cannot know, and with no fear of that terrible face above her, she lifted a dimpled hand to his neck, and left it there.

"Is 'oo miserbul?" she said in her tender little voice, then finding something in his face that satisfied her, put her other arm round his neck, and gave him that first, best, purest gift earth can afford—a child's unbidden kiss. He received it as if he were stone. . . How long ago was it since anyone had kissed him? Then, putting her from him so harshly that any but a child would have been startled into the belief that he was angry, cried,

"What is your name?"

"I'se Madcap," she said, and laughed aloud in the desolate chamber . . . and then Mr. Eyre knew how betwixt him and God had passed the shield of a little child.

Here was Madcap's message to him from the grave—sent to him in his darkest, loneliest hour; here in his grasp was that divinest link between God and man—the hand of a little child.

Here, in the very moment that his life had practically come to a full stop, was a heart put into it. . . Ay! but through which to suffer, to be made to remember dead sins . . . though he knew it not, was not here his punishment, the instrument by which his stubborn soul was to be brought to submission?

No such thought touched him as he bowed his head on the little innocent breast that took him with all its sins upon it, and, neither questioning, nor doubting, knew only that he was in trouble, and that he was her friend.

"Can't find Joey anywhere," she said, shaking the



H. C. WOODVILLE, DEL.

LASCHELLER, S.

bright head that rested on Mr. Eyre's raven locks, "and I *don't* like being left all by my lone self—has 'oo come to stop?" she added, suddenly.

"Yes!"

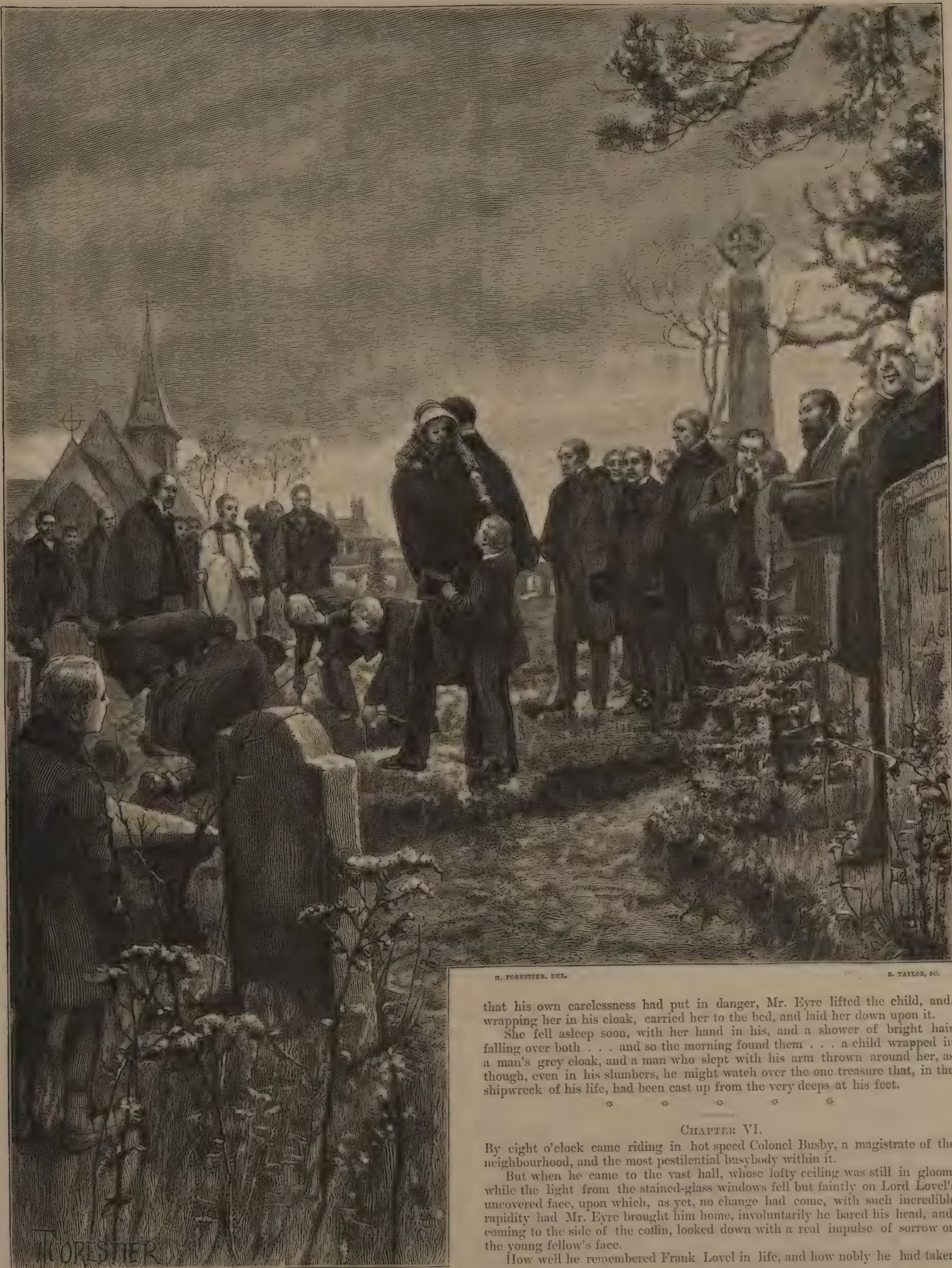
"What's oo' name?"

"I am your father."

"O! no," said the child, looking at him with grave, lovely eyes—"Daddy's dead—Joey said so this afternoon—they 're going to put him in the cold, cold pit to-morrow—poor Daddy!"

She shivered a little as she said it, as if chill or afraid; and, as though it had been his Madcap's body

"A gentle hand pushed the door open, and a little shape stood on the threshold."



H. FORESTIER, DEL.

R. TAYLOR, SC.

that his own carelessness had put in danger, Mr. Eyre lifted the child, and, wrapping her in his cloak, carried her to the bed, and laid her down upon it.

She fell asleep soon, with her hand in his, and a shower of bright hair falling over both . . . and so the morning found them . . . a child wrapped in a man's grey cloak, and a man who slept with his arm thrown around her, as though, even in his slumbers, he might watch over the one treasure that, in the shipwreck of his life, had been cast up from the very depths at his feet.

CHAPTER VI.

By eight o'clock came riding in hot speed Colonel Busby, a magistrate of the neighbourhood, and the most pestilential busybody within it.

But when he came to the vast hall, whose lofty ceiling was still in gloom, while the light from the stained-glass windows fell but faintly on Lord Lovel's uncovered face, upon which, as yet, no change had come, with such incredible rapidity had Mr. Eyre brought him home, involuntarily he bared his head, and, coming to the side of the coffin, looked down with a real impulse of sorrow on the young fellow's face.

How well he remembered Frank Lovel in life, and how nobly he had taken

"A little fat hand hung temptingly over the blackness of Mr. Eyre's back encouraged attention, . . . and the boy put up his own, and allowed her to hold it."

on himself Mr. Eyre's sins; and now the one lay dead, while the other lived and flourished, ripening, perhaps, for some new crime, and defying alike the justice of God and the opinion of man.

The busybody had come in war, secretly suspecting some mystery about Frank's death, but outwardly to demand by what right Mr. Eyre commanded the young man's grave to be dug, and the burial to take place, before the process of identification had been gone through, or the heir and his advisers summoned. But as first one, then another came in, those who had loved him, those who had blamed him; yea, and those who had pitied while they honoured him. All these, I say, as they wept, knew him; and as the hours wore on, and more and more people gathered, Frank lay in state, however humble, and was a hero, so that strong men wept for the thought of the manner of his death, and the women for the glimpse of the stain on his scarlet coat, above which his hands rested so quietly, their work being done.

Last of all came Mr. Eyre, and, without looking at those around, stood gazing down upon him, and might have spoken that most exquisite farewell which, once addressed to Lancelot, has never been matched in human language.

Vast and sinewy as a gladiator of Rome, with a dark, stern face upon which the fires of over forty years had legibly left their mark, Mr. Eyre stood like a second Saul among those around, too negligent of their presence to defy them.

Those around thought his face hardened as he looked down on his dead friend; but his lips moved neither in blessing nor cursing, and none could have told whether the stern restraint of pain or the callousness of hatred held him motionless during the minutes that he stood beside him.

When at last he moved, it was with the old firm step and air of command, so that, involuntarily, the women around curtsied and the men pulled each his forelock, ashamed of their doubts of him, for Job's love had cleared the way for Mr. Eyre, and none durst suspect him of harm to Lord Lovel now.

Colonel Busby, whose keen eyes had never left Mr. Eyre's face since he entered, hurried out after him, and overtook him as he entered one of the avenues.

"You seem out of breath," said Mr. Eyre, by way of greeting to a man he had not met these three years, and without offering his hand.

"I am," said Colonel Busby, who, being extremely



short and stout, resembled nothing so much as a gasping frog! "but that telegram, Eyre—it must be seen into. What gross carelessness on the part of the Post Office people—it gave everyone such a shock to hear—to hear!"

"That I'm alive," said Mr. Eyre; "exactly—it must have been a great blow to you after the telegram."

"Well, well," said Colonel Busby, colouring violently; "it's a sad thing you know—poor young fellow—but fortunate you were there to bring him home. Odd, too, as I suppose you were not fighting yourself?"

"Not I," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly; "it was a mere chance my finding him."

"And yet you've been together these three years?" said Colonel Busby, his inveterate curiosity not to be checked by the fact that all this time Mr. Eyre was walking away from him down the avenue.

"Have we?" said Mr. Eyre, indifferently; "then I suppose we're both dumb, for I have not exchanged a syllable with him since I left Lovel."

The little man gasped with amazement and lack of breath as he tried to keep up with Mr. Eyre's long stride, but the next moment said,

"Then about that poor woman, Eyre—what a fearful blunder you made—and that lot of a gardener guilty after all."

"Ah! by-the-way," said Mr. Eyre, pausing suddenly in his walk, "have you heard anything about the woman—has she been seen in the neighbourhood during my absence? You see I look to you for all the gossip."

"As a magistrate," said the Colonel, puffing himself out, "I am compelled to take cognizance of matters that do not come under the heading of *gossip*. I have certainly made it my business to inquire about this unhappy and persecuted woman."

"By whom persecuted?" said Mr. Eyre.

To do Colonel Busby justice, he was no coward, and now he looked Mr. Eyre full in the face.

"By you," he said, with a touch of dignity, not even to be marred by his absurd appearance. "It was an inhuman persecution, since you could not have believed in her guilt."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Eyre, frowning; "but I won't quarrel with you—there is no railing in an allowed fool—and for the first time in my life, I find your conversation interesting. And pray whom *did* you think guilty?"

"Well," said Busby, hesitating for a moment, but hardened by that allusion to his folly, "it was generally considered that you ought to have changed places with the woman, and been tried for it yourself—but being a fool, I only repeat what was of common report."

"And what is your own opinion?" said Mr. Eyre, grimly.

"What my opinion *was* matters little now that there is not a shadow of doubt your gardener is guilty," said Colonel Busby, stiffly.

"Don't alter your opinion on that score," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly. "I'm not at all sure that either of them did it—or if so, the woman Clarke was accessory to the crime, and deserved hanging. Now that I've done with Lord Lovel, I must have her found—I've been too busy to think of her these three years."

"You will remain here?" said Colonel Busby, curiosity mastering dignity.

"To be sure," said Mr. Eyre; "I've found new ties (he laughed) that will keep me here awhile—and there are Lord Lovel's affairs to arrange: the new heir is a mere lad, and I'm his guardian."

Colonel Busby opened his mouth, but no sound came; for once, wonder silenced him.

"New ties"—what were they? Mr. Eyre guardian to the young heir—*he*—this man pre-eminent in evil, who carried things with as high a hand in defeat as victory?

"By-the-way," said Mr. Eyre, "I heard something about your coming over to have Lord Lovel's coffin opened—did you think I had killed him, too?"

"The proceedings were informal—irregular," said Colonel Busby, stiffly; "his next of kin should have been asked to the funeral, which, I am told, you have fixed for to-morrow."

"Not I," said Mr. Eyre, "but for next day. You'll see the heir safe enough, and, no doubt, the lawyer—and the rest of 'em."

"It must be a great relief to you to know that you are not morally responsible for your wife's death," said Colonel Busby, gathering all his energies together to implant one poisoned shaft in Mr. Eyre's invulnerable hide.

"Almost as great a one as to know that I'm not *physically* responsible," said Mr. Eyre, grimly; "and now you'd better run back to Mrs. Busby, and retail your news—if any; you've filled my budget with food for a week."

And Mr. Eyre went on his way down one of the three avenues that were the glory of The Towers and the pride of the Lovels—avenues that branched like three spokes of a giant wheel from the very hall door, and gave endless variety to the outlook.

Mr. Eyre had walked them in all seasons and all weathers, often with Madcap, oftener with Frank; and he knew them in their every gradation of splendour. But this morning he saw the avenue in a new light, and, as it happened, was in a mood to observe it.

Dull and sodden as the day before had been, in the night the wind freshened, and by morning a gale had sprung up. The leaves of the trees, wasted to mere skeletons, danced in their thousands to the keen wind that smote them this way and that, and produced (with the sun shining through) an extraordinary effect, so that Mr. Eyre stood for a time looking, and thinking that he had never really *seen* wind before.

As he watched, its wild fierce spirit entered into his blood, and with it his own rose—he was once more himself, and the past night of his self-abasement vanished like a dream: he had been out of sorts, fasting, and had conjured up thoughts that the brisk morning air dispersed. His interview with Colonel Busby had refreshed him; his weapons might have rusted, but had not worn out; and even as a suspected murderer he could hold his own yet.

And at the end of this avenue, that ran straight as the crow flies to the foot of the Red Hall, he would find *somebody*—something; and then the dance, the whistle, the rush of the leaves and wind blended, held him no longer, and he went forward, bent only on his thoughts.

Once he had gone this way with Frank and Madcap, and he had moved beside them like a ghost. Now he walked the same path, *living*, and knowing that, beyond any taking away of Frank or any other, she was *his*, had been always his to the last beat of her heart; and even in dying had left him (so loth was she to leave him quite) a lovely message in her own image, that should reach and stay him in the first hour of physical and mental weakness that he had ever known.

He gave no backward thought to the dead now lying in the Towers. He had not forgiven him, and never would, even though Madcap had loved the boy; and to Mr. Eyre's own heart there had been no living soul (save her) so near to it as Frank Lovel.

CHAPTER VII.

No regular notifications of the hour of Lord Lovel's funeral were sent out, or invitations in the county given; nevertheless, nearly every man of any consequence in it came, so that from the gates of the Towers to the churchyard there was an unbroken procession of men and women all on foot, as were the pall-bearers, so that not a sign of ostentation or hired grief marred the spectacle.

Some of those present remembered that this was about the anniversary of Mrs. Eyre's burying; but there were no flowers on this coffin, nor did Mr. Eyre follow, but a bright-faced boy brought fresh from school, and looking round repeatedly for the only face he knew among the bewildering crowd at his heels. But with his habitual contempt for laws and appearances, Mr. Eyre came last of all, leading a little child, whose dressing had possibly delayed him, as she had a boa tied on over her white pinafore, and a bonnet on that certainly was never made for her, while a pair of her father's gauntleted gloves extended to her shoulders, and kept dry and warm her dimpled hands and arms.

Though they came last, the crowd divided, and the right of precedence at the grave was given them; indeed, a clear circle was left around the pair, that might have touched a less sensitive man than Mr. Eyre; but the only sign of feeling he gave during the burial service was when he looked down at the child's feet, and for the first time observing that she wore shoes, snatched her up, and, having stripped them off, chafed her feet, then wrapped them and her warmly in his cloak, and stood impassible as before.

Madcap the younger had been quite happy as she trotted along beside him, and the sight of so many people, and some familiar faces, pleased her, but she was happiest of all when "Dad" took her up, and from the eminence of his stature gave her a bird's-eye view of the proceedings that ended in a long stare at a boy, whose head did not reach her father's elbow as he stood behind it.

When that droll little head popped over Mr. Eyre's shoulder, the boy looked up, and fell in love at once with her, so that when her blue eyes dropped to him, and her rosy lips pouted to him in token of satisfaction, it was natural enough that he should reach up to, and kiss her.

Colonel Busby was a witness to the little scene, and considered it unseemly to the last degree. The villagers whispered that here was the old story over again, a Lovel would love a Madcap, even to his own undoing, to the end of time. Most of those present thought of how Frank had led Doune at the older Madcap's funeral; and some of them saw, grudgingly, how Providence, in meting out its bitters, had kept some sweets for Mr. Eyre yet. His innocence, too, was clear, and men wondered that they could have doubted him; even Colonel Busby, with a sigh, relinquished his suspicions, and hated him worse than before.

Those who saw him that day—this terrible man, this monster of evil incarnate, who had stalked tearless, unheeding through tragedies at which an angel might have wept—with a little child clinging to his hand, prattling, looking up into his face with perfect trust and love, somehow they felt their conviction of his Satanship rudely shaken, and in every breast was wrought a revulsion of feeling towards him.

Perhaps some of the men thought of how great had been his wife's love for him, and she had not been one to love unworthily; perhaps every woman present saw that he had dressed the child himself, and more than one mother's heart yearned to him as she marked the laboriously tied bonnet-strings, the clumsily knotted boa, and smiled, with a tear between, at the masculine intelligence that had put warm stockings on, but shooed the little one with brown paper.

Mr. Eyre had glanced neither to right nor left among the crowd, so that if his compeers were present that day he did not know it, and from first to last gave no one the opportunity of either turning a friendly or a cold face towards them.

He seemed neither to see or heed them, as he turned abruptly and left the churchyard, followed by the young heir, who obeyed a little commanding hand that beckoned him over her father's shoulder, so that the three entered the Towers together.

When the lawyer and others (including Colonel Busby, who must hear the will read, or die) came in, they found Mr. Eyre drying his daughter's shoes by the library fire, while she was feeding the heir with cake, and kissing him when her own mouth was not full.

He was like Doune her brother, only older and kinder; and her little heart went out to him at once, while the boy, who had no sister, and only a fine-lady cuckoo-mother, who had never loved him,

And if he hung his head and blushed a little, he loved her, too, and took her image back to school, with him that day, so that often, when alone, he would blush again at the thought of her, and long to feel the touch of those velvet lips again.

The Duke of Marmiton, who had been one of those

passed unnoticed at the grave, on entering the room, took Mr. Eyre's hand very warmly (not seeming to notice that it was his left, the right being occupied with Madeap's shoe), and bade him a hearty welcome home after his wanderings.

Mr. Eyre met these good wishes kindly, inquired for the Duchess, and, having dried the shoes to his satisfaction, put them on, and told the children to go and play quietly in a corner till he wanted them.

Meanwhile all waited, as people were wont to wait for this man, no matter what might be the rank of those who attended him, and when he came back to the fireplace and gave the signal to begin, the lawyer commenced to read like an automaton, and in less than two minutes, so simply was the will worded, every soul present (save the children) knew its gist.

It was dated three and a half years ago, and immediately after Lord Lovel had returned from his long absence with his regiment abroad.

He bequeathed everything that belonged to him, unentailed, to Madeap, wife to Doune Eyre, of the Red Hall, and failing her, to her daughter, should she have one; if not, to her younger son, Dody, and failing him, to her elder son, Doune Hamilton Eyre.

"Ten thousand a year if it's a penny!" said Colonel Busby, almost before the lawyer had ceased to read.

"As guardian to young Lord Lovel," said the lawyer, folding up the will, and addressing Mr. Eyre, "you will, of course, arrange for his holidays, his education, and so forth, as you have done before. I drew up his father's will, in which you were appointed his guardian (though at that time no one ever supposed he would succeed to the title), and his mother has asked me to say that from henceforth she trusts you will assume a more active guardianship than you have hitherto done."

"Let him come here when he pleases, or—stay—to the Red Hall; he cannot be much older than Doune, and they can amuse each other. Tell that very fine lady, his mother, that she need never try to stifle herself with country breezes as long as I'm alive, or leave her young, new husband for an hour to concern herself about her boy—the only creature his father ever loved."

"Geoffrey Lovel did well to leave his son in your care," said the Duke, gravely; "but I wish we had Frank here, though he could not have died better."

"Would to God he lived!" said Mr. Eyre, with a passion that he had never before betrayed; and one man present thought how finely he wore his mask of hypocrite, while the others blamed themselves the more for any doubts they might have harboured of him.

For gradually (there being no one to keep order) the room had filled, and many a friend and tenant of Frank, and Frank's father, heard Mr. Eyre's words; so that when he had picked up his little daughter, and bade the young heir "Good-by till Christmas," nodding, in farewell, to the lawyer, and the rest, he passed out among men who had already half forgiven him for his strange behaviour by the grave.

"A most extraordinary will and a strange guardianship," said Colonel Busby, approaching the Duke, who was drawing on his gloves, and feeling that while he loved he understood Mr. Eyre as little as ever, "and a most extraordinary business altogether, I take it!"

"I see nothing strange in any part of it," said the Duke, coldly. "The Lovels and Eyres have been friends for many generations, and these two men were extraordinarily attached to each other. As to the guardianship, it is perfectly natural. Mr. Eyre and Geoffrey Lovel were intimates and of about the same age, and Mrs. Lovel being a handsome woman, and likely to marry again, he did not wish to leave his son's prospects at the mercy of a step-father."

"Well, well," said Colonel Busby; "there's nothing succeeds 'like success.' He is to crow over us all, I suppose, just as he did formerly, and what's black in others is white in him, and he'll learn no lesson himself, but be for ever teaching us ours."

"He has suffered severely," said the Duke, gravely. "I was shocked at the change in him, and I think"—here the Duke raised his voice so that all around heard him—"it would be more seemly if further reference to past scandals ceased, the more especially as certain infamous rumours spread to Mr. Eyre's discredit had, during the past few days, been refuted beyond the shadow of a doubt."

His people were in waiting without, and he went away after he had spoken, bearing himself well, in spite of his sixty-five years, and immediately after him came the young heir and the lawyer, who had travelled down together, and were leaving by the afternoon train for town.

As the boy strode on through the early November dusk he thought nothing of his inheritance, but only of the Christmas holidays, when he would once more see little Madeap—that was her name, as she had been careful to tell him, in the corner—Madeap Eyre.

CHAPTER VIII.

From the moment that Mr. Eyre had shut the police out, he had admitted no one to his house save a stout kitchen wench, whom he had himself fetched from the village, and installed in the kitchen, forbidding her to move beyond it, or to receive company therein, on peril of her instant dismissal. He did the foraging himself, and would stalk in with an armful of loaves and flesh, but the only culinary point upon which he showed

anxiety was the child's bread and milk, and this he would have boiled to a nicety, standing over her so as to confound the woman, who had hitherto only curtsied to him, trembling, from afar.

No trifle that affected the child's health or happiness was beyond his care or dignity; in the recesses of the scullery the woman often marvelled how "master" managed to keep her so clean and neat, since, by all accounts, he had never troubled himself about his other children, or probably seen one of them dressed or undressed in his life.

One room only had been kept sacred from the detectives and other seekers; this was the bed-room of the late Mrs. Eyre. Mr. Eyre went to it some two or three times daily, but spent the greater part of his indoor existence in the nursery, where, in feeding, washing, dressing, and amusing Madeap's child, he found himself sufficiently busy.

He could not endure to call in some rough village girl to take charge of her; he had written to town for such a person as he wanted, and meantime he could leave the child alone as often as he pleased, always happy, always singing, in all things the dawn of that other bright fondly-cherished Madeap, whose spring and early summer time had belonged to Mr. Eyre.

He found his own independence of thought and power of endurance curiously reproduced in this little child of hardly three years, and perhaps was the more drawn to her that, though outwardly Madeap's very copy, inwardly she was himself, with his own strain of character, courage, and will.

He blessed Josephine that at least she had not taught the child *fear*—however negligent or unprincipled the Frenchwoman might have been, she had clearly not been unkind to her, and she had kept the child's person and linen exquisitely, so that Mr. Eyre had no trouble on the score of clothes, and with clumsy hands kept her as fresh and clean as a new pin.

When, on the night after his return, she knelt up close to his breast and said her evening prayers, he hearkened to her like one in a dream; how long ago was it he had heard such words?—

In the Kingdom of Thy grace
Give Thy Lamb a little place!

It had been something like this that Dody was saying one morning when he surprised the young mother and her boys together, and he had harshly sent them away from her.

O! Heavens, how cruel he had been to her! He knew now what it must have cost her to unwind Dody's arms from about her neck, how his stifled sobs must have wrung her heart as the little brothers went heavily away. . . . She had said to him once that he knew not the kingdom of love he missed in his children. Ay, but those were boys, and this was Madeap, and the only true love, the universal love, was as far from Mr. Eyre's heart now as ever.

The old jealousy of his character, too, was strong in him yet; he had winced that day when the child ran to the heir (for of the little pantomime by the grave he was ignorant) and kissed him; he was jealous even of Doune, whose name she mentioned with love in her confidences, revealing her brother in a new light to that in which Mr. Eyre had viewed his silent, stubborn son.

To-night, when she had fallen asleep in her little cot, Mr. Eyre sat for awhile watching her as a poor man may who hugs himself in the joy of a miraculously found treasure; then, taking a light, went to his wife's room, and, as usual, sat down, bent on unriddling the puzzle that room contained.

Sooner or later, he was convinced that his mind would recover the lost clue that so eternally baffled him. Some day he would *remember* something that had happened in this room on the night of the murder, and that he had forgotten; for the knowledge was in his brain—perchance in some diseased cell of it, but it was *there*—and he knew it.

Next day he got a message from the sea. A wretched stowaway in an outward bound coaling-ship was discovered within twenty-four hours of its sailing, and when they dragged him forth he came unresistingly enough, for he was dead. By a letter found in his pocket, addressed to him at Lovel by a London firm of seedsmen, he was at once identified, and the ship put back to leave the body at the sea-port village whence the captain had unwittingly brought him. The reward set on his head by Mr. Eyre made the man's body a valuable one, and a messenger to the Red Hall (only a dozen miles distant) soon brought its master to the ship, and to the narrow bunk where lay all that remained of a once faithful servant. But though Mr. Eyre found intense horror and fear stamped on the gardener's features, he could not detect the look of the murderer who leaps into Eternity, fearing to come face to face with his victim.

But none held with Mr. Eyre's belief in the man's innocence, and it was only by the exertion of great influence that Digges obtained Christian burial, for on all sides and by her husband's friends and foes alike he was accepted as the murderer of Mrs. Eyre.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Eyre was now at leisure to think about Hester Clarke: but on inquiry at the house in which she had lodged he heard that she had left the place on the morning after the funeral of Mrs. Eyre and her child. She had announced her intention of joining her former

servant, Janet Stork, now undergoing penal servitude for the murder of Hester Clarke's child. Mr. Eyre asked if there had been any interview between the woman Clarke and Lord Lovel the night before she left.

"Woman, Sir!" said Mr. Eyre's tenant, as if she felt keenly his insult to the whole sex; "well—none but a woman would have spent a whole November night face downwards on wet sods. When I got her home at dawn there was as little life in her as her worst enemy could have wished."

"She saw Lord Lovel before she left?" said Mr. Eyre, reading the woman's soul like an open page.

"Ay—but I don't know all he said to her. It seemed to me (from a word or two I caught) as if they were agreed to shield some guilty person"—here the woman's cold eyes scanned Mr. Eyre.

"So whatever secret knowledge Frank had, Hester shares it," thought Mr. Eyre, looking round at the humbly furnished room that he had only hitherto seen from the outside, then turned to the woman and said,

"You have heard from Hester Clarke?"

"Ay—once by whiles."

"She has thoughts of coming back?"

"That's as may be. There's some to whom she'd be none so welcome."

"Tell her when you write," said Mr. Eyre, "that the sooner she comes home the better, and if she doesn't, that I shall go out to fetch her. We have some scores to settle, she and I."

"I'll tell her, Sir," said the woman, dropping an abrupt curtsy as he opened the door to depart, but I think the place is hardly safe for her—she's best where she is."

"But she will come here all the same," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly.

"So you never thought her guilty?" he added, his eyes reading the woman's soul.

"She?" said the woman, incredulously. "I got to know her through and through in the six months she was here—and she was a good woman to her heart's core."

But Mr. Eyre thought of Madeap, and how she might be alive now but for Hester Clarke's crossing his path, bringing to a light a buried sin, and his stern features darkened as he turned to go.

"She has bribed you, I suppose," he said. "Well, give her my message when you write," and he went out.

The woman stood looking after him awhile as he mounted his horse and rode away, the hatred of her glance dying out in slow, bitter tears, that seemed to furrow her cheeks as they fell.

"Loved her, wronged her, hated her, and would have hanged her if he could—he tried hard enough," she muttered aloud as Mr. Eyre disappeared; "and Hester never did him any harm, never meant any, but just stayed on and on, because she couldn't tear herself away from his child, the image of her own."

But Mr. Eyre as he rode homewards thought little of the woman's significance of manner, his mind was occupied with the main fact that Hester Clarke was within reach of a six weeks' voyage, and that at any given time he could lay his hand on her, and this certainty enabled him to turn without haste to the remodelling of his establishment and other affairs that had fallen somewhat into neglect during his long absence.

To be sure, he had left an agent in charge of his estate, and the man had done well, but not *too* well, so that Mr. Eyre for many days found duty out of doors, after which he took his pleasure *within*.

The nurse had arrived from town, a woman in early middle age, who had lost both husband and children, and so understood little Madeap, who now occupied her new nurseries opposite Mr. Eyre's bed-room, so that he could see her at any moment, whether he crossed to her, or she to him.

Where he had laid his life down, three years ago, he now took it up, without a lost stitch; nothing was omitted or forgotten, and when he took his place on the bench with his brother magistrates, it was with the old impulse of admiration that they welcomed him.

He had done amiss, but in their thoughts they had wronged him, and the Duke's example was not to be gainsayed; while those who had a secret sin or two on their consciences felt the more warmly to him, as one who had vicariously borne their punishment, so that the attitude of the whole county was friendly, and a considerable surprise to Mr. Eyre. This was the second time that he had rehabilitated himself in his world's esteem; and Colonel Busby, standing aloof, mused to some purpose on the folly of human nature, though to very little effect on his own.

His curiosity was so insatiable that he could not give up visiting at the Red Hall, and so consenting to the iniquity of Mr. Eyre's presence among his peers; but he found little enough to reward his investigations there. Mr. Eyre's life was that of a simple, everyday country gentleman of large estates, who devoted all his spare time to a little daughter; so that often you would meet the pair on foot, or even on horseback, she on the saddle before him, with the reins in her hands (though he held them too), and delighted with the fancied skill that urged on or restrained the favourite black that Mr. Eyre invariably rode.

They came to be a familiar enough sight in the village, where formerly Mr. Eyre had been rarely seen, save by his wife's side; and the women pitied and the men forgave him his past as, day by day, he went among



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them, always with the little child, whom he led carefully, and not as ignorant or heedless mothers do, suffering them to fall into danger: while his arms were ever ready to receive her when she showed fatigue: and in all this no touch of ridicule attached itself to the stern, proud man.

She was so fearless, and his own fibre was so strong in her, that anyone but he might have taken her courage for obstinacy; but he knew better, and by no restraint or harshness would have shaken a feather from the crown of independence that sat so well upon her baby brows. For when the child came to him in the depths of his despair, he got a glimpse of a life beyond—as a streak of light on the ocean will show to one who stands in the darkness on a storm-tossed promontory: and beyond himself he saw something for which he might live, while for himself he could only die.

Here was the aftermath of his life, as the furze cropped by the lambs in spring bursts out defiantly in golden autumn blossom, delighting the gazer with unexpected riches, and knowing itself secure from any such second destruction.

By the time little Madcap was grown up, the story of her mother and his own sin would be forgotten; and as he had shielded her mother from that knowledge, so he would make shift to shield her daughter after her.

Already he was used to the strong fresh current of healthy life that a child brings with it, already he was learning the unselfishness that a child's daily presence teaches one, and by degrees his soul and mind opened to the beauty and preciousness of that "children's kingdom" that is ever among us, and by which we might keep our hearts pure and undefiled, would we but enter it oftener.

For in the love for little children is no passion, only a yearning tenderness, through which the universal, the only true love is learnt; and those who watched Mr. Eyre said that the will of the man was learning submission to his Maker through his heart, and that by the hand of a little child was he being led back to God.

For every Sunday you would see the pair in church, though in his wife's lifetime he had not gone there a score of times, and this regularity of attendance had been inaugurated by the little one herself in those first days when Mr. Eyre was entirely her slave.

"Bells going—church time," she had said, standing still to listen, the first Sunday morning after Mr. Eyre's return. "Come along," she added, pulling at his hand; and so they went through the village together, past the older Madcap's grave and Frank's fresh one, appalling

the sanctimonious and rejoicing the villagers by the unorthodoxy of their appearance.

I think that most of us are conscious of a desire sometimes to be able to go back to the traditions and beliefs of our youth. . . . A line from an old hymn, the turn of a well-remembered tune will for a moment renew in us the devout, unquestioning faith of our early years, so that we return to our everyday life with a curious sense of its worthlessness and our shame. And as a man who thrusts a cup of healing from his lips, crying out that he loathes though he has never tasted it, so until now Mr. Eyre had disliked children—those crystal shapes that, so long as we do not try to cast them to our own mould, keep their Divine freshness. . . . His books became stale to him beside this fresh and exquisite page of childhood, over which he gathered fresh draughts of strength and happiness as he read. To hear her sing, in that little, pure, thin, sweet voice, unlike anything else in the world (and that is to sound what the freshness of dawn is to morning) gave him a queer thrill of joy; while her prayers, said at his knee, brought to his eyes that intolerable smart which is a strong man's way of weeping.

"You not a bad man," she cried, one night, in a passionate burst of tears, when some hasty expressions of anguish escaped him; and in this, perhaps, lay her strength, that she trusted and was absolutely fearless of him, as her mother had been; so that she reinstated him in his self-esteem, and, secure

in the worship of the only thing he loved, Mr. Eyre faced his world defiantly, as of old, not caring one rush for its evil or good opinion.

Children grow towards you, men and women away from you; and every day Mr. Eyre felt more secure of his treasure, tested more jealously the docility, courage, and beauty of the spirit that had his wife's finer qualities and his own strength. Harshness was not needed here, and on one occasion only he had nerved himself to punish her, and then by solitary confinement.

But as he turned the key on her, he felt as though it were his own idolised wife that he was treating thus harshly, and anxiously listened from the first sound from within.

For a full minute there was silence; then toddling steps approached the door, and a young, sternly rebuking voice of a child said through the keyhole,

"Dad! are you good now?"

Before the inexhaustible dignity of childhood the man's sank, leaving only the better part, so that he was often engaged in offices for her that he would formerly have despised.



But his was not that fondness for her which would—

Nourish the frame, destroy the mind,
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Even with a mother's love.

Only as yet he found no seeds of evil to check, nor even any of those outbursts of temper that he had often observed in his eldest son.

If one doubts that children suffer even more keenly than grown people, let them read from time to time in the newspapers of some poor maddened child who in the unbearable agony of spirit that possesses him at some needlessly harsh reproof, or barbarous punishment, wanders out, his numbed helpless brain in a whirl and unable to look beyond as a grown person would, takes the irrevocable step that plunges it into Eternity. For the harsh, cruel words that would



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take no effect on a man or woman are literally accepted by a child, and may prove the turning point of his life (if it do not drive him to despair), hardening firmness to obstinacy, gentleness to cowardice, weakness to vice . . . above all, let us remember how quickly the real troubles of life will begin, and in these early years let us assure to them such happiness as we can.

To such a fate as one of these Mr. Eyre had unconsciously done his best to drive the boy whom he took pride to himself that he had never punished. True, he had never beaten him, nor even been unduly harsh, save when the child diverted his mother's attention from *himself*; but when that mother died, the mother whom the boy worshipped, and who had been the religion of his young life, the father had not a thought to give to the five-year-old boy whose heart was silently breaking in the loneliness of his nursery, and in whose mind was slowly growing a repressed, bitter sense of ill-usage that might warp his character to all eternity.

Doone knew that his lost younger brother Dody had been his mother's favourite child: but this could not affect his silent, intense love for *her*, and full well he knew that she had loved him too. If she had petted his brother more than he, it was because the two were so utterly unlike in disposition—Doone all strength, Dody all sweetness—Doone passionate, proud, unforgiving, very rarely showing a sign of affection for even his mother, in all essentials the opposite of Dody, who seemed made expressly to win love. An impression once made upon the boy seemed indelible, and his father's harshness had gradually alienated the child's heart from him so entirely that it seemed impossible there could be any cordial understanding between them in the future.

But the one tie that bound the boy to life, that saved

"With all his old tenderness for her, he went to her side and put his arm round her."

him from some rash deed of despair, was the baby-sister that his mother had left in the nursery when she went away, and Dody had so gladly and quickly followed her.

It was a girl, and it had been named after his mother, and might grow up like her; and hour after hour the boy would sit by the little frail babe, whose every hour threatened to be its last, so that when the boy was taken away to school he kissed the tiny face with a bitter, black despair in his young heart, thinking that he would see her, too, no more.

Mr. Eyre was entirely ignorant of the antagonism to him in his young son's mind; he had never given him half a dozen consecutive thoughts in his life, and, having sent him to school before his departure for abroad, had not even remembered him till the night of his return home. The boy was well enough, no doubt—as to his holidays, no doubt the lawyers had provided about that,

or so Mr. Eyre thought, till one day little Madeap began talking about her brother, she having to all appearance entirely forgotten him until an accident brought him to her mind.

Mr. Eyre was holding the younger Madeap up to the portrait of the older one, which had been painted in the heyday of her youth and love: but the child, after gravely looking at it, shook her head, and said,

"I don't remember her!"

"That is your mother," said Mr. Eyre.

"No! that's a young gell," said little Madeap, still disbelieving: "but Doony comes here every

day, and talks, and talks, and talks to her, and sometimes he fall sound to sleep, and Joey and me *can't* wake him up. Pra'ps he doesn't like to leave her up there all by her lone self."

The little wistful ignorant face smote Mr. Eyre with the first pang for his son that he had ever known, but there was jealousy in his voice as he said,

"You love your brother Doone?"

She nodded her bright head emphatically.

"When's Kismus?" she said. "Doony come home Kismus, and *Dad* shall make us a Kismus-tree!"

It was now early in December, so that in a fortnight, or thereabouts, the boy would be here; but perhaps he did not realise how profound a change Doone might work in his everyday life till one morning when little Madeap ran into his bed-room, in her hand an unopened letter.

It was addressed to her own sweet, small self, and

she kissed it lavishly before she laboriously undid the envelope and permitted "Dad" to read it to her.

"Darling Madcap" (ran this letter from the eight-year-old boy, laboriously written down to the comprehension of three years), I shall be home very soon. You get Joey to put fourteen apples in a row, and you eat one every day, and when you come to the *very last* one, you will see me. I hear father has come home, but don't you be afraid of him, he won't beat you, and soon you'll have me to *take care of you*. Tell Joey to be sure and dust mother's picture *every day*. I shall be able to do it myself without the steps *soon*, and tell Digges, with my love, not to forget the flowers for the place where you and I go every morning, and where we'll go again when I come back. I have got you a doll that opens and shuts its eyes!"

"I'd rather have you or Doony to talk to," said Madcap the younger, wrinkling up her small nose with an air of disgust; "dolls never says *nothink*!"

"And a white rabbit," resumed Mr. Eyre, reading; "and I'm going to teach you your alphabet; mother taught me mine when I was only *two*. I shall make the white rabbit a hutch in the nursery. So that you can run in through my room of a morning to look at it without catching a cold, and I hope Joey keeps your feet dry, because poor Dody died from getting his feet wet, you know."

"Going out without any shoes or stockings to pick a wose for mama," said little Madcap, nodding.

"And if you were to die, I should drown myself, and no one would be sorry except Digges. And don't you cry if father is unkind to you—only cowards cry—and I'll take care of you safe enough when I come back. Good-by, and God bless you, my darling little Madcap, and with my dearest love and a kiss,

"I am, your ever-loving brother,

"DOUNE."

"Dear Dooney!" said the child, "and a white rabbit"—and she hugged herself all up together for joy—"have to go back to my nursery now, and leave Dad—poor old Dad! Naughty Doony, to say you're cross—you're always kind to me, and I'm kind to you, *aren't I*?"

But for the first time since those dimpled arms had stolen round his neck Mr. Eyre unloosed them, and set her down, his jealous soul for the first time realising that he possessed only a half share, not the whole of her heart, and that Doune had got three years' start of him in her love.

From that moment the silent struggle between father and son began; and in both hearts the hostile spirit burned clear and strong—for the man had learned no lesson, here was his old selfishness of character over again, and he was repeating the very sin (his only one in her eyes) that had so wounded his wife, and made her exceeding love for her children as a joy but half-tasted, since he would not share it.

But after that one impulse of anger against his little daughter because he was not the *only* human being that she loved, he devoted himself to her more than ever, riveting her to himself more closely with fresh chains each day, and putting forth his every charm and power of commanding love to win the simple, tender heart of the three-year-old child in whose breast he must be first, or nothing.

And out of the full cup of her childish tender heart she repaid him richly, looking to him more and more each day, so that she even forgot Doune's home-coming, and did not remember the fourteen apples that she was to count and eat, one for each day, though Mr. Eyre counted the very hours grudgingly, enjoying them with a zest that uncertainty always roused in him, though other men might meet it with dread.

Yet his wife had been able to love, not one but three, equally; she had fused children and husband alike into one perfect love that had filled her life with a song of joy to which soul and body danced a measure far beyond the powers or comprehension of a Mr. Eyre.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Eyre did not go down to the station to meet his son, but sent little Madcap and her nurse, so that when the tall, handsome lad jumped out of the train, a little unexpected toddling shape rushed into his arms with a shout of joy, and kissed him with all her soul.

"Darling, ducksy Madcap!" said the boy, devouring the velvet cheek of his idol; "and I've got the rabbit here all safe—and what a smart little girl it is!" he added as he put her down.

"Dot a new muff," she said, showing her unusual finery with pride, "and a new bonnet (she pushed it to one side), and new boots—lots of buttons," and she extended one pretty leg, and held up her petticoats to show it, "and lots of new fwocks at home, haven't I, Nan?"

"Yes, Miss Madcap," said the nurse, "you've got plenty."

"But where is Josephine?" said the boy, looking at the woman; "has father sent her away?" and the hot blood showed in his cheek as he spoke.

"O! no," said little Madcap, as her nurse hesitated; "I think she's sick—she's dorn away ever so long ago. O! what a *dear* little wabbit!" she added, peeping into the covered basket Doune carried; and in her excitement over it, the boy's frown vanished, and soon the young pair were driving towards Lovel, the nurse being seated beside the coachman, so that there was no hindrance to the children's talk.

"How is Digges?" said the boy, presently. "I hope he's brought my dog all safe, and"—

"O! Digges is dorn, too," said little Madcap; "he went away before Joey—'spects something's happened to him, poor Digges!"

"So that's how my father is beginning," thought the boy, with darkening brows. "They were good enough to take care of Madcap for years, but he cleans them out directly he comes back"—only, perhaps, he did not use these exact words, though this was the gist of his thoughts.

"Never mind, ducksy," he said, as he put his young arm round her, "I'll take care of you now, and we'll have a merry Christmas all to our own selves, for *he* won't trouble the nurseries."

But Madcap was too much taken up with the white rabbit to notice the allusion to her father, and had, indeed, altogether forgotten him till some accident should bring him to her mind.

The sun was setting in blood-red behind the furze-crowned rock that gave Mr. Eyre's house its name, as the children approached it; but Doune looked first towards his mother's room, the window of which now stood open. At the house-door there were servants only to receive them; and at once the boy suffered himself to be led away to the nursery, where, finding everything just as it used to be, his spirits rose, and he busied himself about looking over old belongings and arranging fresh ones. The nurse had gone to the garden to fetch food for the rabbit, and not until the two were half-way through a gorgeous tea did Madcap remember her father.

Doune saw her blue eyes suddenly widen as she put the morsel down untouched she was carrying to her lips, and wondered what was coming as she lifted two dimpled hands in a child's dramatic way, and, nodding with intense gravity, ejaculated,

"Dad!"

Doune stared; when had he and Dody ever called that terrible man anything but father?

"Poor old Dad!" said Madcap, in an accent of intense pity. "I've quite forgot him; come along of me and see him!"

She had got down from her high chair, and pulled at the boy's hand as she spoke; and though he went with her, it was unwillingly, and with his heart hardening at every step.

Mr. Eyre, busy with his steward, heard those short and longer steps approaching his study, but did not look up, even when the door opened, and the young pair came in.

"Dad!" cried little Madcap, rushing to her father and throwing her arms round his neck in an irrepressible burst of joy, "here's Doony—Doony's come home!"

The boy stood where his sister had left him, and over Madcap's head the eyes of father and son met, and the hostile spirit in each heart strengthened, and as the boy did not stir, neither did Mr. Eyre; and if in this moment the boy failed in respect, so assuredly did Mr. Eyre in his duty towards the motherless lad whom he had not seen these three years.

If the one had made a single step forward, if the other had beckoned; or, perhaps, if the slender, dark, stubborn boy had borne ever such a faint resemblance to Madcap, or owned a tithe of Dody's winning ways, Mr. Eyre might have made him some cold corner in his affections; as it was, in every line of the boy's defiant face and figure, he saw *himself*—that ugly self, from which he had lately turned away with loathing.

The scene that made father and son avowed enemies lasted scarcely as long as the kisses little Madcap was remorsefully showering on her father.

"Me and Doony having tea now," she said, scrambling out of the arms that held her but loosely; "we'll come back bimeby"—and, without a backward thought or look, ran to Doune, and vanished with him through the open door.

Mr. Eyre resumed his business on the instant, as if no frivolous interruption had occurred; but when the man had left, he went to the window and looked to see what lights had been kindled in the nursery wing facing him.

There was only one in the day nursery, but Mr. Eyre remembered Doune's care of his little sister's feet, and had no fear that the two were abroad, only as he dropped the blind it struck him that his wife from opposite might even thus have watched *his* light, as hour after hour he sate among his books, leaving her lonely, save for her children.

On the very night that she died, he had so left her on some paltry errand of scribbling, though on this occasion she had Lord Lovel to bear her company, and to Mr. Eyre the hours had passed unheeded, till the cry of murder roused him, and he had ascended the private staircase to find her unconscious, and stabbed to the heart.

But to-night the neglect lay not with him, but with Madcap's daughter, who had not a thought to give to the man who presently ate his solitary dinner and dessert without a ripple of the tender voice that had been wont to adorn it. His dinner hour had been put back to six in recognition of her bed-time, which was seven; but eight had struck, and Mr. Eyre was in his study, when a knock at the door sounded, and Madcap's nurse set her down inside it, half asleep and bundled-up in shawls. She climbed on to his knee with difficulty, and pushed his book away.

"Come to say to my *pairs*!" she said; and the next moment had fallen sound asleep on his shoulder.

Mr. Eyre signed to the woman to go, and with exultation thought that at least the child had remembered him *twice* in all the rapture of Doune's return; and when in half an hour's time he carried her back to the nursery, he had so far softened towards the boy that had they met then a better feeling might have been established between them.

But Doune was not there; with jealous heart, and counting each moment an Eternity, he had for a long while waited his little sister's return, but when half an hour had passed he went where he had always gone when in trouble—to his mother's picture. No matter that the room was in darkness; she was *there*, a living, abiding reality to him, and all things good and evil in his heart he laid before those lovely mother's eyes that never failed to bring healing to his soul.

"Mother," he said aloud, and with his hand on the picture, "she is *my* little baby; you gave her into *my* charge, and I've taken care of her, and now father's taking her away from me, as he used to try to take *you* away. If only you could come down and speak to me, mother, mother!"

But next morning broke fair and bright, and the boy was wakened by little Madcap, who ran in guiltless of offence, and when they had breakfasted together went out on one of those delightful rambles that included every kennel, piggery, and dove-cot upon the estate. The boy missed Digges at every turn; but, as by Mr. Eyre's express commands Doune was kept in ignorance of what had lately occurred, he supposed that Josephine and her husband had been sent away for some fault displeasing to his father.

Doune's spirits had been steadily rising all the morning, and when, with blooming roses on their cheeks, they returned home a little after one to find a real school-boy's dinner ready in the nursery, Doune (who had been dreading lunch with his father) threw off the last of the jealous fears that had tormented him over night, and, kissing his "darling, ducksy Madcap," sate down with her joyfully to their feast.

Nothing had been forgotten that a boy fresh from school could desire, and the nurse smiled as she served him, and Madcap thumped the table approvingly with her spoon when he had three helpings of pudding.

The woman thought Mr. Eyre was behaving very well in thus giving up the child to her brother, not knowing that he as equally avoided the appearance of jealousy as hitherto he had avoided its reality, regarding it as a despicable vice of the weak, not one that ever attacked the strong. He remained within doors all that day; but none came to disturb him, though afar off he heard the children's voices, and even caught a glimpse of them once or twice in the garden.

He recognised the carefulness that housed Madcap safely before the dews fell, and when lights were kindled in the opposite wing, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and went through the village to a spot that he rarely left unvisited for a day.

But others had been before him on this occasion, for a wreath of daisies lay on his wife's grave, and sprigs of sweet-smelling things laid here and there by a boy's forward hand; and Mr. Eyre thought jealously that his son claimed the older as well as the younger Madcap, though *she* had never for one second placed her children before her husband.

Or so he had believed—did he believe it now, when the living Madcap was shouldering away her mother's image, and his thoughts, to-night were less of grief for the lost than jealousy for the living?

His life was emphatically a march onwards. He could die, but he could not stagnate; and stagnation seemed to have come to him to-night, as he told himself that Doune was first, would always be first, in the child's heart. And if so, then, no matter what it cost him, he would leave her, let her cling to Doune, make him her sole idol; for *himself*, no second place in any human heart would he accept.

But when, long after his dinner hour, Mr. Eyre reached his study to find a token of little Madcap's late presence in the shape of a dropped shoe-knot, he picked it up, and half forgave her, though not the faintest idea crossed his mind to return her good-night visit.

Next day was cold and wet, and the children did not stir abroad; but, lest dullness should draw her to him, Mr. Eyre went out for a long ride, that lasted till after dark, and on his return knew well enough that no such spasm of recollection as had seized her the night before had reminded her of him to-night.

For a child of three is essentially one-ideal, and has no memory (save at odd moments); it goes where love is, but rarely seeks it, so that Mr. Eyre receded into the background, and Doune occupied Madcap's whole thoughts that night.

The man had girded up himself to the fight; but who can fight with a child's whim? Fickle? No more natural phase of Nature can be found than a healthy child; and Nature knows no such word as such faithfulness, and in its very elements is opposed to the strained idea whose breath has brought about half the tragedies the world has ever seen.

But as Mr. Eyre's jealousy grew, Doune's slackened; so that the boy in his turn softened towards his father, and prompted those excursions to the other side of the house, from which each day she returned more quickly, with no account to give of herself save that Dad was "busy."

The boy was honourable, and never tried by word or look to set her against her father. There was no bad blood in his veins, and with other treatment he would have grown up the noble "might have been" of Mr. Eyre's own youth.

But while the children played, and were happy, he was unconsciously preparing his revenge in the invitation he had carelessly given the young Lord Lovel, and which he had supplemented by a letter to his mother, the answer to which he received a week after Doune's return.

"She would be only too rejoiced to send the boy to Mr. Eyre; he always drove her mad during the holidays, and no doubt at the Red Hall he would be able to rampage to his heart's content, and her own young babies required all her care, and her health was so terribly indifferent, &c., &c., and she could never stand more than a week in the country even for dear Algy (her new husband) and his hunting;" and in conclusion, her son (who seemed to have come in for nothing but a house and an empty title, which his father never expected) would arrive at his guardian's house the very next day, by a certain train that she was particular to mention.

Mr. Eyre smiled grimly as he read the letter and thought of the writer, a faded beauty who at thirty-five had taken for a rich second husband her first love, and hated the boy who reminded her hourly of that first loveless union.

Mr. Eyre ordered little Madcap's late room (opposite his own) to be made ready, and the same day drove over alone to meet Lord Lovel's heir.

Doune heard by chance of the expected arrival, and thought bitterly that it was like his father to give the welcome to a stranger that he refused to his own son.

No doubt the fellow would be a proud, supercilious ass, who would look down on his own and Madcap's pursuits, and this would be so much the better if he would only stick to Mr. Eyre's own side of the house, and not trouble them.

Doune said nothing to his sister—how could she understand? And he did not know that the two had already met at Lord Lovel's funeral and become friends beside his grave.

Meanwhile Mr. Eyre received the boy, who came eagerly to meet him, thinking of little Madcap, and rejoiced to escape from the tyranny of holidays in Eaton-square.

As Mr. Eyre looked at the clear-faced lad, sunny haired, and "bright of blee," as all the Lovels were, it struck him for the first time that he and Doune could not be more than a year apart in age, yet how different in looks, bearing, and attractiveness.

Mr. Eyre thought he might have loved such a son as this, as they went back together to the Red Hall, for the boy was fearless of him, and had, moreover, taken a liking, weeks ago, to the stern-faced man against whom his mind had not yet been poisoned by scandal.

Doune heard the carriage return, and listened sullenly for a summons to go below; but none came, and Madcap and he had their short evening alone, as usual, until suddenly "Dad" popped into her head, and down she jumped from her high chair to go to him.

Doune wrapped her up with his usual jealous care, and saw her depart in the nurse's arms; then sat down with darkening brows, and the old bitter feelings rising in his heart. As he had felt when his mother died, and before the softening influence of his little sister had come upon him, so he felt to-night as he sat alone and thought of how short his holidays were, and how completely Mr. Eyre would win her away from him in the end.

By a hundred trifles, and without questioning her, the boy had, during the past few days, discovered how close was the bond of sympathy between the pair; how in everything Mr. Eyre had anticipated him, even to teaching her the alphabet; how in every smallest detail of her nursery and dress Mr. Eyre's hand appeared, and was recognised by the little one.

"Dad carries me better than you do," or, "Dad tells much *pittier* stories than you does." Such expressions would now and then fall from her lips, and it required the exercise of all the boy's powers to keep her beside him, and for an hour together forget the existence of the lonely man who pored over his books in the opposite wing.

Too young to understand the situation, she accepted it with the unhesitating trust of childhood, and trotted from one to the other with a heart brimming over with love for each. But the servants and outsiders found the state of things between father and son unnatural, and said there was bad blood between the two, because the boy knew Mr. Eyre had been suspected of the murder of his wife, but was not permitted to know that Digges had tacitly proved himself guilty of the crime.

But here they erred. Doune had heard and knew nothing; but those who loved him might well tremble for its effect upon him when such knowledge came.

He was thinking of her to-night, when a step sounded without, followed by a chuckle, that announced Madcap. And the boy started up, thinking it was his father; but a tall lad brought in the child, who ran to Doune, crying out.

"Doune, Doune, here's that *nice* 'ittle boy me saw at the fooneal!"

The two lads, near of a height, though there was a year between them, offered in appearance a most striking contrast, as for a moment, boy fashion, they looked askance at each other; then the one held out his hand, and the other took it with an honest enough grip, and

without speech or any other preliminaries, there was at once a good understanding between them.

"What's 'oo name?" said Madcap, with hands behind her back, and a much-tumbled pinafore fully disclosed.

"Gordon Lovel."

Doune looked at him earnestly. So this was the new Lord Lovel; and how fondly he remembered the old one, the "Frank," who had been his and Dody's playmate, none but he himself knew.

"Come and have a ride on my rocking-'orse," said little Madcap, pulling at Gordon's hand; and so the two boys were given time in which to take each other's bearings, as the best sort of boys always will before rushing into a friendship that is no true one if it do not last a lifetime. Doune had endured his schoolfellows, but never had a real boy friend, neither had Gordon ever found one completely to his liking, so that before the evening was over, and in spite of Madcap's frivolous interruptions, the two boys had got so good a glimpse into each other's minds as made them part reluctantly, and with eager thoughts of the morrow. The three children breakfasted together, and it was afterwards that Mr. Eyre's unintentional revenge upon little Madcap began.

The boys, entirely taken up with one another, found the three-year-old child in their way; and, though both adored her, presently found an excuse to take her back to the house, then rushed away from her laments and spent their morning gloriously.

For there are so many perils and dangers into which mettlesome boys of eight and nine can get, even in a morning's excursion round a small estate, and so many pursuits through which a baby might not be carried, or how could they have climbed, leaped, and raced with the little one toiling behind them?

And they were happy, as boys can be happy, as man, woman, or girl never was nor ever will be: and of all heartsome, healthy sights commend me to a lad who, in the full flush of his youth and vigour, follows those innocent pursuits that are storing up strength within him against his manhood.

Mr. Eyre had seen the premature return, heard the childish sounds of lament, saw the little figure that ran, with socks down at heel, after the retreating boys, returning shortly with every sign of grief and disorder, and sobbing her heart out as she climbed the steps that led from the garden to her nursery. Surely she would come to him, Mr. Eyre thought; but she did not, and presently he swallowed his pride and went to her, though not even he could heal the wound her brother's desertion had inflicted upon her faithful heart. She permitted herself to be consoled at last, and even ran with smiles to meet the faithless ones when they appeared ruddy and hungry in the distance.

Doune snatched her up and kissed her fondly, then, seeing his father beyond, felt the colour of his spirits change; but Mr. Eyre demolished a difficulty, and established a right order of things by including both boys in his inquiries as to how they had amused themselves that morning.

Doune flushed and was tongue-tied for awhile; it gave him a new sensation to address the father who had not spoken to him for three years, but he forced out a few words, so that Gordon saw nothing amiss, and, liking both, was struck once more by the extraordinary resemblance between father and son.

But if Mr. Eyre did not hold himself aloof from the children, he never intruded on them.

They could come to him when they pleased; but he never went to them; their meals, their hours were different, and, having resumed his duties as magistrate, there were days when little Madcap seeking him for consolation, found none, so that thus early there were thorns in her babyish lot, and she learned to suffer before she understood the meaning of the word.

For that first day in which she found herself neglected had, with variations more or less cheerful, repeated itself during the ensuing fourteen, so that sometimes Madcap would be carried first by one boy, then the other, through all sorts of adventures, and anon found herself neglected for some rat-catching or bird-snaring exploit, from which her small presence was rigorously tabooed.

But, no matter what might have been their shortcomings to her during the day, of evenings they were her devoted slaves, and would play at every game possible to the whim or intelligence of a three-year-old child.

Hide and seek was perhaps the favourite one, and bursts of merriment would often be wafted to Mr. Eyre on the other side of the house, who about this time marked an almanac with the date at which a reply might be expected to the message he had sent Hester Clarke.

For if she would not obey his summons, he had made his mind up that he would go to her immediately.

And little Madcap? Well, she had disappointed him, as her mother had never done, and he loved her, to be sure, but—

And yet it wanted only the touch of two velvet lips, the love and trust of two gentle arms round his neck, to make the strong man weak as water, and vow to forego vengeance, if only he might hold the first place in the heart of his lost Madcap's daughter. As the holidays drew to a close the boys were more than ever inseparable, and one day Mr. Eyre asked Doune if he would like to join young Lovel at Eton after Easter, to which Doune replied in eager affirmative, colouring

for joy, but too tongue-tied to utter the gratitude he really felt.

But a better feeling had slowly grown up during the past weeks between the two, that Gordon's sunny temper and ways had done much to promote; for his was exactly the right influence for Doune, and came, too, in the very nick of time, and when it was most urgently needed. Nothing morbid could live in the healthy atmosphere Gordon made around him; while for Doune's strength of character and brilliancy of intellect the elder boy had the deepest admiration, so that the bond between them was one of unbroken harmony from the first.

Often they would talk of what they would do when grown up, and, living so close together, not a day passed but the boys went through the Lovel woods, sometimes even entering the house itself, and roaming through its neglected, desolate rooms, invariably ending in a visit to Job, who sat by the fireside, but would never be able to do any active work again.

He had come out of his fit perfectly clear in mind, save for one fixed hallucination, which was, that it was not his young master who had been buried under the name of Lord Lovel, but some other man, who resembled him, and whom Mr. Eyre had thought fit to bury thus for some reasons of his own.

He never acknowledged Gordon as the heir, but invariably addressed him as Master Lovel, and bade him not grow up idle, or looking to the inheritance, as any day "little Master Frank" might walk in and claim his own.

The boys humoured him in his fancies, and he liked them both; but best of all he loved little Madcap, who sometimes came with them, and concerning whom the old man had a supernatural belief that she was her mother born over again—that mother who had once been his master's girl-sweetheart, and who had been stolen from him by Mr. Eyre.

So between the old and broken man and the young fresh child a strong and faithful love grew with the years, and by the time she was ten there was not a story of Frank's beauty, bravery, and truth that she had not got by heart; and he had become that perilous, often most disappointing, creature upon earth—a child's hero; and for every flower that she laid on her mother's grave she laid one also for Frank.

* * * *

The last few days of the holidays passed in perfect bliss to Madcap, for the two boys (blaming themselves for their neglect) took her with them everywhere; carried her over wet places, but in dry ones allowed her to trot like a little dog at their heels, and if she got a tumble or two they were none the wiser, for she did not mind what bumps and bruises she got so long as she might follow them.

Neither of them could make enough of her during this time, and each night the boys went sore-hearted to bed and dreaded the parting with her more. On the night before they were to start, travelling together as far as town, Doune went to his little sister's cot before she fell asleep and sat down beside her.

"Madcap, my little darling," he said, "I've not been very kind to you these holidays; but I'll be better next time, and it won't be long." . . . He stopped a moment, with that smarting pain in the eye-balls that is a brave boy's way of crying, then went on—"and you'll be a good little girl, and get nurse to write me a letter once every week, telling me how you are, and I'll write to you often—and you must love me always."

"O! yes!" said Madcap, "you and Dad—and Geordie," she added, as an afterthought.

"Don't you love me better than Dad?" said the boy, his courage giving way, and the question forcing itself out.

"You and Dad!" said the child, dancing up and down in her cot. "Dad and Doony—love 'oo both!" and she kissed him fondly.

He thought to himself bitterly of how often he had neglected her, thus driving her to Mr. Eyre to be consoled, and indeed this fresh boy-love had for the time swept him off his feet, so that one day he soon forgot his usual visit to his mother's picture.

And when the fatal moment of parting came—when Madcap, drowned in woe, was splashing Doune and Geordie impartially with her tears and throttling them with her kisses, even then the boy could not forgive his father that equal share with himself in his little sister's heart.

"Good-by, Sir," said Geordie, taking Mr. Eyre's hand warmly; "and thank you for the brightest, happiest holidays I have ever had in my life."

"Come back at Easter," said Mr. Eyre, who really liked the lad in his way.

"Good-by, Sir," said Doune, his cold hand barely touching his father's; and if he had not been so tall of limb, and resolute of glance, his independence might have provoked a smile; as it was, Mr. Eyre met him in his own spirit, and in a final storm of sobs from Madcap, the school-boys departed.

CHAPTER XI.

When Mr. Eyre next went to Synge-lane he found Hester Clarke's reply to his message, in the form of a sealed letter to himself.

It had neither beginning nor ending, and contained very few words; but these were significant.

Janet Stork was dead, and she herself returning to England immediately. She had heard Mr. Eyre was resolved to seek her out, and most solemnly warned him to desist from any such attempt, since she could not tell him more than he did not already know of, and, for the sake of both the dead and the living, no power on earth should force her to open her lips on the subject.

"Justice may yet," said Mr. Eyre, aloud, as he folded the letter. "Tell her this from me when you write, that she shall speak, and I'll have the whole truth from her lips yet before I die;" and he went out, with a curious feeling that the battle was beginning over again, and that the peace of the last few weeks had been



but a rest before the coming struggle. So the clue that had dropped from Frank's dead hand was held safe in Hester's living one, and he would find and wrest it from her, though it took him a dozen years of search.

She could tell him nothing that he did not know already. Ay, that was true enough, for he knew her guilty of the murder, and to-day was more rooted in his belief of it than ever. His spirits rose as he walked home, and pausing at the churchyard, he thought that in time he might even come to forgive Frank, whose mind had no doubt been poisoned against him by the woman's lies.

Within an hour Mr. Eyre had telegraphed to the Governor of the convict settlement in which Janet had died for any information obtainable about the woman who had visited her.

Before night the answer came back, that nothing was known of Hester Clarke's plans beyond the fact that her destination was England, for which place she had sailed in the sailing-ship Arizona.

Here was material upon which to work, but inquiry only elicited the fact that Hester Clarke had left the ship at a port half-way home, though the captain did not think that her circumstances warranted the loss of half her passage money.

He had therefore returned it to her, and was much amazed when, by return of post, he received a cheque from Mr. Eyre, and a request for an immediate interview. This duly took place at Poplar, the honest bluff fellow refusing the money, but willing to give Mr. Eyre all the information he knew.

He said that he had heard she was going

home because the friend for whom she had come out to the settlement was dead, and she had been heard to say she wished she had died with her, as she had no friends to return to in her own country.

"And her appearance?" said Mr. Eyre.

"The handsomest creature I ever saw in my life," said the sailor, with a weather-beaten blush that did not escape the other, "but with that look on her face"—

"A look of guilt?" said Mr. Eyre, swiftly.

"Lord bless you, no," said the honest sailor, indignantly; "she wouldn't hurt a fly—but she looked like one who's seen sorrow, and maybe worse things, in her time. I asked her to marry me, Sir, and now the murder's out—but she wouldn't, and there's an end on't," he added, wondering what this stern, dark man might have had to do with her past life, or what with her future?

"You may thank God that she would not," said Mr. Eyre, drily. "You will be going back before long?"

"This day month."

"Keep a berth for me," said Mr. Eyre, "for I'll go with you."

"The accommodation's rough, Sir," said the man, feeling a curious unwillingness to set Mr. Eyre on Hester's track.

"What will do for a woman will do for me," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly, and, having paid for his passage, entered the day and hour of the ship's sailing in his pocket-book, shook the captain's hand and left him.

"I wish I may be doing her no ill turn," thought the honest fellow (honest and thorough as surely sailors are above all other men), "but I doubt if he finds her there—she's not the sort of woman to be caught if she's minded to give any man the slip." But as it turned out Mr. Eyre was not one of the half-dozen passengers who sailed in the good ship Arizona.

The very hour of his departure deferred to the last moment, that he might wish little Madcap good-by in her sleep, and so spare herself and him a scene of pain; nay, at the very moment when, cloaked and gloved, he entered the nursery, he was startled to hear her singing at the top of her voice, the tune abruptly changing to a horrible barking sound that tore his heart-strings where he stood, then saw the child struggling to rise, and terrified, gasping, fighting for breath, seemed in the act of dying before his eyes.

He tore at the bell, cursing the nurse for her neglect, but, swifter than any bell could travel, the woman, when those shrill clear notes of singing burst upon her ear, had fled downwards to order blankets and boiling water, and was back in the room before the look



"Sobbing her heart out as she climbed the steps that led from the garden to her nursery."



H. FORESTIER, DEL.

H. CHANE, SC.

of agony had died from Mr. Eyre's face as he sat with the convulsed child in his arms.

"Croup, Sir," she said, and whipped a bottle off the mantleshelf and poured out a teaspoonful; "the hot water will be here directly," and she poured the stuff down the child's throat; but though the hot water came as by magic, and Madcap's stiffened limbs were plunged in it, dose after dose of the ugly brown stuff was administered before the gasping struggles for breath grew quieter, and the contorted limbs grew still.

"Dad, *what is it?*" she said, looking up at him once, as helpless he hung above her, his agony greater than hers; and all his life long he never forgot that little piteous voice, the sight of her little terrified face in the midst of the steam and blankets, damp curls clinging to her brow . . . surely that other Madcap must see it, and blame him for his neglect of the child during the past weeks. He remembered that she had never been strong, though she seemed so. The little prematurely-born babe, that no one had expected to live, and she had been running wild with the boys, and fretting over their departure; and if Mr. Eyre himself had left half an hour earlier, she would have been crying out in her misery for "Dad," and there would have been none to answer.

He swore a vow then that if she recovered he would never again leave her—reveng? might go, but he would care for her as *she* would have done, whose very heart and body seemed to tremble with his as he gazed; and when, at last, the crisis of the attack was past and the child lying exhausted, but out of pain, in his arms, the man's stubborn soul rose up in him, and he recognised the God that had granted the life that He might have forfeited. For this demon by which the child is rudely shaken out of its slumber, and brought face to face with appalling suffering and often death, is one before which the strongest man, the most skilful surgeon, must bow; and the sight of the broken

"The young pair paced down the churchyard walk together, while the villagers looked after them."

nerve, the child's terror of the recurrence of the agony, are, even in the days of recovery, sadder still.

The weak voice, the pallid cheek, the overheated atmosphere of the room, remind the watcher of how precarious is the life that has once been so threatened; and when Mr. Eyre heard the last fiat of a famous London surgeon that nothing but the most devoted care and watching would shield her from constantly recurring attacks of a similar nature, he buried Hester Clarke and vengeance fathoms deep in his memory, and forbade them to rise again until summoned.

As he sat with the child in his arms, it struck him that somewhere he had seen something similar, and in this very room . . . and the child had been his own; but it was dead, and he had come hither as magistrate, with the ministers of Justice at his heels, to arrest the woman upon whose knees it lay for the murder of his wife.

Had the inevitable law of nature reproduced itself? was God to bring the sinner's heart to humanity through its nearest and best?

All that night Mr. Eyre watched beside the little steam-enshrouded figure. At daybreak the Arizona sailed; and as she parted her cables her captain rejoiced that she carried one passenger the less than had been booked.

Mr. Eyre himself put ship and man out of his mind, and on the day when he might have reached Hester's landing-place was wholly engaged in enjoying the frolics of a child who, in the sparkle of a young March day, had recovered some of the brightness that she lost in an illness that, though five weeks old, she had not hitherto been able to forget.

In one bitter short experience Madcap had learned the meaning of the word *death*, and shrank away from it—shrank even from visiting her mother's grave, and knew safety nowhere out of her father's sight.

She had been taken back to her old room opposite his, and not even Doune could have found the heart to oust her from it when, at Easter, he came back to find her languid; half her beauty of rounded outlines gone, threatened daily and hourly with the deadly complaint that had already seized her twice since the one that had appalled Mr. Eyre.

Perhaps the hearts of father and son merged their bitterness there at her side, and in their common love joined forces to protect her; perhaps jealousy showed as a mean and common thing as they watched over the little frail life that was the all of each; and the first fibre of respect in Doune stirred to his father when, after a long watch, Mr. Eyre laid his hand on the boy's shoulder and bade him go to rest. But first Doune went to his mother and, light in hand, looked in her eyes for reasons why she should so have loved Mr. Eyre.

Perhaps the boy found them there, so that he could subordinate himself to her happiness, and when, a few days later, Geordie came, her satisfaction was complete.

No need to tell the boys now to take care of her. Carried over every puddle, and up every hillside, little Madcap daily gained fresh strength and tone, so that the village folks smiled to see the "master" and the boys go by with her. The black drop of blood between father and son was gone, they said, praying Heaven that when he grew older he might not take the tragedy of his mother's end amiss and read Mr. Eyre wrongly, as in their secret souls they themselves had done. Some of the women said that in making an idol of the child he had made a phantom of the mother, and that he was more "foolish" over the second Madcap than he had been over the first; and this was true in a sense, for, while he had felt himself master of his wife's fate, *here* he knew himself helpless, and his love was all the purer that it was so much the less masterful. If outwardly he wore as proud a front and carried things with as high a hand as ever, inwardly he knew himself a changed man, who looked out on life with new eyes, and in whom the very lust for vengeance was for a time extinguished, so that he hardly thought of the Arizona or of how each day his chances of tracing Hester lessened.

About this time Mr. Eyre received a letter that puzzled him, since he could see no good reason why it should be addressed to *him* more than to any other person.

It was his way to read his letters through without first looking at their signature, so that only at the end of this one did he find enlightenment, and then only of a partial kind.

The writer said her son had joined the —th Foot (against her most urgent entreaties) in the thick of the Crimean War, that his name had never appeared among the list of killed or wounded, nor had his effects been forwarded to her, though, on inquiry at the War Office, she had elicited the fact that he had been sent back to England invalided at the close of the war. But home he had never come, and she feared some brain-injury that kept him apart from her, or that he had fallen into bad hands, for he was said to have a large sum of ready money in his possession when he sailed. The mother went on to say that, having seen in a newspaper an allusion to Mr. Eyre's return with the body of the late Lord Lovel, who had joined the regiment about the same time as her son (she was able to fix the date by a letter from her boy), she ventured to write and ask if Mr. Eyre had seen or knew anything of him, the Colonel and more than half the officers being dead, and the remainder now in India.

She added that he was twenty-three years of age, tall, fair, and blue-eyed, her only son, and she a widow.

His Christian name was Francis. Mr. Eyre's memory was accurate, and he remembered Colonel Lindsay's mentioning young Methuen, also some odd words that had escaped Frank in dying; but these he did not think worth repeating to the poor lady when he wrote to tell her that he had no knowledge of her son.

He received a more memorable letter some weeks later, perhaps the longest one that bluff sailor, Captain Pye, ever wrote.

He said he had stopped two days on his outward passage at the port Mr. Eyre would have visited, and had spent his whole time in making inquiries about Hester Clarke. Several people remembered her landing, as she was unveiled, and her beauty was so uncommon, and she was seen to enter a food-shop close to the harbour; but from the moment she left it not the slightest trace of her could be found. Many ships, both homeward and outward bound, touched at the port that day, and the captain could only suppose that she had gone away in one of them. She had effected some change in her dress at the shop (said the woman who kept it), and veiled herself so closely that her features could not be seen.

And the sailor concluded with the hope (meaning no offence) that since it was clear the poor soul did not wish to be traced, and had tried to burn her boats behind her, why, to his mind, 't would be only honourable in any man not to set sail in pursuit of her; and he begged to remain Mr. Eyre's faithful servant, Joseph Pye.

Mr. Eyre wrote a brief reply, in which he thanked him, and said that he still meant to take a sail in the Arizona one of these days, and should make it his business to know when Captain Pye's ship was in port. But somehow, the "convenient season" for that sail did not come. As years went by, and gradually little Madcap outgrew the fell complaint that had threatened her life so often, she still required all his care; and home ties and those connected with his estate bound him more and more closely to the life that had so fully satisfied him in the days before Hester Clarke came to trouble it.

If now and then a restless thought rose in his mind—if at odd moments the old puzzle rose and confronted him, demanding its solution, he put it by. Perhaps some inward sense told him that this time of peace was but the pause before the final struggle of his storm-tossed life. But the pause was a long one; and the years went by as days to the man who at no period of his life had found a day too long for its work.

And so in the eternal freshness of the "children's kingdom" the man lived and renewed his youth. So by slow but sure degrees during these happy, healthy years the old antagonism between father and son died out; for beside and between them stood Madcap with her love, and a hand in the hand of each.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

A boy was singing "As pants the hart for cooling streams," and the exquisite voice soared, as it were, to the very gates of heaven, then sank down and down like silver into the depths of a clear well—sank into the very souls of some of those who heard him, and, by some curious association of ideas, caused Mr. Eyre to start violently and lean forward to gaze at the singer.

Why, this was the very boy whose voice had so enchanted Mrs. Eyre one hot May morning that she had compared it to cool rills of running water that refreshed body and soul as they fell; and Mr. Eyre, who, for a wonder, had accompanied her to church, had laughed, saying she only found the voice uncommon because in looks the boy happened to be a cherub.

And there stood the boy, cherubic, sweet-voiced, singing the very same words, and looking as if he had never done anything but sing ever since; and yet it was impossible that he should be the *same*. This must be a younger brother. . . . With a sudden gesture Mr. Eyre brushed his hands across his eyes, then looked around him, much as Rip van Winkle may have done when he wakened from his long dream.

The boys and girls had grown into youths and maidens, the middle-aged folk had grown old, and many of the old men and women were missing from their places; the very clergyman had grown white-headed, and the clerk and sexton become bowed with rheumatism and age.

His glance came back to rest on the occupants of his own pew, and again he started, for it seemed to him that his wife stood before him—this was not the child who had drawn him hither each Sunday morning; but his lost Madcap, just as she had looked in the early days of her marriage, no whit older, or sadder, or less lovely than the girl at whom Mr. Eyre now so intently gazed.

The tall handsome lad beside her was Doune, the living image of what his father had been at twenty, and just then so deep in thought that his prayer-book had, unnoticed, slipped from his hand: but it was on the fourth occupant of the pew that Mr. Eyre's gaze dwelled longest, a frown slowly gathering upon his brow.

The young man who had caused it to gather would scarcely have heeded one of Jove's thunderbolts just then, for his ardent, eager eyes were fixed upon Madcap, who seemed unconscious of his presence and intent only on her devotions.

There was too much of the lover in that look, thought Mr. Eyre, experiencing that odd sense of repulsion which most fathers know when the lover comes to woo the young and delicate daughter. Perhaps some jealousy is its root. Perhaps the father's instinct has its origin in something nobler, and he trembles for the future of the tenderly-nurtured creature whose truest safety is by his side.

"I'll have no boy and girl love-making here," thought Mr. Eyre, looking keenly at Madcap, who caught the glance and half smiled. "I'm first with her yet," was the continuation of his thought, as, folding his arms and with gaze that went past her through the open door, he set himself to think of how it was that these twelve years had passed so swiftly that he had taken no count of them till to-day.

Madcap's rearing and the gradually acquired mastery of Doune had occupied him a long while; and then, to be sure, there were the perilous years of the two young men to be watched over at school and college, and his own duties as landowner and magistrate to be performed, and the "trivial round, the common task" had so filled his days, that he had not room even for the episodes of ambition and love that had on two several occasions threatened him. The first came when the Duke of Marmiton died, and Mr. Eyre was entreated in the Conservative interest to stand for the county; but to such entreaties he turned a deaf ear, because his home-ties so closely bound him that ambition offered no charms to him now.

The second episode came in the determinative siege of him by the Duke's widow, a beautiful woman, with whom Mr. Eyre had flirted before his marriage; and, as he would not run away, it was openly wondered that he did not marry her, if only to free himself from her persecutions.

For the rest, he had without an effort won back that position which he had once so entirely lost, and, in the eyes of his world, stood forth a man who had entirely lived down that one terrible, far-reaching sin of his youth, that in its consequences had so nearly wrecked his life.

But to-day, in his stubborn heart the old fierce question rose like a spectre, and demanded its reply. The time of peace was over, and the moment for uprising at hand; and the ice that during the past years had frozen hard over one hidden volcano in his heart, shivered at a breath, and in that hour of awakening he realised that, amidst all his duties, *she* had been forgotten. Madcap saw the light flash to his eye, the colour spring to his cheek, as rising, and making a gesture to them not to follow, he left the church, and walked straight to his wife's grave, where he stood for awhile looking down on it; then plucked a daisy, and placed it beside another that his pocket-book held; but with the second he laid away a vow.

Ay; but once before, and by her scarce cold clay, he had sworn an oath to her, and forgotten it; he had been happy in his home-life, while *she*, who had no share in it, lay here neglected and alone, while, secure from pursuit, her murderer walked the earth.

He had been asleep, but now he was *awake*, and to the bitter end would pursue that scheme so abruptly broken off by his little daughter's illness.

She was strong enough now, and, besides, there were others to love her if anything happened to himself. There was Doune: the boy's splendid training at his father's hands had left few fears as to his moral future: it was only from an intellectual standpoint that his father had fears for him, and he dreaded that abuse of application to the lad's studies that usually resulted in sleepless hours, and latterly in one or two curiously prolonged attacks of sleep-walking. But this tendency he would outgrow, and as to those issues involved in Doune's future knowledge of the manner of his mother's death, Mr. Eyre never troubled himself with conjectures concerning them; the boy knew *him*, ay, and loved him, as the father was very well aware.

Before he left his wife's grave, and long before that homily misnamed a sermon was half over, he had chalked out his plans, arranged his campaign, and on reaching home in consulting his "Shipping Gazette," in which, as by a miracle, he found the very information he most desired.

His daughter's eyes had followed him as he left the church; but Doune had scarcely seemed to notice his father's exit, while Gordon thought that the flush on her cheeks, the unwonted restlessness of her movements, were due rather to her thoughts than Mr. Eyre's abrupt departure.

It was the young fellow's last day here; to-morrow he would return with Doune to keep his last term at Oxford, and then he would come home to settle down at the Towers.

Gordon saw Madcap there as his wife, and he meant to turn the old place upside down before he took her home to it, which would be somewhere about next autumn, he supposed, as then she would be full sixteen years old.

No lovers showed on the horizon; but, with one of those presages of true love or fear that often we call supernatural, the young fellow longed for some sign or promise of love from her before he left on the morrow.

He would be gone such a little while; and surely there could be no hurry; yet, as her eyes travelled past him down that gradually diminishing perspective of aisle and churchyard that ended in her mother's grave, he said to himself that he would within the hour put his

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fate to the touch, without the leave of Mr. Eyre or any other.

As the preacher's dull booming voice sounded faintly from afar, Gordon (unconsciously following Mr. Eyre's steps) went through a kind of retrospect of the past twelve years, in which the foremost figure was always—if with a hundred variations—Madeap.

If at three years he had slighted while he adored her, at six she had assumed airs of sovereignty to which he had submitted, while each succeeding year gave her fresh superiority over the lads who grew so fast, and must pass through all those awkward stages of youth through which the girl herself danced and played without the loss of a single grace or charm.

Tricksy as a brook that laughs over pebbles, but anon sinks into silence between high banks, with a depth of character that ran hand in hand with those wild madeap spirits from which her mother had taken her name, as clear-brained as she was simple, as innocent as she was strong, Gordon's mind had never held but one idea of womanhood from his birth; and Madeap filled it.

His love exactly matched that pure, boyish ardent one that his dead cousin, Lord Lovel, had felt for Madeap's mother. Sixteen and eighteen, these had been the ages of the young pair, and now Gordon was eighteen and the younger Madeap fifteen and a half; and why might he not speak and secure his happiness before some other man appeared to dull or destroy his hopes?

In her education had been included no forward thoughts of men, and no self-consciousness marred that virginal look which we sometimes see in very young girls who from their birth have been kept far out of the reach even of a chance smirch of evil, and whose souls have been left as God made them, not moulded to the lives of those to whom their training has been intrusted.

She was dressed in white, as it was Mr. Eyre's whim that she always should be; her gown was simply made, and reached to her ankles, while long white silk mittens that reached to her elbows were tied with narrow ribbons, and black shoes with silk stockings inside shod the most beautiful little foot in the county. But when the benediction was spoken, and the young pair paced down the churchyard walk together, while the villagers looked after them and smiled, as people will at the sight of love, youth, and beauty, Gordon's heart sank, so that in silence they went through the little gate and took the path that led homeward through Lord Lovel's woods, Doune having started off alone and at a great pace.

Softly as those who are shod in velvet the two went, and this silence was so unlike his roguish, saucy Madeap that, trembling, he thought she must know what was on his lips, and that, O! blessed and unsus-

pected sign of love, she was shy as himself.

The young May breezes stole ruffling round their lips and cheeks, for here might always be found freshness and shade; but even the beauty of her beloved woods could not rejoice the girl's heart that day, and when presently Gordon stooped down to look into her averted face, he saw that tears were running down her cheeks.

"Madeap!" he cried, moved to the soul by these signs of grief that must surely be for himself, "don't cry; I shall soon be back. This is May the 10th, and I shall be back the first week in July—come home for good."

"It's not you," said Madeap, ungratefully, as she dried her eyes; "it's—it's Doune!" The young lover recoiled, and the words of love died on his lips.

"Can't you see that he is killing himself with over-work?" said the girl, unheeding Gordon's looks; "he has been up night after night all through the recess, yet he rises at the same hour as we do, and he gives himself no rest; and now he is going back unrefreshed to harder work still, and he will take to walking in his sleep, and perhaps fall off a chimney and be killed—my dear, darling Doune!"

"He has never gone farther than the door of his chambers," said Gordon, in unsympathetic tones; "the bolts always wake him up—besides, I'm there to see that he comes to no harm."

"And yet you are going to leave him," said Madeap, looking at him with eyes in which reproach drowned itself in tears; "and who is going to pick him up, pray, if he falls out of a window, or—or telegraph to get me up in time?"

"You know, Madeap," said the young fellow, coldly, "that your father arranged for me to leave college one term before Doune did; but if you are so anxious to get rid of me for six months longer, why, I will stay the last term."

"Do," she said, her face clearing up; "and you and he shall come back together, and we will all be as happy—as happy as can be!"

"Shall we?" said Gordon, rather wistfully. "I don't know. I'm not given to presentiments; but somehow I feel as if this were the last of our happy days, and that trouble is closing round us."

The girl started as though a chill breath had pierced the warm air around, and she grew a little pale as she said—

"I felt like that just now; but it is only that you are both going away to-morrow, and so we have got out of spirits and superstitious. I even thought there was something amiss with father when he went out, and stayed so long by mother's grave; have you seen any signs of restlessness in him lately?" she added.

Now this was the last straw on Geordie's back. To be questioned about an elderly gentleman's bodily signs when you are bursting with your first declaration of love is surely beyond the endurance of any proper man of spirit.

"He is getting old," said Gordon, brusquely, and turning his back on her.

"Old?" repeated the girl in a startled tone. "Dear old dad is growing old? How dare you say such a thing, or turn your back upon me, Sir?" she added, stamping her foot (and here I must regretfully remark that she invariably stamped twice, where once would have satisfied her mother), and a flood of angry crimson rushing to her cheeks.

"He is getting old," said the young fellow, turning round to face her, with eyes angry as her own; "and of course he has whims, and can't sleep at nights, and feels the heat in church. But is all this any reason, pray, why you should forget I am going away, as well as Doune, to-morrow?"

"Poor Geordie!" she said; and he felt that he hated his name, and wished it had been any other. "But you will come back; and you are so young; and you say he is getting old. . . . Why, there is no real work for which he is not fitter and stronger than you or Doune!"

"Thank you," said Gordon, feeling the insult to his youth keenly. "Perhaps when Doune and I are elderly men, there may be one or two things that we can do to your satisfaction."

"Elderly men are so much more interesting than young ones," said the girl, stooping to pluck a sorrel-leaf, and grimacing as she ate it. "But what is the matter with you this morning? You look as cross as two sticks, and usually you are so good-tempered!"

"Good-tempered!" exclaimed the sorely tried young man. "Why, to be a good-tempered man is to be the butt—the fool of one's company!"

"Yes—but you are only a boy," said Madeap, slipping her hand through his arm as she spoke; "how dreadful it will be when we are really grown up," and she sighed, as at the thought of departing joys.

"I don't suppose any of us will grow much more," said Gordon, gloomily, and feeling that his wooing was going from bad to worse, "though I have heard of girls growing after they were sixteen."

"But I'm only fifteen and a half, Geordie," said the girl, almost piteously, as she looked up into his clouded face, and speaking as one who laments to lose something precious; "don't forget that every year I grow older: father gets older too—as you were cruel enough to remind me just now!"

"And youth is the time in which to enjoy yourself, and I am growing older, too," said Gordon, with a ruthlessness that only the pain of love could justify. "Are we to be children *always*, because Mr. Eyre is a quarter of a century ahead of us?"

Madeap drew her hand away, and, with something of her father's odd sense of awakening, looked at the young man before her.

"You are grown up, I suppose," she said, after a minute's dispassionate survey of him, "and you have a moustache—I never noticed it before—and Doune has none; but he is a year younger than you, and, after all, I don't think one would suit him."

He answered nothing; he was dumb with helpless anger and misery as he walked beside her.

Her instinct, usually so fine, was at fault here; for, preoccupied by thoughts of Doune and her father, she never dreamed of the turmoil going forward in the breast of her companion, and who in her mind, and despite that unexpected discovery of his moustache, was still a boy.

"Let us sit down," she said, as one suddenly fatigued; and Gordon felt that the sequel to his chapter of accidents had come, when he found himself enthroned on moss, in all the agony of those go-to-meeting clothes that he abhorred.

His tall hat, at least, he might lose without indecorum, and this he sent flying with a vigour that nearly wrecked it against a neighbouring tree, and brought Madeap to a more attentive consideration of him than she had hitherto vouchsafed.

His good looks, though remarkable in themselves, were of that Saxon order that no one dreams of calling uncommon, and he had always suffered in Madeap's eyes from being placed in juxtaposition with Doune, whose keen, dark, brilliant beauty was peculiar to the males of his family.

"Are you all bewitched together?" she said; "first father, then Doune, now you?"

"Yes, I am bewitched," he said, not looking at her, and thinking that no man of mettle or sense ever sat down to a declaration of love, and certainly not with such scant encouragement as was his.

To be chaffed, to be called a boy at nearly one-and-twenty, to be congratulated on a moustache, as if it were a new doll or a pop-gun, to suggest sitting down when he would have found it a better sign in her if she had run away from him; were not all these things sufficient to anger even one of the gentle, sweet-blooded Lovels? When he had dispatched his gloves after his hat he felt better, but still looked cross enough to amaze Madeap, who had not the clue to his thoughts, and who now capped all her other misdeeds by bursting into a peal of laughter.

"Why don't you send your coat after the rest?" she said. "I've seen you often enough in your shirt-sleeves—though I don't find the day hot at all; I am perfectly cool."

"You need not tell me that," said the young man, who had folded his arms on his breast, and now looked



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as miserable as he had before looked angry. "You are always cool about everything that concerns *me*, but you put yourself into a fever if your father or Doune get a finger-ache."

"Why, Geordie," she said, opening her eyes very wide, "are you *jealous*?"

"My name is Gordon," said the young fellow, crossly. "Whoever nick-named me that detestable *Geordie* ought to be shot. I may be only a boy, but I'll be hanged if I answer to that name again."

"Shall I call you Lord Lovel?" she said, in a gentle voice, that made him turn swiftly to look at her; but alas!

In her fair cheeks two pits do lie; and these pits were filled up and brimming over with laughter as the rest of her face, and while ravishing, served only to enrage him.

"I'll tell you what it is, Madcap," he said; "if you go on laughing at me this way, I'll box your ears—or—kiss you."

"It would not be for the first time," said Madcap, placidly, and with a shameless disregard of her situation; "kissing

"She fell against its bole, and lay stunned."

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me I mean. But as to the other, why that's one of my prerogatives; for you know I've boxed *your* ears almost ever since I was born."

"Yes—that's just it," said the young man, bitterly. "I was fool enough to *let you*, whereas if I had given you a lot of trouble, and kept you in order, you would think twice as much of me now. As it is, Doune and your father make a double-first (he laughed angrily at his own bad joke), and I'm not in it."

"Yes, you are," she said, but rather coldly, for she was offended at the rebellion of her slave; "but, of course, they are *first*. And your stupid joke reminds me of something I wanted to ask you; do you think Doune will pass with first-class honours next term?"

"Hang first-class honours!" said Gordon, letting go the last remnant of his manners.

"By all means, Lord Lovel," said Madcap, red with anger. "To be sure, with you it is a case of sour grapes, for you never had a chance of winning any; your chief laurels were earned in cricket and boating."

"And a very good job, too," cut in Gordon, ruthlessly. "If I had glued my nose to my books as Doune did, and not taken him down the river for a breather now and then, he would be in a mad asylum by now."

"Oh! there's no disgrace in rowing in the Oxford Eight," said Madcap, loftily, "especially if you can't do anything else"—here Gordon bounced on his mossy seat, and felt that a few more minutes of this would finish him—"but then you *kept rats* in your rooms, and"—

"Uncommonly useful they were," said Gordon, heartlessly. "I trained them to run up Doune's legs, and they sent him off to bed every night a good three hours before he would otherwise have gone."

"And you were had up before the dons" —

"Old asses," interpolated Gordon, parting with his last shred of manners.

"And were nearly rusticated," said Madcap, swallowing a smile, and with her voice stern as she could make it; "but that was for some disgraceful piece of business that you got into all by yourself, for Doune and father could tell me nothing about it."

"That's my business!" he said, shortly; "but I'm getting tired of being a mere caretaker to Doune"—

"A caretaker?" said Madcap, sitting erect, and with flashing eyes. "Is he not strong and clever enough to take care of himself?"

"Is he?" said Gordon, still in that hard tone. "Well, I gave up the Guards to remain with him at Oxford"—

"I thought it was because you wished to settle down at the Towers," said Madcap, whose colour had begun to sink before the energy of the young man, so that in ten minutes he had gained that place in her esteem which twenty-one years of honest unselfish service had not bought him.

"I could have settled down here all the same," said Gordon. "I should have enjoyed a few years in the Army down to the very ground—I was never cut out for pursuits such as Doune loves—for, as you say, I have no brains, never had any."

Madcap said nothing, but looked at him with new eyes, as, with averted head, he went on speaking.

"I am talking like a sweep," he said, "but you have provoked me into it, and whatever I have done for Doune, I take no credit for it—it was not for him"—he turned and looked at her, and through all his anger and trouble the yearning, eager look in his eyes showed like a rift of blue sky through clouds, and touched Madcap to the heart.

"We have never quarrelled before, Geordie—much," she said, with a little tremble of the mouth; "and I do not want you to go—angry."

His face changed as one may see a field of grain that is colourless beneath a stormy sky, pass suddenly into a flood of gold, one knows not how, one knows not whence, but light is there . . . and so in a human soul love will work the selfsame miracle, and Madcap drew back startled at the transfiguration her words had wrought in the young fellow's face.

"Madcap," he cried, forgetting to think of whether he were sitting or standing (and, in point of fact, he was kneeling), "I have been a brute to you—but I was so jealous and so miserable—and you'll forgive me, dear, won't you?" he said, humbly, as he took the slender mitted hand, prayer-book and all, and kissed it passionately.

Now, if he had kept up his hard-heartedness two minutes longer perhaps, if he had boxed her ears soundly, as he had threatened, she might have taken him as master for once and all "under the greenwood-tree," for her spirit had responded to his manliness; and next to her father and Doune, she had always loved him best—and often the second-best love ends by becoming the first.

But that kiss made him once more her slave, and the lesson of love was as yet beyond her comprehension, since there was no inward teaching to enable her to learn it. . . . And so Gordon got a stone for bread when she said, with her hand still in his.

"You know I love you, and I cannot bear you to go away, and to-morrow this time I shall be crying over you both"—

"Both!" he could have let go her hand, but that he was ashamed of his late outbreak, and wanted to atone for it. And there were tears in her eyes, rarely enough permitted by her three faithful henchmen. Yet he risked all as he said:

"Are you crying for Doune or for *me*?"

She looked at him with the tears in her eyes, trembling, but still unfallen on her cheeks, and perhaps (though so young) some glimmering of love came to her then, and unwittingly she stood on its brink perhaps (for who shall fix to a moment the turn of the tide, the decline of a sunset, or the meridian of summer?). She might have taken the golden mount that led on to happiness and honour, but that some need from within, some lack from without stayed her.

Gordon felt that the moment was missed, and the opportunity gone, as she said, holding up her face to him like a scolded child who seeks to make amends,

"You'll kiss me, Geordie, and be 'friends'?"

Perhaps the sanctity of her youth sank into him then . . . perhaps the thought of certain passages in his life shamed him . . . but as they leaned their two young heads together, curiously alike as a youth and a maiden often are, he only kissed her cheek.

Was he a fool? I trow not.

CHAPTER II.

"You have taken a long while to walk home," said Mr. Eyre, as Madcap entered his study, and came quickly to his side. "Had Gordon some entertaining story to tell you to-day?"

He held her from him as he spoke, and looked at her keenly, but her colour neither rose nor fell as she said, "O! no, father, but he was out of sorts and miserable, and we quarrelled, but it's all right now—we've kissed and made friends."

Mr. Eyre looked at the girl's cheek and lips as though he expected to find a stain on them, then said,

"Pray, what did you quarrel about?"

"He thought I cared only for you and Doune," she said, hanging her head a little; "but I *do* love him—next to you two, better than anyone in the world."

"So we are first?" said Mr. Eyre.

"Yes," she said, looking at him wistfully and tenderly, for with Madcap familiarity had never bred contempt in her for her father; "you and Doune, Doune and you."

"Poor Gordon!" said Mr. Eyre, as, unsummoned from the past, a girl's face rose up before him, unkindled, with no light of love on it, yet a betrothed wife, and presumably beyond the reach of any other man's love.

"Child," he said, abruptly, "I am going away."

She lifted her head from his shoulder and drew back, a startled look in her eyes.

"Going away, dad?" she said, her voice chilled by that curious foreboding that had dwelled in her mind all day. "Are you going up with the boys?"

"No," he said; "further than that—at the outside, I may be away two months."

Two months! And, save for that one flying visit to Poplar, he had not slept out of his bed a single night these twelve years; and tears were in Madcap's eyes as she said,

"Where are you going, father?"

Here was a question he had not anticipated, but his answer came without a pause,

"I am going on business—business connected with your mother."

"Is it so urgent?" she said, looking anxiously in his face. "Can anything do her any good now, or make her *happier* than she is?"

"Yes, it is urgent enough," he said, not heeding her last question; "and yet it has been waiting for my attention these twelve years. I have been supine, in my dotage; but I'm awake now; and you'll be happy enough, child, while I'm away."

"Who was it that said that 'a woman of forty is only beautiful to those who have loved her in her youth'?" he said, getting up and pacing restlessly the room. "And she would be verging towards that by now—yet more lovely than you are, or ever will be."

He looked searchingly at the girl, who had paled but not shrunk before this new and unsuspected phase of his character, then said:

"Does not the fashion change once in twelve years? For see here"—he unlocked a drawer and brought out a full-length miniature—"here is her very dress—her hat—just as she wore them to church on the first Sunday after our marriage; and you are wearing their very doubles"—(he held the portrait out as she advanced to look)—"but the photograph itself is a wretched daub, and you'll never get any real idea of her from that, or her picture. You must look in the glass if you want to see her image."

"Am I so like her, father?" said the girl, looking at him steadfastly, and subduing each sign of alarm at the excitability of manner visible in the usually cold, proud man.

"Yes," he said, looking at her fixedly, "you are so like her that you have *reminded* me of her. Good God! to think she has lain out yonder cold and forgotten—forgotten through twelve years."

"No," said the girl, firmly, "she has never been forgotten—not a day has passed that I have not laid flowers above her; and when Doune was at home we went together."

"But I laid none," said Mr. Eyre; "though I have plucked a daisy or two; and her blood cries out to me"—

"It is at rest," said Madcap, softly; "and though we shall go to her, she will not return to us; and there are the living to think of as well as the dead."

"You will do well enough without me, child," said Mr. Eyre, grimly: "the book of youth is more suitable to your reading than that of age, and to-day I've woken up to the fact that I am over fifty, and that whatever work I have to do, I must do quickly."

"You are *not* old," she said, with tears in her eyes, as she remembered Gordon's words; "you are a dear, handsome, darling Dad, as you always were, and ever will be"—and with a sob she reached up her arm and caught him as he would have passed her.

"No, no, child," he said, "I am old—I have looked at myself in the glass, and there are two lifetimes at least between you and me. There was only one between me and your mother, so to-day she seems nearer than you are. And you will be happy enough with the boys—*she* was never as happy with hers as with me."

He was walking quickly to and fro as he spoke, startling Madcap with the signs of excitement that pointed surely to brain mischief; but he caught the fear in her eyes as it rose, and said—

"I'm sane enough, child—but to wake out of a sleep, a sleep of twelve years, to find so much left undone that *ought* to have been done"—

"But have you not done much?" she said, her young voice unconsciously stern; "have you not made your children happy, and would *she* have wished more?"

"So I have made you happy, Madcap," he said, looking at her, "and whatever sins may be on my shoulders I can tell her *that* when I see her. And now we'll go to lunch, and after that I have business to do, though it's Sunday, and then we'll go for a walk instead of to church, and I'll tell you all your duties, as young Squire while I'm away."

His eyes were brilliant, he was unlike his usual self as he led her to the dining-room, where the young men and lunch had long awaited them.

"He is handsomer than Doune," was Gordon's first thought, as the pair came in; and he understood better that infatuation of Mrs. Eyre for her husband, which had hitherto seemed to him a fable.

"So I have kept you waiting," said Mr. Eyre, as he sat down at the head of the table, with Madcap on his right; "and yet I am hungry, too": and he carved for them all with vigour, and even helped himself with a liberal hand.

"So you are going away to-morrow, boys," he said, presently. "Well, I am going, too; but farther than you."

"Where are you going, father?" said Doune, looking up, astonished, while Gordon was wondering what made Madcap so pale and unlike herself.

"I am going on business connected with your mother, and perhaps I may travel with you as far as town."

"And what will Madcap do all alone?" said Doune, with some dissatisfaction in his voice. "Couldn't you put off your travels, Sir, till I am at home again to take care of my sister?"

"Not I," said Mr. Eyre. "I've put them off these twelve years, and they'll wait no longer. And the child will be happy enough." He turned to look at her. "She shall be my Squire—a madeap Squire—transact all my business, answer my letters"—

Then you expect to be gone some time, Sir?" interrupted Doune.

"A couple of months, perhaps—or may be less," said Mr. Eyre.

"Then I think, Sir, with all respect to you, that Madcap should have someone with her during so long, and perhaps uncertain an absence as yours promises to be."

"Oh! there's Nan," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly; "the child couldn't have a better sheep-dog, and I'll have no half-educated women or people of that sort to spoil her mind and manners. And of course she'll see no company—not even young Busby," he added, with rather a grim look at Gordon, and beneath which the young fellow coloured.

"So that's settled," said Mr. Eyre; "but you boys are drinking nothing"—and he called to the butler to bring up some rare old Burgundy that they were fond of, and when it came he would have Madcap drink a little of it too; but by some mischance she spilt the wine on its way to her lips, so that the drops ran down over her white gown like drops of blood.

Mr. Eyre started violently, as he saw the trifling occurrence, in that very chair her mother had sat: and he had given her a glass of that very same old wine, and she had spilled it on her white gown, and afterwards he had remembered it as an omen of evil though he had been in such high spirits as to be "fey" that night.

"Why, this is a Quaker's meeting," said Mr. Eyre, rousing himself as the butler softly closed the door, shaking his grey head at the signs of mischief he saw in his master. "Madcap, little maid, will you have some sweets," and he half filled her plate as he spoke. But the sweets lay untouched; and when he looked at her, it was to find her struggling desperately against tears, her second foolish outburst that day.

"Why, Madcap," he said; then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling and all his old tenderness for her, went to her side, and put his arms round her.

"Dad," she said, her voice steady, though tears rolled down her cheeks, "Dad—don't go away; trouble will come of it, and we are all so happy. *Don't go.*"

"This hot day has upset you," said Mr. Eyre; "but you'll be better by-and-by," he added, as Gordon, unable to endure the sight of her tears, rose and went to

the window. "Come, we'll fetch your hat and go out; it will be cool enough now in the shade," and he led her out of the room.

Doune was the first to stir after they left, and frowned as he went out: he had long ago mastered his old jealousy, and that "black drop of original sin" that the angels are said to have squeezed out of Mohammed's heart when he was an infant, had gradually withered and died in the brother's breast. But he felt that here was something amiss, something that he was shut out from, and with a boy's fierce prejudices regarding the safety of the woman of his family, he blamed his father for the carelessness that left the girl unguarded for two whole months.

But for those laurels that he had worked night and day to win, that he knew were now within his grasp,

he would have stayed to watch over her; and dear as was ambition to the ardent brilliant lad, he was within an ace of throwing up everything to stay at home and guard his sister.

He went to his father later, and told him this.

"Whom do you fear?" said Mr. Eyre, coldly; "the servants of this house are all old and tried; in the village there is not one soul that would harm her. And as for lovers"—he paused, "the idea's horrible—but must be entertained one of these days, and of course she'll marry Gordon."

"You would not oppose it, Sir?" said Doune, drawing a deep breath, as one relieved of intense anxiety.

"No," said Mr. Eyre, with an effort; "but not for some years—it is like cutting off an arm or a leg, but necessary, I suppose, and better fathers than I have lived through it."

Later in the day came Gordon, who said, without prefix of any sort,

"I love your daughter, Sir; when I come home in July, may I ask her if she will marry me?"

"You have not asked her yet—there has been no foolish love-making between you?" said Mr. Eyre, looking at him keenly.

"No," said Gordon, looking down, "she is so young . . .

it would be a kind of sacrilege, and yet"—he raised his head boldly—"I would have asked her this morning if she had not laughed at me so, and I saw that as yet she does not know what love means."

"And do you?" said Mr. Eyre, seeing his own Maecap's lover over again in the young man who stood before him.

"Did you wait till you were forty before you found out what love meant, Sir?" said Gordon, steadily. "To my mind, youth is the time in which to love and be happy—and a man's first love is his purest and best."

"You have never tried a last one," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly, "so you can't tell. But if she *must* marry (though I see no reason for it) she may as well marry you as anybody else. I don't see any rivals ahead," he added, with a sort of grimace. "You see she is so young, and woosers have not yet discovered what a treasure the Red Hall contains; but, mind you, there shall be no engagement till she is sixteen, and no marriage till a year or two after *that*. By-the-way, all this is without *her* consent, are you sure of it? To be sure, she cried to-day, and perhaps that was for you—though I took her tears to myself."

"I can do no more than love her, and tell her so; the rest lies with her," said Gordon, with true manliness, as he went away, leaving Mr. Eyre to that "business" which his coming had disturbed.

Although the Sabbath evening, he was deep in those matters that a prudent and orderly man sets in order before setting out for a journey, not in itself dangerous, but from which it is possible he may not return.

On the table before him lay the reply to the telegram that a servant had that afternoon ridden ten miles to



dispatch, waiting for the answer, that came more quickly than was expected, and dating from the "Sauey Poll," Poplar, announced the sailing of the Arizona at day-break on Tuesday morning, a berth being retained for Mr. Eyre, according to his telegram just received.

When the heaviest part of his correspondence and work was done, Mr. Eyre, catching sight of that open sheet, felt a sudden conviction of the uselessness of this voyage, and for a moment (common-sense having returned to him in the monotony of his work) wavered in his determination to go.

For what trace, after twelve years, could he hope to find of Hester Clarke in that port where she had touched but for a few brief hours? And vengeance could not make *her* sleep the sounder; and to see the whole terrible story raked up—to see himself in his children's eyes as a thing to break their hearts with shame, why surely any sane man might have turned his back on the distempered visions of the day, and gone out into the summer evening, thanking God for the peace that was yet within his keeping?

But Mr. Eyre was not then in his right senses; one of those crises of excitement that sometimes at long, sometimes at short intervals invariably overtook each male of his race, had seized him now, and he must work out whatsoever destiny he carved to himself in those

feverish moments. He turned back to his table, his cheque-book, his accounts, and instructions to his agent, working at them till far into the night, and long after the rest of the household slept.

At daybreak he rose, and, extinguishing the lights, went to his daughter's room, where he found her fast asleep, with tears on her cheeks, that had also fallen on one of the young, tender arms that pillowed her head.

Where had he seen something like this before? he thought, as he stood looking at her, and then he remembered . . . it had been at the White Lodge, the late Duke of Marmiton's house, and for his own selfish whim he had kept his wife there, and refused her leave to go home to see her children, and she had gone to sleep with tears on her cheeks, and Dody's gift of sweet-briar in her hand, and next morning had risen early, and upon an ass, escorted by Lord Lovel, had set out on the journey that had made the scandal of the county.

Yet Mr. Eyre had no more ruth now than then; he was still "fey," a man who must e'en dree out his weird to its bitterest conclusion, and upon whom praise and blame were alike wasted, unless the responsive impulse came from within.

By eight o'clock he was in the saddle to ride to the county asylum (seven miles distant), and by nine he had reached it.

"There is no change in her, Sir," said the governor, bowing low to his superior; "she just plays with her diamonds from morning till night, but not a word of sense does she speak, though we've watched her night and day these twelve years."

"Perhaps the sight of the woman Clarke might rouse her," said Mr. Eyre. "I'm going to look for her (though that's between ourselves), though if she is as guilty as I think, my journey will be but a wild goose chase."

"For myself, Sir," said the man, with a certain hesitation of manner, "I think there's not a doubt Digges committed the murder, egged on by the woman Josephine for the sake of the jewels. But in some way Hester Clarke is mixed up with it, and the most wonderful thing in maniacs is the way they will keep lock and key on some private brain-cell that we can't pick, however cunningly we try; and that there's some such knowledge she's watching over, you can tell by her very glance."

"Take me to her," said Mr. Eyre, abruptly, and followed his guide into a room where, clean, happy, smiling, Josephine Digges advanced to meet them.

She had grown stout in the midst of the plenty for which Mr. Eyre had paid. She was happy in the diamonds that sparkled on her round neck and arms, and grasped a bit of tissue paper with which she had



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been rubbing them. But at sight of Mr. Eyre a shade passed over her features, and she stood still as one on guard.

"What did you see Hester do?" he said, his eyes fixed on hers. "Did Hester kill her, or did Digges?"

The woman listened attentively, a gleam of reason seeming to start across her face.

"Hester stole up the ladder," she said, as one who accidentally remembers a forgotten fact; "but it was all over before then—and she laughed vacantly, and sat down on the ground to begin polishing anew at one of her diamond bracelets.

"What did she see?" said Mr. Eyre, losing his hold on her as her gaze wandered away.

"Murder," said the woman, not looking up, though she shivered. "But diamonds are beautiful"—and she kissed the stones passionately as the two men left the room.

"Have her watched more closely than ever," said Mr. Eyre, as he rode away at a hard gallop to pay one other visit before he left home that day. It left him barely time to make his final home arrangements, and catch the afternoon train to town.

He found Madeap bright and busy, seeing to a hundred comforts for himself that he had overlooked; while the "boys," as she still called them, came in for a large share of her attention. If she packed up a stray tear or two with her father's shirts, Doune's books, and Gordon's cricket-flannels, who should count them but herself when, brave and smiling, yet desolate in the midst of this breaking of her household gods, she stood at the door to see the departure of all she loved on earth?

Her tears had all been got over yesterday; to-day

"Why did you not tell my father?"

she was used to sorrow, and kissed two, all without a sob, her father last of all.

"Good-by, Gordon," she said, and kissed him first, on the cheek, with her arms half lifted to his neck.

"Good-by, Doune," she said, and kissed him on the lips, with her arms about his neck. But to her father she clung, and kissed his neck only, in an agony of grief that knew no consolation.

Yet her arms released him first; it was *her* impulse that dispatched him when, for ever and ever, Mr. Eyre left peace and happiness behind him as he drove away from the Red Hall.

CHAPTER III.

Seven miles of wood may make a kingdom; and to Madcap the glades surrounding her home were a joy, an endless delight, a place in which she might wander as one who stands lonely on the seashore, and think out some of those perplexing questions that will rise in a young girl's mind, and that not even a mother or a father knows how to answer.

She sighed, and could have wept, as she stood on the other side of the cowslip meadow; for she felt starved of human voices, human company; missed the strong male influence that had hitherto swayed her life; longed to hear the firm step on the stair, to feel once more the all-dominant sense of safety that the shelter of Mr. Eyre's strong arm had hitherto afforded her.

Had he not been a little selfish, she thought, with the first shadow of blame she had ever cast on that beloved man; might he not have found someone who could have talked with her without, as he said, spoiling her manners and ruining her mind?

To be sure she had her books, and he had marked her out a course of studies that might astonish a fashionable blue; but books were *not* people; and Madcap the younger was one of those people who love laughter; a joke, innocent fooling of all kinds, and was such good company that long ago the "boys" had found it far more delightful to them than their own.

Never before had her father and Doune been absent together, and then there was Gordon, poor Gordon, always overlooked because he was unselfish and never got into rages; if only he were living at the Towers at that very moment, thought Madcap, as at last she took the plunge into the blazing meadow, but was too depressed to run across it as she had done only last week.

Long ago a gate had been fixed in the hedge that connected the Lovel and Eyre estates; but the sun was in her eyes, and perhaps a tear as well; but she saw nothing beyond her as she came through the long meadow grass, stooping here and there to pluck a faded cowslip, and laying them one by one in her basket above the cordial that the butler had put up for Job, whom she was then on her way to visit.

Someone who stood on the other side of the gate, and saw her still afar off, started back with a low, fierce cry, more of fear than pain; then, as one blinded, dashed his hands before his eyes, trembling as one in mortal fear, for he thought that he had suddenly gone mad.

He did not stir as those silent steps approached him, did not look up when, though he heard them not, he knew them near. . . . So had his lost sweetheart looked and moved, so had she carried her basket and plucked a bell-cup here and there; and she had been dead these many years, and it was her phantom that came lightly over the cowslips' heads, perchance remembering that once before she had met him thus, and she must meet him once again, in the one cool chamber of a madman's brain?

Madcap's eyes were flooded with the sun, still she saw nothing as she pushed the gate back and ran quickly into the wood, and then the sight of him startled her, for he seemed almost old, ill, perhaps in trouble, for why was he hiding his face thus?

"I beg your pardon," she said, gently; and it was the voice of his dead sweetheart, and struck to his very heart; "but are you ill—in trouble—can I help you?"

He tore his hands away then, and looked at her. touched a fold of her dress, a lock of bright hair that lay on her shoulder, all as one who wakens from some awful dream, then said, as one who struggles still against it, "they call you—they call you" . . .

"Madcap," she said, simply, and seeing some terrible story written in the haggard face at which she gazed; "I am called after my mother, Madcap Eyre."

"But she had no daughter," said the stranger, growing paler with each word he spoke. "She had but two boys—and a little puny infant that died soon after its birth."

"No—I lived," said the girl, drawing a little nearer to him as she saw that he staggered, and seemed about to fall; "father thought I had died too . . . were you a friend of father's?"

But with a groan and sigh he had fallen sideways to the ground, and lay with closed eyes, and no movement of any kind, so that for the moment she thought he was dead, then kneeling beside him, felt for his heart, and knew that he had only fainted.

In the cowslip meadow a brook ran, and the girl sped to it like an arrow, and flew back as swiftly, her straw hat half filled with water, no more than the other half having leaked out.

But in her short absence he came to himself, and muttered,

"Fainted for the first time in my life—the old wound reopened, I suppose . . . his child, and she

loves him"—then swooned away as if at the horror of the thought. He was longer in coming out of that than the first, and the girl grew pale as she bathed his brows in vain, then, luckily, thought of the cordial, and, lifting his head on one arm, poured a quantity down his throat.

But, worn and old and weary as he looked to her young eyes, as one who has suffered much, and with the seam of an old sabre cut disfiguring one bronzed cheek, he yet seemed to Madcap the goodliest man next to her father that her eyes had ever lit on, a man who might be a hero, if the lines of his face spoke truth.

Soon he opened his eyes and looked at her, at the pale young face so near his own, felt the trembling of the slender arm that supported the weight of his head, and, by a great effort, stumbled to his feet, and spoke.

"Pray, forgive me," he said; "I never did such a thing before in my life—but I think my old wound must have reopened, and I had not tasted anything for twenty-four hours, I was in such a haste to get to Job."

"To Job?" she said, and started and looked at him eagerly, a wild improbable thought darting through her brain, then glanced swiftly at his right hand, which was gloved. "Are you *Frank*?" she said, trembling and paling as he had seen her mother under strong emotion, "and you have come back to him *at last*—and just in time?"

"My Christian name is Frank," he said, buckling on his sword to the stiffest fight—and he had fought many, both within and without—into which he had ever plunged. "I was a brother officer of Lord Lovel; we joined about the same time, and in the very thick of the fight."

"So you knew him," she said, looking earnestly at the man before her; "was he not bright, beautiful—a hero in his life as in his death?"

"No hero," he said; "only a man who tried to do his duty."

"He died like one," said Madcap, turning away from him, "and he could do no more . . . but, somehow—somehow I always clung to a wild, forlorn hope that he would come back."

"Why did you think that?" said the stranger, abruptly. "Was not Frank Lovel buried sound and deep by your father? Do the dead ever rise after twelve years' sleep?"

"Do they not rise again?" she said, trembling, she knew not why. "Did you not mistake me just now for my mother, while I mistook you for *him*?"

"And if they rose," he said, sadly, "would it be for their own happiness or ours? Would they not quickly wish themselves back whence they had returned?"

"No," she said, as she stood before him, slim and tall, in her white gown, amidst the dancing shadows; and he wondered if anything on earth could be as lovely as a very young, unconscious girl, spoiled by no tricks of coquetry, and fearless as a child. "Job and I would have welcomed him back, if he had come to us straight from the dead."

"And your father?" he said, involuntarily.

"He never speaks of him now," she said, sadly; "but they were great friends once. Doune remembers when Lord Lovel came to the Red Hall every day; and Doune loved him, and mother loved him too."

"Do you ever think of her?" he said, as he leaned against the gate struggling against his weakness.

"I think of her always," said the girl, softly. "Now that I am growing older I *want* her . . . but she is happy in Heaven; and she was happy all her life long till she died."

He looked at her eagerly. So she knew nothing—as her mother had been saved a knowledge of the truth, so now was her daughter; ay, but for ever?

"You are faint and weary," said Madcap, anxiously; "and I cannot ask you to come to the Red Hall, because father forbade my asking anyone there in his absence."

"Yes—I know Mr. Eyre is away," he said, mechanically. "He sailed in the Arizona. Will he be gone long?"

"About two months, or perhaps longer," she said; then took his hand, and, leading him to the nearest tree, begged of him to be seated at its foot.

"You can lean your back to the bole," she said; "and here's the cordial"—she looked the slyest little rogue as she popped the basket down beside him. "You may drink it all, if you like—if it's not too much for you; and you'll promise not to *stir*, not even if I don't come back for hours?"

Laughter was flying in and out of her eyes, mischief filled her every dimple and danced to the colour on her cheek; here was the living image of his sweetheart when bent on a frolic, or some bit of fun that she meant to keep all to herself for the present.

He covered his eyes with his hand as though the sun oppressed them, though he was in coolest shadow; but when he looked up again she was gone.

CHAPTER IV.

"Saunders," said Madcap, rushing into the butler's pantry and nearly upsetting its portly occupant, "I want a meat pasty and bread, and a knife and fork, and a bottle of wine, not too heady, because of the cordial, and a dinner-napkin, and you're to give it all to me *this minute*, or perhaps he'll die!"

"Yes, Miss Madcap," said the butler, used to these

attacks on the larder and cellar, and supposing she was bent on one of those deeds of charity that made her the idol of the village; and in less than five minutes she was out of the house and flying along the path she had followed so listlessly an hour ago.

What made her so happy; what had sent her spirits up with a bound? Just the mere delight of having someone to speak to, or the happiness of being able to minister to one in pain?

She had not been gone twenty minutes in all, yet when she pushed open the gate, she saw that he had either again fainted, or fallen asleep.

She sat down at a little distance, looking at him earnestly, and in such wise that she learned his face by heart, and never forgot it; so that years after, with no portrait or chance resemblance in any other face to remind her of him, she could recall each line and feature in it, and perhaps unconsciously enshrined him in that heart as a hero, and from then to her dying day thought of him as Lancelot.

Presently he opened his eyes and met that lovely, intent gaze. Springing to his feet like a soldier whom sleep has surprised while on guard, then his startled eyes came back to Madcap and the food spread out on the grass beside her.

"What an ungrateful brute you must think me," he said, kneeling down on the grass beside her; "and you have gone all that way in this blazing heat for me, while I have been sound asleep—doing *nothing*."

"You have rested yourself," she said, nodding; "and that is the best of all. And now for the pasty!" and she cut a slice and laid it on the plate, for which she had forgotten to ask Saunders.

"And here's the bread; and, O! you must sit down—you can't eat on your knees!"

"No," he said, without stirring; "but I can't eat, and don't ask me why," he added, looking wretched as her bright face fell, "for I can't tell you."

"Is it because it is father's bread and wine that you won't touch it?" said Madcap, her busy hands fallen to her sides, looking like a child ready to cry for disappointment at losing a feast; "and, besides, you drank the cordial!"

"You poured it down my throat," he said, ruefully; "but"—

"What has father done to you that you should hate him?" she said, standing up and looking indignantly at him, as he, too, rose—"he who never wronged anyone in life—my dear, darling old Dad!"

"Good God!" ejaculated the stranger, not as one who spoke blasphemously, but as if the words were wrung out of him by a thought of horror.

"And why should I not?" she said, looking with wonder at his averted face and stamping her little foot with anger; "is he not the best, kindest, noblest father a child ever had? You cannot know him very well, or you must be a stranger to Lovel, since every soul in it knows something of the goodness of Mr. Eyre!"

He drew a deep breath, then said, "Is he kind to Doune? The boy used to be fond of Frank Lovel."

"How could father be anything else?" she said, the anger of her glance faltering as it fell on the face to which the former worn and weary look had come back, "and of course Doune remembers Lord Lovel—who ever forgot him? So young, so beautiful, so brave!"

"I never thought anything of his looks," said the stranger, as one suddenly out of patience at her praises. "I wish to Heaven he could come to life for five minutes, just to show you what a really common-place fellow he was—and as to his duty, why other men did theirs as well as he did his."

"You are jealous of him," said Madcap, vexed at this ungenerousness in the man before her. "Lancelot would never have said such an ungenerous thing as that," she added to herself, sadly. "All men were, but now that he is dead you might forgive him."

"I hate all that rubbish about heroes," he said, still cross; "now, if this man had lived he would probably be a grave, middle-aged man, devoted to his estate, possibly grown stout and a little bald."

"He *couldn't*," said Madcap, indignantly. "O! I had no idea men were so mean about one another; and if he *were* middle-aged, why you are nearly that, are you not?"

"And do I seem so old to you?" he said, with a curious note of pain in his voice, that startled her and almost made her forget how keenly he had just disappointed her.

"O! no," she said, shaking her bright head. "I prefer grown-up people to young ones. Only the other day I told Gordon I *wished* he were not so young!"

"Who is Gordon?"

"Gordon is Lord Lovel."

"He is a good fellow?" said the stranger, eagerly.

"You like him very much?"

"O! yes," she said. "I *love* him—next to Doune and father."

"And he loves you?"

"Yes—more than he does Doune and father. I think (she sighed); and that makes him jealous. But he'll be better when he's grown up," she added, sagely.

He passed his hand before his lips to hide a smile. "But you are only a little school-girl yourself," he said, gravely.

"I never went to school," she said, a little proudly. "Father taught me everything—all that I know."

Frank shivered, as though suddenly a-cold; and, being a keen observer, she thought of the pasty, and

stooped for the basket with which she had originally started.

"I am going to Job now," she said; then coloured a little, as one who suddenly grows shy; for to succour a stranger was one thing, but to take leave of him with a little anger was another.

"Do not go," he said, gently, "because—because—it is too late."

"He is dead?" said Madcap, standing perfectly still, and looking at him with eyes in which slowly, slowly rose tears as from crystal wells; "and I never wished him good-by . . . They did not send to me . . . Did he ask for me?" she added, as her tears fell on the cowslips under her arm. "Did he talk of his little Master Frank as he went?"

"He died happy," said the man beside her; "and he did not ask for his master, but it must have been of you he spoke just before the last, though I thought he rambled, and meant your mother."

"And were you such an old friend of his?" she said, wistfully, the unwiped-away tears still on her cheeks. "Did you go to him by accident, or because you knew that he was ill?"

"I knew him long ago," he said. "I have waited years for an opportunity to come and see him"—he spoke slowly, haltingly—"and when I was able, I came. The hall-door was open; I went in; a woman was sound asleep behind it; I did not wake her, but looked for Job until I found him. He was lying quite conscious, and with his eyes fixed on the door" . . . the stranger's voice trembled, and he turned aside . . . "and I went in. A woman took me to his room, and he died at midnight."

"O! Job," said the girl, the girl with one slender arm held across her eyes, and the tears falling below on to the flowers, "*Job* . . . my dear old friend, and to wait so long, and then to hear *almost* a stranger's step sound . . . for of course he thought it was Frank" . . . Did he say anything when he died?"

"Yes," said the stranger, slowly, and reluctantly; "he said 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for I have seen Thy Salvation.'"

"Then he took you for Frank," cried the girl. "O! thank God for that—that he died happy. Heaven itself must have put the thought into your heart to visit him last night. I am going to him now," she added, gently; "I shall know by one look at his face if he thought he had found his master."

And when the girl reached him, when she found him lying on his white bed, and wearing that last most becoming dress a human being ever wears, as his spirit perchance has fairer habitation *now* than it had on earth, Madcap knew that Job's hallucination had lasted to the end, and that death itself had proved it, launching him happy on that cold perilous journey that, now long, now short, must come to all alike.

He lay with face all transfigured with the joy that had winged his "passing," his lips firm and triumphant as one who has sung his *Nunc Dimittis* in the fruition of perfect faith; and Madcap could not grieve for him, as, having gazed awhile and kissed his brow, she stole softly away.

Her heart was sad within her as she went, but no instinct said trouble was at hand—that Mr. Eyre's restlessness meant mischief; while as to those doubts of him, she cast them behind her back, and clung to him all the more closely in spirit—her brilliant, good, tender father.

He had been both parents in one until very lately, when she had got a new insight all at once into her mother's pictured face, and had woke—not gradually, but at a bound—to the irreparable loss to her that the mother was. The girl was thinking of her now, as she went along the familiar way that ended in the cowslip-field: would not her mother have taught her what to say, and what to leave unsaid, to the first stranger who had crossed Madcap the younger's path, yet who, oddly enough, was *her* friend?

She was more used to her father and the boys than to women; though as to young men, she had never conversed with but one specimen of the kind, and then very badly, as his airs and graces nearly choked her with suppressed mirth.

She thought that she had been unkind to this weary man, whose age might, perhaps, excuse her freedoms of speech; but, on the other hand, was she not wronging her father by any kindness to one who hated him so much that he would not touch his bread? Distance had restored the true proportion of things to her clear mind; but, unless with an abnormal woman (which Heaven forbid!) the *heart* is apt to step in at odd moments and upset the mental universe, so that though men have died and run out of their wits for women, no woman's name has ever shone before the world as a great thinker, discoverer, poet, painter, or writer.

And to be sure Mr. Eyre had discouraged the study of mathematics in his daughter, ridiculing the idea of Locke that mathematics made people not so much mathematicians as reasonable creatures, and according to his intellectual lights (which burned brightly) had made her what her mother might have been, had that mother possessed the daughter's brain.

For the strong man had found a hundred wants, unsuspected in his wife, supplemented in his daughter, since that tougher fibre of himself (despite the outward contrast of their looks) had waxed stronger as the years grew, so that on intellectual grounds they met as happily

as on common ones, and the acute vigour, the keen vision of childhood, often shed a new light on the page which Mr. Eyre expounded.

But strength of character did not hinder Mr. Eyre's daughter from running when she got within sight of the gate, and saw the stranger leaning across it fainting again, no doubt, and all through his own obstinacy.

Lightly as they fell, he heard the girl's fleet steps approach him, but did not turn till a gentle hand touched his arm, and an anxious voice said,

"Are you ill?"

Might a man have tears in his eyes yet neither look, nor be, unmanly? Perhaps Madcap got an insight into the real beauty of grief when nobly and unshrinkingly borne; perhaps she got a glimpse of the mingled force and unselfishness of this man's character as he turned towards her, and she learned his heart then, at once and for ever.

"No, I am not ill," he said; "but how long you have been—an hour, I should think. I was afraid you had gone home through the village."

"O! no," she said gently. "I always go and return by way of the cowslip gate."

"Do you call it that? I shall always think of it by that name now; and no one is allowed to use it but you?"

"The boys do sometimes," she said, absently; "but no one else. The villagers are afraid of the woods, for they get lost in them, and only a pair of sweethearts wander in now and then by chance."

"And no strangers ever trespass here?" he said, talking for the mere sake of prolonging those precious moments that would so soon be over.

"You are the first stranger who has come to Lovel for many years," she said, looking at him wistfully; "Martha knew you for one directly—she has lived in the parish forty years and knows the face of every man, woman, and child in it by heart."

"Yet I have been in Lovel more than once within the last forty years," he said, absently, and as one whom a thought had just struck that he must puzzle out later.

"But the most curious thing of all is," went on the girl, "that Job should have mistaken you for Frank; for I know now that he did . . . it is written on his face . . . and I bless you for the kind thought of him that brought you to him just in time, and made him die so happy."

"Yes, he mistook me," said the stranger; "and do you bless me, Madcap?" he said, gently, and with such yearning tenderness as moved her heart to pity for him; "then, if so, and since once your mother blessed me, too, I can never be truly wretched. And keep your old beautiful belief in Frank; perhaps he deserved it, and your mother loved him, and your father loved him, too, once; and it is something to be shrined so beautifully in a young girl's heart."

"Now you are speaking like yourself," she said, joyously; for to the core of her heart she was human, and loved all things, hating to find speck or stain in any; "like Lancelot, who was proud, you may be sure, of his brother knights."

"And Frank is Lancelot?" he said.

"No; you are Lancelot," she said, looking at him with those clear boys' eyes that sometimes shine out of a young girl's face. "I shall always think of you by that name."

"So you will think of me sometimes, child?" he said, a gleam of sunshine crossing his sad face. "You will spare a thought or two from your hero to give to me?"

"Yes," she said, earnestly; "and, somehow, you have brought him *nearer* to me—I know now how soldiers look and speak; I have got a better, more sober idea about him now. He will always seem to me 'the heart of a lost angel in the earth'; but I think that to be a hero one need not be young and beautiful, and perhaps find more about me in my daily life. And I have so often thought," she went on, colouring a little as one who fears to preach, "how much less easy we find it to see saints in the human beings around us, than to dress up some scarcely seen, unknown creature in heroic guise, and, placing it in a niche, fall down and worship it? We cry out in wonder at the blindness of the men and women of old who stoned their saints and heroes, knowing them not, and every day are noble deeds done, noble lives drop or are slain in the struggle, and we bury them as common clay, carve no head-stone above them, and the noblest heroes, the Purest Saints are those who in their lifetime toiled unnoticed, unrecognised among their very nearest and dearest, perhaps faintly pitied by them, as well as loved."

"And do you have such beautiful thoughts as these, Madcap?" said the stranger, who knew, ah, God! the mockery of this pity that we take thankfully from lesser souls. "Are these the things that go on in a young girl's mind? And your mother had such thoughts—even to her dying day."

"Did you know my mother *very* well?" said Madcap, whose colour had waxed brilliant long before her little "sermon" was over, and who felt herself quite undeserving of his words.

"*Very* well," he said, slowly. "She was not always here, you know; she was brought up by Lady Betty Tremayne. Is she living still?"

"Yes; but father never forgave her for being unkind to my mother."

A look of anger crossed the stranger's face. Had no one else been unkind to that beloved little Madcap, whose living image stood before him?

The girl saw the shade on his brow; it was curious how quickly she had learned his features and got an insight into his thoughts, and she exclaimed,

"*Why* do you so dislike my father? Was it because you loved Frank so much—for you *did* love him, didn't you?"

"Yes," he said, looking relieved at the turn her questions had taken: "he and I were friends during the short time we were together, and I *did* think your father was not just to Lord Lovel."

"Yet he was three years looking for his old friend," said Madcap, sadly, "and only came up with him too late; and why should he have taken all that trouble to find him if he had not loved him?"

Ay, the stranger knew something of the history of those three years in which Frank Lovel had been literally hunted by Mr. Eyre half round the world and back again, escaping him only by a hair's-breadth in the trenches before Sevastopol.

Often the two men, the pursuer and the pursued, had been in the very same town together, so hotly had Mr. Eyre followed on Frank's tracks. No murderer fleeing for his life had been more cunning, no detective more acute than these two men, who had been dearest friends but a short time ago.

"So you will not answer me," said Madcap, proudly, after a long pause; "but do you think you will be any the happier for implanting in my heart the first doubt I have ever had of my dear father?"

"Have I done so?" he said, turning swiftly, and seeming to see in her face the beginning of one of those long, long shadows that had missed her mother's lips, but stilled her heart; "then God forgive me, Madcap, and take the doubt away. Frank Lovel loved him, so did your mother, so do you; the man who can command such love as that, should be, *must* be, above other men."

"And if you have had bitter thoughts of him, you renounce them now," she said, earnestly. "You will forgive him?"

"He never wronged me," said Frank; "for myself I have nothing to forgive—it was for others . . . but they are dead, and all is over and done with now."

Madcap sighed, only half satisfied, then sighed again, as she held out her hand to wish him "good-by."

But he did not, could not, take it; the last moment was even more unendurable in its bitterness than he had expected, and the strong man's heart seemed to stand still as he looked at her.

"Good-by," she said again; and then he took the little outstretched hand. "Perhaps you will come back some day; and we will be glad to see you, father and I." . . .

"I shall never come back," he said, his eyes hard and strained as he looked at her. "I have seen you for the first, last time. . . . And though you have been kind to me, do not *wish* that I should ever come back: it would not be for your happiness, or that of those you love. I shall never go through the cowslip gate—would to God I might!" he added, with a passion in his voice before which the girl trembled.

"But when father comes home, you may," she said, feeling lifted into a new world as she gazed at him. "If you have quarrelled, he would *forgive* you, as you have forgiven him."

"No," said the stranger, almost sternly. "I shall never cross it while your father lives. . . . And now, good-by, little Madcap, little friend;" and he kissed her hand reverently, as though she had been a young saint, before he gently laid it down.

"Good-by," she said, not knowing that tears were in her eyes, and so passed through the cowslip gate. . . . Half-way through the meadow she turned, and, shading her brow, saw that he was still there, and made a little gesture to him as of farewell . . . but as she turned homewards, knew not that if his youth, his hopes of joy, lay for ever divided from him by the impassable barrier of the cowslip gate; even for her the ivory doors had for ever closed on the unruffled, happy days of childhood.

CHAPTER V.

"Nan," said Madcap, next morning, "will you go to the cowslip gate, and look inside it; you will find a meat pasty, if the birds have not eaten it, and some other things that I forgot yesterday."

"Can't Saunders go, Miss Madcap?" said the woman, hardly looking up from her long seam. "I've got a sight of needlework to do between this and dinner."

"Yes, there you sit, sewing, sewing, sewing, till I wonder you don't turn into a real machine. And I should like to know what it is you are always sitting at, without ever a breath of fresh air, except on Sunday, when I drive you to church? If they were shirts or nightcaps for Geordie, I could understand your perpetual stitch, stitch; for you know, Nan" (she shook her head gravely), "you've got only *one* idol, and that's Geordie; but as they look like things for *me*, why, do you expect me to live to be a Mrs. Methuselah?"

"Young ladies get married sometimes," said Nan, and threaded her needle, then looked round apprehensively, as if Mr. Eyre might be in two places at once, "and it's as well to be beforehand. I've kept you speckless from three years old, and not a soul but me shall do a stitch of plain linen for you as long as you're Miss Madcap."

"And pray when am I going to be *Mrs.*?" said Madcap, who sat cross-legged on the nursery floor.



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and thought that talking to even Nan was better than talking to herself.

"When you get married, Miss Madcap, to be sure."

"And who am I going to marry?" said the girl, in so matter-of-fact a tone that the woman started.

"Well, there," said Nan, looking at her young mistress with strong disfavour, "it's early days to talk of that yet, but if you don't know, I can't tell you. To be sure, there's not much choice, but sometimes the finest peach is set a-top of the basket, and them's wise that take it and don't go farther."

"I never saw any man in the least like a peach," said Madcap, dubiously, "though to be sure I've never met but two in all my life—for I suppose Gordon is a young man now."

"And hasn't he got a skin like a peach?" said Nan, indignantly.

"More shame for him," said Madcap; "peach cheeks are for women, not men."

"Well!" said Nan, laying down her seam in the effort to gulp down her wrath, "and you always talking about the last Lord Lovel, Miss, who was as fair as his mother, folks say."

"He would be dark enough now if he had lived," said Madcap, delighted at Nan's anger; "the idea only occurred to me quite—quite lately, and perhaps when Gordon is older, *much* older, he will be better looking."

"Better looking!" said Nan, to whom this jest was

"Supposing she was bent on one of those deeds of charity that made her the idol of the village."



deadly earnest, "when you couldn't find his match in the whole county—why, saving your presence, Miss Madcap, Master Doune aint a patch on him for beauty or sweet temper or anything else that a young lady might look for in a husband, and because he never put himself forward, but bore with everybody's ways, he's just overlooked, as saints mostly is when they come lodging with ordinary folk."

"Always overlooked," she repeated, "from the time Master Doune began his studies till master took to eddicating you, Miss Madcap, but never complaining, always the same, and worshipping your very shoe-string; but there, it always *was* the lot of the Lovels to be lorded over and wronged by the Eyres."

"Wronged?" said Madcap, standing up, and a little pale. "What wrong have we Eyres ever done the Lovels?"

The woman shrank into herself, knowing that she had transgressed the unwritten law that ruled the house and village.

"I spoke in anger, Miss Madcap," she said, rising humbly, "and I hope you'll overlook it . . . but I love Master Gordon, and I can't bear to hear a word against him—or even against his kin."

Madcap kissed her old friend, and thought with a little remorse of Gordon, but presently went away with the faint doubts of yesterday strengthened in her mind . . . the antipathy of Job to her father, as expressed by Martha and confirmed by a hundred signs in the old man that now crowded back on her mind, the stranger's conviction of wrong done to Lord Lovel; lastly, Nan's words put a new light on those past relations that had sometimes puzzled her between her father and her hero.

She went straight to her father's study, as though to exorcise those disloyal thoughts; and when she came to it, and saw his chair in the old familiar place, she kneeled down beside it and wept, with her head upon the place on which his hand had so often rested.

Here he had taught her; here from her babyhood she had found a sanctuary in all troubles, and his arm ready to receive her; here she had played while he wrote, meeting all her demands and interruptions with inexhaustible patience; here she had first essayed "strokes," and

Scorned all the fetters
Of the four and twenty letters;

though, having once mastered them, she applied the knowledge rapidly to the books that Mr. Eyre varied, according to her understanding, from year to year. He would not allow her to be one of that noble army of incapables whose lives are the completest conjugation of the imperative mood that Lindley Murray ever dreamed of. Bells might be in order, and servants legs in order too; but if she wanted a thing, she must fetch it herself, not be for ever ringing.

Against vacillation, too, he warned her: "If you are in doubt as to the propriety of pursuing some especial course, waste no time, but decide at once *not* to pursue; the mere fact that you have doubts about it proves its inexpediency. Some women (invariably fools) always decide in the affirmative."

Again he would say: "Every woman ought to have some engrossing duty entirely outside her affections; for if few women have sufficient force of character to deliberately make choice of evil, thousands drift into it because they have nothing to fall back upon;" and he took care that his daughter, at least, should not be without that safeguard.

And now, he who had trained her so purely and thoroughly, who had reared her through a delicate childhood to a strong and vigorous youth—this dear old dad, she thought, as she knelt by his chair, was to be *doubted* by her; and he absent, not able to say a word in his own defence.

Presently she got up, dried her eyes, and took down one of the books he had left for her reading; but for the first time that habit of steady application on which Mr. Eyre had based her whole education failed her, and she stood for awhile with the lines clear under her eyes but devoid of meaning.

As she replaced the book, the title of the one next to it fixed her attention.

It was an Army Guide for the year after that in which Lord Lovel had died; and trembling a little, as one guilty of disobedience, she took it in her hand.

It opened easily at a particular page, and saved her the trouble of search, for Frank Lovel's regiment was marked with red ink; and though his name did not appear, a cross was placed against a name half-way down the list; the name was "Methuen."

The name brought some light to her mind, for more than once Mr. Eyre had spoken to her of that curious letter received from the soldier's mother; but he had spoken of her as a stranger, and yesterday the stranger implied a personal knowledge of him, so that there was only perplexity in Madcap's thoughts as she put the book back, and moved restlessly to that second window of the room which looked on the wisteria wall, beneath which had been her mother's favourite seat. Here she had sate at her needlework or book, while Mr. Eyre, happy since she was within sight, sate at his table, looking up now and then to that sunny corner which held all that made his life worth the living.

Now his table was set so that his back was turned to that deserted spot; but some deeper glimpse into the inner sadness of his life came to his daughter as she looked out, and thought how in this room he must for

ever be *almost* (O! the bitterness of the word!) within touch and call of

The vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

The girl moved away. What was this trouble in her mind, this unrest, and vague foreboding—she, to whom nerves were as much unknown as those fits of depression that often terrified her in Doune? It was because she was lonely, out of sorts—anything but the true cause, the casting of the first stone at the idol she had set up in her heart and worshipped; while, besides, there might be a wistful thought of the stranger she had met yesterday, and whom she was never likely to see again.

As she wandered listlessly to and fro, her

Aimless thoughts,
Like a babe's hand, without intent
Drawn down a seven-stringed instrument,

she came to the lofty screen that concealed the private stair by which Mr. Eyre, each night and morning, rose and descended.

She had not been in her father's bed-room since she was a child; an impulse of love to him made her visit it now, and she was just turning the corner of the screen when a voice from the distant doorway startled her, and she turned to see Saunders hurrying to her with anxious haste.

"Cook's waiting for orders, Miss Madcap," he said; and there's a sight of poor folks wanting you in the village—whatever keeps you indoor such a lovely day as this, Miss?" he added, a little fretfully, knowing well enough the dangers to which Mr. Eyre's sudden lawless exit had exposed his adored little mistress.

"Cook can wait," she said, "so can the village folks"—and she disappeared behind the screen.

"The old man stood for a moment without stirring, then shook his head as one who sees bitter trouble ahead.

"Bit by bit she'll find it all out," he said to himself, "and it'll break her heart, and it's right down sinful of master to leave her, and all for some fad about the murder, or I'm a Dutchman, when it's clear as a pike-staff that Digges done it, with that Jezebel to egg him on. But I'll just send Nan"—and he hobbled off to find Madcap's guardian.

Nan checked a scream as, on hurrying to the room, followed by Saunders, she saw Madcap sitting in the arm-chair, lying back with closed eyes. "The very image of how her mother looked when she was found," said Saunders in an incautiously loud whisper from the doorway.

"Who was found?" she said, opening her eyes only to see the man vanish, then rubbed her eyes and looked at Nan. "The chair is so comfortable," she said, "and I couldn't sleep last night—but I was not dozing off when you came in, I was thinking about mother—and father—and how he must miss her."

"Yes, Miss," said Nan, who knew every detail of a certain night's work by heart, and could not bear to see the girl sitting there; "but such thoughts aint for a bright day like this; and if you'll come with me (for I'm vastly afeard of them woods), we'll fetch the things you took out to the beggar-man—leastways, if there's any left."

"No," said Madcap, jumping up; "I won't go to the cowslip gate to-day—if you are frightened, take Saunders—I'm going to my poor people."

"Anywhere out of *here*," thought Nan, as she followed the girl, and brought her hat and gloves—last of all her basket, into which Madcap looked with a sudden thought; then turned it upside down, but nothing fell out.

"And I picked such a lot," she said, absently. "They could not *all* have tumbled out. Has anybody touched it since I came home, yesterday?" she added, turning to Nan.

"Nobody, Miss," said Nan, who was a little offended at this rejection of the tremendous sacrifice her offer had implied; "you brought it in on your arm just as it is now, you mostly brings it back empty."

But it was not empty when she started, ten minutes later, for her village, in which tongues were wagging and heads nodding to an extent unprecedented within these twelve years.

"*Les absens ont toujours tort*," and Mr. Eyre was to be no exception to the rule. He had been gone barely a week, yet already whispers of his errand were abroad; and now that the grasp of the stern hand which had held all his world in check was relaxed, he suffered the usual fate at the hands of those whose service rested less on love than fear.

Some of the gossipers saw her coming down the hill; saw how half-way she turned back to look at the grey old house that had cradled her so happily, and in which she had never known an hour of sorrow. To her its every aspect was beautiful, and the lurid flames that seemed to rise behind it as the sun set brought no fear to her mind, though often strangers passing through the village would pause and attract attention to the seemingly burning house. Madcap could not have told the precise point when her first faint doubt, dread as death, of her father became confirmed by this visit to the village. All welcomed her eagerly, as usual (worshipping the two Madcaps in one), took her generous dole with loving thanks, told her of their joys or woes; but one thing struck her curiously, and it was this: that no one either mentioned, or inquired for, her father. Yet never before had lip-service failed him; perhaps the thought that his shadow might cross the threshold immediately after his daughter's prompted

those respectful inquiries for him that she had accepted as willing tribute to his goodness.

This silence effected what mere gossip or innuendo could not have done, and the crowning sadness was laid upon her heavy heart in Synge-lane, where she paused to leave one of those little gifts that she brought from time to time.

The woman who had received Mr. Eyre so curtly smiled a welcome to Madcap and ran out to meet her, though not for the sake of her gift, but for herself.

"So your father has gone away, Miss?" she said, as the girl was presently departing; "and has he gone to foreign parts?"

Madcap glanced at the woman, and found something unusual in her: a furtive question, anxiety and dread looking out of her eyes, while the rest of the features were sternly controlled and gave no sign.

"That is Mr. Eyre's business," said Madcap, in the first unreasonable fit of anger she had ever known; and walked out of the house, leaving the mistress of it confounded.

CHAPTER VI.

Madcap sat on the top of a new-mown haycock—sat on the exact spot that her mother had filled sixteen years ago—and surveyed her kingdom through eyes that had been curiously strengthened during the past three weeks. For hours she had watched the summer seas of grass sink gently to the mowers' scythes, caught a thousand faint vernal scents as they were scattered, but wearied at last of the flavour of melilot and clover, that out-scented all the rest.

Then shook her head, and thought how lonely that gorgeous queen must have been, for who ever heard of her husband; or if a maiden, what did she gadding abroad with gifts to the old king, who surely had wives enow?

Yes, that had been the keystone of Madcap's comparison of the errant queen to herself, that she must have been intensely *lonely* at odd moments in the midst of all her splendour, and perhaps palled of her diamonds and rubies, as this girl was beginning to do of those simple pleasures that had once so entirely satisfied her.

She had enjoyed an uninterrupted month of her own company, and was as sick of it as if it had been the worst in the world: was tired even of her books, and each day and hour felt more keenly that hankering after congenial society that is the strongest impulse implanted in the human breast.

O! for a good rousing bolstering-match with the boys, she thought (such events being by no means uncommon, even since her lengthened frocks), or a game at snowballs, in which she was a match for the pair—anything but this dull, dead calm, broken only by the Oxford letters, that held love enough, to be sure, but little enough food for thought.

Mathematics and cricket—cricket and mathematics. Madcap was interested in neither; but if both boys could have rushed in to-day, and she could have put an arm round each neck, she could have listened to them for ever on their several pursuits, being so desperately hungry for the sound of human voices. She left her haycock, and went towards the villagers, who paused in their tossings as she drew near, answered her eagerly when she asked for a pick and took a turn at labour among them. But more than one head was shaken as presently she moved away.

"She's over young to be left the Squire," said one of the women, looking after her; "and all the frolic's gone out of her feet since Master went. She'll aye find it main lonesome up at t' Red Hall."

"There's trouble upon her," said another woman, sighing. "*He's* busted out again, and means mischief. And 'tis ill work rousing sleeping dogs. He'd have done better to bide at home."

"Seems like yesterday the other young missus were sitting there"—and the speaker pointed to the distant haycock—"and Master fired over her head at Hester, who'd ventured to peep over t' hedge; and says he to his wife, with his arms round her, 'After all, 'tis only a—a rook!' Just so, as if he'd just missed *murder*. What a man—what a man! Ay, if he never came back it might be best, in the end, for *she*."

"O! she'll be happy enough when the young Lord takes her home," said a third and younger voice. "She's naught to be pitied with so many as there be to love her—it's just her mother over again, not a soul to be looked at so long as the young missus is nigh," and the young matron tossed her handsome head almost as high as she tossed her hay.

Meanwhile Madcap pursued her way to the meadow she had so seldom crossed (since there was no Job beyond) during the past month, and since last she came the hay in it had been carried, leaving but close-cropped stubble that smelled to her healthily sweet after the overpowering fragrance of the "Ten Acre."

Half-way across it, she looked towards the cowslip gate. Surely someone was standing there; someone upon whom she had mused and thought much during the past weeks, and whom she would rejoice to see again?

She ran forward quickly, but the sun must have deceived her, for when she got to the gate not a soul was within sight, and as she stepped into the shadow of the wood, its coolness seemed to touch her heart, and she shivered.

"Will he never come back?" she said aloud; "not even to look once at Job's grave?"

As she stood, the nearest tree seemed to move, and a man advanced to her side. "Madcap—little friend," said a well-remembered voice, and in a moment her hand flew to his, and she cried out,

"So you have come back—and I am so glad, so *very* glad to see you! I have recollected a *hundred* questions that I forgot to ask you about Frank!"

He let her hand go, a shade of trouble or disappointment flitting across the new brightness of his face, then said, a little wearily,

"Yes—we will talk about him presently—but first will you not show me some portion of these woods that you know by heart?"

"Yes—I will show you," she said, joyously, and still a little bewildered by her own satisfaction at seeing him, so that she forgot his last words to her when they had parted at the cowslip gate, and how it was no friend of her father's that she welcomed so eagerly.

"I could not show you one tithe of them in a week," she said, as, walking on air, she moved beside him; "but I will take you first to a haunt of my own, not too far from the cowslip gate for me to run to for even ten minutes at a time, nor so near that anyone can find me if I have a mind to hide;" and she walked on tip-toe, and put one finger, as she brought him soon into a little lovely hollow, where the sylvan flowers lingered longest, and whence innumerable glades—glades mingling with the broken woodland—made new vistas of eternal beauty; while a natural throne of velvet at the foot of a giant beech commanded all.

Madcap sprang lightly to her well loved seat, laid one hand on the great moss-covered roots that stretched high above the sward, leaned her shoulder to the moss-grown bole at her back, then sprang up, and would have stepped down into the hollow where the stranger stood, but that he came to meet her, begging her to stay.

"Let us rest here," he said, eagerly. "I have travelled far to-day, and am very tired."

She looked down at him, hesitating, her hand half fluttering out to meet his lifted one . . . no one had ever rested in that green chair but she, save, perchance, some flitting moonlight thing, or, by day, some saucy squirrel . . . but a longer look at him made her sure that he *was* tired, and miserable too; so that all at once her hand found his, and in a moment they were sitting side by side.

They might have been King and Queen as seen from the end of one of those long vistas beyond; a thousand eyes might unsuspected have watched them, a thousand ears have hearkened to their talk; but, you see, Madcap was used to sitting there alone, and she loved the many loop-holes of her outlook, that enabled her to steal away silently at the slightest sign or sound of pursuit. The green chair was big; it might have held four Madcaps, though scarcely two Colonel Busbys.

"Hark!" she said, holding up her finger; "do you hear that—like the whetting of a saw? And it is only the titmouse, and the little impostor has only those two notes with which to frighten one!"

"So you cannot bear to see a tree fall—neither could your mother," he said, looking earnestly at the sylvan landscape. "Often would she

Read me a lecture of her country art.

Will you not read me one, too?"

"What can I tell you?" she said, looking dreamily out; "have you not seen it all before—anything that I could tell you—but with *young* eyes? only I wish you could see these woods in spring, when you have to pick your steps so that you may not crush a flower."

"And yet," he said, "you step so lightly; like Ellen—

E'en the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread."

"Oh, no!" she said. "That is a poetic conceit; and, besides, she would have stopped to pick some . . . and when I have filled my lap, somehow I feel as if I had been taking *lives*, they grow so tall and straight and happy, and open their eyes much as we do; and they are set just where is best for them, and last so many happy days in shine and shade—it seems just a selfish whim to put them in water for a day or two, then throw them away for new favourites."

"So she is faithful," thought the stranger; "and so was her mother—with one exception."

"Boys don't understand these things as girls do," she said, sighing. "Douce is always in the classics, and Gordon doesn't know a blue-bell from a hyacinth, and *loves* his boating and cricket; he would bowl just as hard over cowslips' heads as over a shaved meadow; and I can *almost* fancy him settling down as you said Frank would, and getting a little bald and stout. Poor Geordie!"

But her heart reproached her as she said the words; and she looked up quickly at the stranger.

"Don't think that I am blaming him," she said. "I love him dearly; it is because he is so *good* that we have all overlooked him. But I'll try and be better to him before he comes home to settle down for good!"

"When will that be?" said the stranger.

"O! a good long while yet," she said, gravely. "He wants to come home, but I said he must stay longer at Oxford to take care of Douce."

"Does Douce want especial taking care of?"

"He is a genius," said Madcap, proudly, but with a happy smile on her lips, "and, of course, he has no common-sense; but Gordon has plenty. So while I am not taking care of Douce, Gordon must."

"Poor Gordon, indeed!" said the stranger under his breath; "the Lovel fate over again."

"Did you speak?" she said, looking at him as if to seek a reason for the unaccountable delight his grave companionship gave her.

"I am waiting for that lecture," he said, with the "blink" of sunshine that she remembered crossing his lips.

"How long shall it be?" she said, falling into his humour, and wishing that her talk might soothe him to peace, for there were deeper lines of suffering on his face to-day than there had been a month ago.

"Half an hour—an hour," he said, "for I am not likely ever to sit here by your side again. I was in Lovel to-day on Job's business, little friend, but I could not keep away from the cowslip gate, and, by good luck, you came."

"O! you will come back again some day," she said, gently; "and you will go *through* it." She shrank a little, as one who unwittingly touches fire, as he looked away from her; his face suddenly grown stern, but yet more weary than before.

Madcap had only a child's heart, strong and true (though she looked a woman), and she was used to Douce's dark hours, and longed to solace *this* one; but, before she could summon up courage to speak, he had turned to her, and for the third time demanded his "lecture."

"To begin with, then," said Madcap, on that instant, "both you and I are sitting in the embrace of a court beauty, who wears a velvet suit, slippers herself yet more delicately in moss, while her waistcoat is always of silver, even when in autumn she grows in pure russet-gold. The Lady Chestnut may get the better of her in the matter of bloom, but her outlines are clumsy, and over-ride, beside, that delicate beauty; and even the oaks cannot hold their own before her. . . . The stock-doves are all her lovers; you will see them follow even a distant rustle of her petticoats for a mile through the woods. . . . They follow no other so, for birds have finer taste than human beings—though they are their echoes, and caricature all their absurdities. Have you ever watched them?" she went on, quickly, content to talk so long as she could charm the sadness from his face.

"I have listened to them," he said; "somehow I have never thought of birds except as singing or hungry."

"There is a life between the two," she said, looking down her beloved glades, and speaking softly to herself. "There is marrying, building, rearing the young family. . . . Have you ever seen a house-martin feed her young?" she said, a smile breaking through her thoughts as she looked at him. "First by some miracle she sets them all in a row on the top bar of some secluded gate. Then she forages, and skims back to feed each little one flying, and it is miraculous how cleverly and neatly the business is done on both sides, a pattern to our village mothers if only they would take heed of it! And nearly all the birds are good parents; owls come back once in five minutes to look at their young, wrens once in two, swallows every second or third minute, and some of the others even oftener than that."

The stranger looked at Madcap keenly. Yes, here was the true mother's instinct beating in her young breast, the one crowning, womanly charm without which a woman is less flower than weed.

"But they are not all good," she added, gravely; "a raven deserts her young as soon as hatched, and none have ever been able to find out how it is fed—by dew? or worms bred in the nest? And some, O! but some of them have tempers! The whitethroat will pop his head up over the hedge and make faces at you if he thinks you are near his nest, flirt his tail, and be positively insulting in his manner; and nightingales, if you happen to meet them when taking their young out for a first walk, will pursue you along the hedge as you walk, snapping defiantly in your ears, and telling you as plainly as possible to get home. . . . and there are rogues—the hen harriers who beat the fields of corn regularly like pointers or setter dogs. . . . the ravens, who spend all their spare time in cuffing each other on the wing, frowned on by the solemn crows who fly in pairs all the year round, and look upon Valentine's Day as a frivolous business. O! there is something to laugh at or admire in everyone, and they are so absurdly like human beings!"

"Have you found one who resembles me?" said the stranger, long ago roused out of his thoughts, and turned sideways in his moss-grown elbow-chair to look at her.

"Perhaps," she said, a little sadly, "for long ago I found one for Douce—the gold-crested wren, who will not mingle with crowds, but holds aloof in fields and woods, and *starves* because he can suffer, but cannot brook pity. . . . Then there is the crow," she said, in a brighter tone, "who swaggers in his walk, and is Colonel Busby's double; and the daw is Mr. Busby, with only half his walk (he would never permit more); and the magpies and jays, who beat the air with their wings, yet make no dispatch, are like"—

"Me?" he said, "for I have practically stood still these twelve years"—

"Foolish persons with weak wills," said the young lecturer, frowning; for by now she had got into the swing of her own voice, and sincerely loved its sound.

"And a blue titmouse," she continued, perched on the head of a sunflower, devouring its seeds, is like one of those frivolous young maids who marry only to

devour their husband's substance, while a greenfinch who goes a-wooing puts on all the languishing die-away airs and gestures of a village beauty, who sighs in vain for some rustic jock. And the swifts who dash round in circles are the ne'er-do-weels who never advance; the larks and wagtails, who walk so daintily, moving one foot before another as we do ourselves, are the bright, brisk house mothers, whose cottages are all in order, and who are smart even for their husbands."

"Is that so very uncommon?" said the lecturer's only pupil.

"Very."

"Then a rook when he goes a-courting will try and sing, but only makes a harsh and horrible noise that splits your ears; and a crow will make himself ridiculous in the same way, and they always make me think of"—

"Middle-aged men wooing young maids?"

"To be sure!" said Madcap, "as sometimes happens in our village; but father always interferes, and puts a stop to any of those unequal matches. And the peacock is the fine lady whose worth is all upon her back, so that none was left over for her voice or body. . . . I have seen just such a lady! Then the skylark always seems to me like some gallant pure soul hampered by a weak body, for soar as he may, and does perpetually, he sinks more swiftly than he can rise; and the meteor-like flash of the goatsucker always seems to me like the flight of a beautiful thought, as the lightning flash of the kingfisher, like an inspiration that comes into a human soul, it knows not whence! And a starling should belong to the sea, for he swims in the air—but there are so many," she added, stopping short in her lecture, "I should bore you to death if I told you one-half of them!"

"So we all have our *doppel-gängers* among the birds," he said. "Well—I have found one for you—you are a swallow, for your walk is like the flight of one, but your voice is like the blackcap's, and I am beginning to suspect you of possessing the owl's wisdom."—

"Silly swallow, prating thing," quoted Madcap, laughing; "yes, that suits me very well. But I do not like the owl—he is my only enemy in all the wood. He can scream, snore, scold, and hiss like a thousand snakes, all in less than a minute, but I love the deep and solemn note he sometimes uses, and that makes the forest re-echo for miles!"

"But surely you never come here at night alone?" he said, thoroughly startled.

"O! yes, often," she said; "if I cannot sleep or anything has vexed me, and by moonlight it is far more exquisite than by day. . . . Have you ever studied the moonlight flowers?" she went on, looking at him wistfully; "they are all so pale, so weird, as if the moon had looked into all their pretty faces one by one and made them sacred and still like herself. . . . their very scent is faint and ghostly as in a dream. . . . Sometimes I find a rabbit sitting up on my chair and washing his face, sometimes as I sit quite still, one or another of the night animals run across my knee, and I get all sorts of queer peeps into the creatures' habits, for it is in the night only that the smaller forest animals *live*."

"It is not right for a young thing like you to be wandering here alone at night," said the stranger, frowning. "Did he leave *no one* to take care of you?" he added, thinking that Mr. Eyre's confidence in her read very like neglect.

"O! yes," she said, laughing; "there is Nan—but she is terrified of these woods even by day, and no earthly powers would draw her here after nightfall!"

"And you say no one at home knows of this haunt of yours," he went on, in a dissatisfied tone. "Supposing you fell ill here—or were robbed and murdered by some stranger or footpad?"

"I wear no ornaments," she said, "and strangers and footpads never come here."

"Am not I a stranger?" he said, looking at her keenly.

"No," she said, stoutly; "you were mother's friend and Job's—and Frank's, and you will tell me all about yourself, some day—for I must be going back to my hay now."

"Yes," he said, looking at her eagerly, yearningly, as a man may at something he knows to be forbidden to him, but that soon will have passed beyond the reach of his power to behold it, yet the present was *his*, he would beat out his little span of joy to its utmost limit. . . . Had he by hard longing (for surely intense wishing had brought her) summoned her footsteps to the cowslip gate, only to let her go so quickly?

"Let us make a bargain," he said; "give me another lecture—just a little one—and I'll tell you all about Frank—and myself. The hay will do well enough without you. Tell me something of the daylight life of these woods, and how you spend your hours in them."

"How can I tell you?" said the girl. "Men don't understand these things—even father does not; and you would think I was idling away my time when I am learning something new at every step. Anyone could learn the avenues in a day, but half a dozen miles of broken woodland are another matter, and there are such beautiful things outside the wood—in our own grounds, in the meadows, everywhere."

"Tell me of some of them," he pleaded, happy only so long as her young voice ran on. "I am going to settle down in the country myself before very long, and I expected to be dull; but your knowledge will help me."

"What can I tell you," she said, "if you have not lived among such things? If you have never been caught in a thicket of blossomed thorn; never followed the plough and smelled the sweet, fresh earth; never watched a daisy hang all its petals downwards at sunset, or a poppy fold its heart into a red cup at eve . . . never marked the little snowy half-closed umbrellas made by the wind-flowers, or seen the light glistening at sunset on a field of spiders' webs, aerial bridges tossed from blade to blade of grass, and stronger than any made by human hands, since the heaviest footfall will not break them?"

"No," he said, as she paused, and he saw that she had forgotten him in her thoughts: "I have seen none of these things; but I will look for them all some day."

"There is always some new delight," she

went on, softly, as if to herself; "some lovely accident, as *we* think, but set there to help us to—

Live more hearty as we pray.

One day it may be a sunset to startle one into a real understanding of heaven . . . another it will be a sheet of emerald grass shining through a row of tall poplars just budding into brown . . . or it will be a carpet of blue anemones in January, when no other flower is abroad 'or seen, a field of tares and wheat sway to the breeze, scarlet in one light, gold in another . . . if you have never lost yourself in the sweetness of a bunch of clove pinks, and yet can catch the fragrance of a chequered fritillary—never seen a glow-worm crawl up a stalk of grass and hoist up her little lamp as signal to her mate"—

She paused, and burst out laughing at herself.



E. C. WOODVILLE, DEL.

"And what do you know of your mother's lovers?"

W. B. GAUNTED, SC.



E. C. WOODVILLE, DEL.

"While you are quite happy with your team."—"I only had it to please you."

W. J. PALMER, SC.

"O! what nonsense I am talking," she said. "As if a soldier could be expected to know or care anything of such matters. But it has been a great relief to me to say it, all the same," she added, nodding; "and I am very much obliged to you, indeed, for listening to me."

"I shall remember it all," he said; and thought how he need not fear for her, since she had real religion—the religion of a beautiful fearless life, that beat in entire harmony with the works of her Creator. "Have you ever tried to write down your thoughts? Your father was a celebrated writer in his youth."

"No," she said, slowly, "I have never tried; and think I never shall. But if I *had* tried to write, do you know how it would have ended? I should have gone on trying all my life; and when I had become quite old, I should have called my friends together and asked them to hear the fruits of my labours. They would all cry out, 'But it is centuries old!' And I would say, 'Yes, it is the last chapter of the Book of Ecclesiastes; but it has my soul, my best efforts, in it; and I have no better.'"

"You have chosen a sad form of expression, child," he said, struck by the solemn stillness of her voice and look.

"Are not the young sad?" she said. "Or why does one's heart ache in spring, when older people cannot tell it from early summer? I think it must be because *our* suffering is before us; *theirs* is behind them."

"Why must you suffer?" he said, his heart sinking as he looked at her. "God forbid that you should!"

"Why should I not?" she said, looking at him gravely. "It is the lot of all; and the happiest, the best beloved, are always those who suffer most."

"Where did you learn all this?" he said, hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry that the young eyes looking out on life were so clear.

"Perhaps out of my own heart," she said; "perhaps out of the village; perhaps out of my Book of Ecclesiastes. And that is why I think my mother's lot needs no grieving over. She went away in the full tide of her happiness. It is for *ourselves* we may grieve, not her. And you say you knew her very well," she went on, gently; "but it must have been before she married father, for he did not seem to know your name when your mother wrote to him."

Had the afternoon grown suddenly colder? The shivering note of a willow-wren filled up the moment of silence before he turned to her and said—

"So you have known my name all along?"

"I think you must be Major Methuen," she said, and wondered to see how haggard he had gone all at once, for during the past hour he had seemed to grow younger; "and I am glad you have come home to your mother," she added, softly, "for she said you were her only son, and she a widow."

"Yes, she is happy now," he said, as one whose thoughts were not in his words; "we are going to settle down together in the country next month. I was always a bad correspondent, and she thought"—

"That you must be dead," said Madcap, sighing; "but it was poor Frank who died."

"What on earth is the link between him and me?" said the soldier, a flush of something that looked like anger rising to his tanned brow. "Everywhere I am received for him, taken for a dull echo of him—a makeshift that bears some faded resemblance to the dead hero. I'm positively sick of hearing myself called Lovel, and being clapped on the shoulder every time I venture to go to my club by some man who vows he used to know me in another name."

"But was there any resemblance between you?" said Madcap, sitting erect, and understanding Job's mistake better.

"There was the likeness that may exist between two fair men of exactly the same height and build," he said, carelessly, "though I never saw it myself. Men dropped like flies in those days, and looked less at each other's faces than at the enemy; but our supposed resemblance was a matter of common remark in the regiment. Then the circumstances of our joining were almost identical: both had sold out of the Guards, both had applied for leave of service in the war at the same time, and both for the same reason (though only they two knew it)—a bad heartache of some years standing. So for the short time we fought together we were friends, and when one died the other must needs be received as his own ghost. It was the commonplace order of our looks that did it, I suppose," said Major Methuen, still with that angry flush on his brow; "but how men in their senses can pretend to recognise in middle age one out of a pair of yellow-haired boys, I can't imagine. There never *was* an uncommon line in either of our faces; there are hundreds like us to be met with in the streets any day."

"Are there?" said Madcap, a little coldly at this underrating of Frank. "I have always heard very differently . . . but I see that you never *really* liked him or knew how to value him."

"Did I not?" he said, with a queer smile; "yet we were friends enough to have no secrets from each other (save one, and that concerned a woman), and on the eve of battle we exchanged"—he paused abruptly, and said no more.

"Frank was not a lad when he died," said Madcap; "he was nearly *twenty-seven*—six years older than Gordon. Perhaps you were *older*—though you need

not be so very glad of that now," she added, looking round at him with a little feminine touch of spite that even an angel will indulge in if you disparaged her patron saint.

But he only smiled, and she laughed, so that peace was restored between them, though her next question endangered it.

"Pray," said she, "were both your heartaches for one and the same person?"

She was looking at him earnestly, as though by his reply she might find the key to an enigma that puzzled her.

"Why do you ask that?" he said, his eyes steady, though his colour changed.

"Because Job told me once that Frank loved my mother," she said, resting her cheek on one hand and looking at him thoughtfully; "but she loved father best—and, of course, she married him. Did you love her, too; and is that why you speak of her so tenderly, and love *me*?"

"So you know I love you, child," he said, turning to her swiftly. "God bless you for saying that—yes, I *did* love her; and I lost her only to find her once more—and once more—to lose her."

"No, not lost," she said. "I will love you for my mother's sake and my own . . . and you will forgive father; if he wronged you it was unwittingly"—

But he had started up, she sat alone on her green throne, and he was standing below in the green hollow gazing straight before him, as though through the glade he saw some fearsome thing approach.

"Good-by, little one—little child," he said, turning to her suddenly, as she stood half-longing, half-fearing to descend, and she saw in his eyes the look, the tears that she had surprised in them once before; "only one thing could ever bring me back, your being in trouble, which, please God, you never will be."

"Good-by," she said, gently, asking no questions, as some children and women will, God knows, and vex a man's soul even while he loves them, but when he reached up and took her slender hand, she laid her other over it, and held it fast.

For a moment the strong man bowed his head on them, "*If I might stay*," she thought she heard him say; but in another moment, and with no farther leave-taking, she was standing alone above the hollow, and she could not see which way he went for tears . . . and then (for her child's heart had gone out to him) she sat down and cried—cried, not knowing it, for the peace that had fled away with him for ever, but should come back to her perchance in other guise, bringing with it better gifts than those ignorant ones over which she so passionately wept.

CHAPTER VII.

One late June morning ill-news came riding full gallop to the Red Hall, and Colonel Busby was the Mercury that bore it.

His horses' heels struck out sparks of news as he flew, so that everybody had the news before he reached the Red Hall, and was so bursting with importance when he reached it, that Saunders was sure something was amiss, and admitted him at once.

"Find your young mistress immediately," he said, puffing himself out like a frog, as, uninvited, he marched with stately step into the dining-room.

"My mistress is out, Sir," said the man, using the formula Mr. Eyre had directed him to use to all callers in his absence, though in this instance he spoke truth, and added, "she has probably gone to the woods."

"Out!" said Colonel Busby, bouncing, as he stood. "Out on such an occasion as this? She must be found, and found immediately."

"You bring no bad news, Sir, I hope," said the butler, pausing at the door.

"Well, well," said Colonel Busby, "you'll hear presently. Your mistress must be told first, and not in a sudden way. I shall, of course, break it to her gently—gently. I am used to these things, you know."

"Very true, Sir," said Saunders, drily, as he departed; for who ever knew Colonel Busby to be above five minutes late for any disaster within a radius of ten miles?

He flattered himself he was in at the death now, as he walked up and down the room, growing more and more impatient as the minutes went by, and still Madcap did not come. Why, good heavens! she might be told of it in the village, and here was he cooling his heels, when he had half the county to ride round that morning with his news.

When the half hour struck, he could contain himself no longer, but rang the bell; and when Saunders appeared, said abruptly, "Mr. Eyre is dead."

The man started back, with a cry of horror,

"Yes, here it is," said Colonel Busby, struggling to pull a pink paper out of his pocket. "I have it posted for me from town every afternoon, so that I am always half a day ahead of everybody else with my news. See here," and he unfurled the paper with a flourish, and pointed a fat trembling forefinger at certain capital letters—"BURNING OF THE SAILING-SHIP 'ARIZONA'; all hands lost, and one passenger—Doune Hamilton Eyre."

The old butler thought of Madcap, as he covered his eyes with two trembling hands, blaming himself for a curious feeling of something very like relief.

"Yes, he's dead," said Colonel Busby, cheerfully, "and just as one might expect—quite in his usual way.

I mean, as he did things in life, involving all around him in disaster, and disappearing, like a sort of middle-aged Casabianca, in the flames that lit the burning deck, &c., for he must *pose*—if only to the elements."

"My master will be deeply regretted, Sir," said the butler; "he was greatly respected by all, and much loved by his family."

"Ah, yes—to be sure," said Colonel Busby, drawing in his horns; "you see it is owing to his being so well known that we have got the intelligence so quickly; plenty of sailing-ships are burnt or lost, but they don't get capital letters in the newspapers."

"My master may have left the ship," said Saunders, thoughtfully. "Until we receive further particulars, Sir, I think it will be better not to say anything to Miss Madcap. No doubt Mr. Doune has seen the paper by now, and will be here before evening."

"I hope it is a mistake," said Colonel Busby, sobbing as he folded up his paper, and feeling that it would be the unkindest cut of all from his old enemy, did that enemy return to prove his information incorrect. "Well, good-day; I suppose your mistress will be found in the course of the morning—very improper—very improper, her wandering about at all hours by herself indeed, and in those miles of woods too—highly irregular"—and he fussed himself on to his horse and out of sight.

"I must go and find her," said the old man aloud, as he re-entered the house; "so long as she's not gone on to the village, there's none to tell her; but 'tis like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay," he muttered, as he went to caution the other servants against saying anything to her if she soon came in.

They had already got the news from the village, and some wept, and some trembled; one did not believe it, another did; but all agreed they had felt trouble in the air ever since Master had "broken out" in May.

"They said he was dead once before," said Nan, who heard the news last, "and he came back safe and sound, and so he will now—though pr'aps sorrow'll soften Miss Madcap's heart a bit to Master Gordon," she added to herself hopefully.

The old butler never walked so far under good green wood as he walked that morning; but not a flutter of his young mistress's gown did he catch sight of, not a trace of her could he find, and, having lost himself four or five times, was thankful to reach the village, which he found in a state of extraordinary excitement and gossip.

The daily papers had arrived, and confirmed Colonel Busby's news, and no one seemed to doubt the truth of it, though this second report of Mr. Eyre's death was very differently received to that former one which twelve years ago had convulsed the village.

To-day all tongues spoke kindly, if they did not bitterly deplore him—if to the last he remained a man only truly lovable to his immediate home circle, he had at least won the respect of these poor people by his faithful care of his children. Many of the villagers remembered how harshly they had thought and spoken of him lately, yet under all their words and thoughts ran the underlying current that perhaps it was best for *her* that it should be thus, for now there would be no raking up of the old wretched story of sin and shame, no continuance of that pursuit on which he had departed; but all shortcomings, all wrong-doings for ever rounded off in a death that perchance had in it elements of grandeur.

So, in some under way, his people talked of him that morning until Saunders appeared in their midst, and then they rushed to him, asking how the young mistress "took it."

"Miss Madcap doesn't know it," said Saunders, with dignity. "No more do I—you'd best all wait a bit before putting on a bit of mourning. Master's as likely as not to walk in this very night. Who's to say where he got out, or that he ever meant to go all the voyage of the Arizona?"

And he disappeared up the hill that led to Mr. Eyre's house, leaving this listeners plunged in a cold bath of astonishment.

"To be sure, old Busby's facts is mostly his," said a villager, scratching his head; "and 'twas he as said master was dead once afore—m'appen 'twill be best to stick to our work in case he comes home promiskis, and catches us a-napping"—and the speaker shouldered his spade and departed on the spot to put his own suggestion into practice.

Gradually the little crowd dispersed, but only to gather again as a stranger came quickly through, tall, bronzed, and bearded, looking neither to right nor left as he, too, climbed the approach to the Red Hall.

"It's *true*, then," said one of the women, looking after him; "and he's come to break it to her—maybe some friend of her mother's family. He's a bit like the old Lord Lovel, though, to be sure, he died afore he was forty."

"M'appen 'tis the young Lord Lovel 'ud comfort her best," said another. "There's no cure for tears like a sweetheart's arm round your waist; but he'll be here by sundown, no doubt."

The stranger passed Saunders on the way, so that a woman opened the door to him, and to his inquiry for her mistress, merely said she was "out." To his inquiry whether any bad news had been received at the Red Hall that morning, the girl said "Yes"; but added that the young mistress did not know of it, as she had already gone out when Colonel Busby called.

"Prating fool," muttered the visitor below his

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have been accorded the HIGHEST AWARDS at all the recent INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS, including the Gold Medal at the New Zealand Exhibition, 1882; the Two Gold Medals for Uprights and Grands, Melbourne, 1881; the First Prize, Queensland, 1880; the Two First Special Prizes, Sydney, 1880; the Legion of Honour, Paris, 1878, &c.

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"Ch. Gerson."

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"Paris, Sept. 8, 1878.

"We, the undersigned, certify that, after having seen and most conscientiously examined the English Pianos at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, we find that the piano belongs to the Grand Pianos of the house of Brinsmead.

"NICOLAS RUBINSTEIN,
"D. MAGNUS,
"Chevalier ANTOINE DE KONSTK, Court Pianist to the Emperor of Germany."

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"I have pleasure in expressing my opinion that the Paris Exhibition Model Grand Pianos of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons are unsurpassed. The tone is deliciously sweet, sustained, and extraordinarily powerful; the touch responds to the faintest and to the most trying strains on it, and the workmanship is simply perfect.

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The FRAGRANT FLORILINE should be used in all cases of bad breath, and particularly by gentlemen after smoking. The Floriline combines, in a concentrated form, the most desirable, cleansing, and astringent properties. At the same time, it contains nothing which can possibly injure the most sensitive and delicate organisation.

It beautifies the teeth and gums.

It arrests the decay of the teeth.

It acts as a detergent after smoking.

It renders the gums hard and healthy.

It neutralises the offensive secretions of the mouth.

It imparts to the breath a fragrance purely aromatic and pleasant.

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FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.

Sweet as the ambrosial air,
With its perfume rich and rare;
Sweet as violets at the morn,
Which the emerald nooks adorn;
Sweet as rosebuds lingering forth
From the richly-laden bough,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
While scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's bower
Scented perfumes from each flower;
For in this liquid gem we trace—
All that can beauty aid and grace—
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.

Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco-smoke.

For children and adults whose teeth show marks of decay its advantages are paramount. The "Floriline" should be thoroughly brushed into all the cavities; no one need fear using it too often or too much at a time. Among the ingredients being soda, honey, spirits of wine, borax, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants, it forms not only the very best dentifrice for cleansing ever discovered, but one that is perfectly delicious to the taste and as harmless as cherry. The taste is so pleasing that, instead of taking up the toothbrush with dislike, as is often the case, children will on no account omit to use the "Floriline" regularly each morning if only left to their own choice. Children cannot be taught the use of the toothbrush too young; early neglect invariably produces premature decay of the teeth. "Floriline" is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.

If teeth are white and beautiful,
If kept thus so long and bright,
If they're discoloured in the least,
It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is the general praise
Giveth "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

One trial proves conclusive quite,
That by its constant use
The very best effect is gained;
That science can produce.
It is the talk of every one,
An all-absorbing theme;
Whilst general now becomes the use
Of "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

It makes the breath as sweet as flowers,
The teeth a pearly white;
The gums it hardens, and it gives
Sensations of delight.
All vile secretions it removes,
However long they've been;
The enamel, too, it will preserve,
The "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.

It may or may not be generally known that microscopic examinations have proved that animal or vegetable parasites gather, unobserved by the naked eye, upon the teeth and gums of at least nine persons in every ten; any individual may easily satisfy himself in this matter by placing a few crystals of magnifying glass over a partially-decayed tooth, when the living animalcules will be found to resemble a partially-decayed cheese more than anything else we can compare it to. We may also state that the FRAGRANT FLORILINE is the only remedy yet discovered able perfectly to free the teeth and gums from these parasites without the slightest injury to the teeth or the most tender gums.

Read this.—From the "Weekly Times," March 24, 1871:—

"There are so many toilet articles which obtain all their celebrity from being constantly and extensively advertised that it makes it necessary when anything new and good is introduced to the public that special attention should be called to it. The most delightful and effective toilet article for cleansing and beautifying the teeth that we in a long experience have ever used is the new Fragrant Floriline. It is quite a pleasure to use it, and its properties of imparting a fragrance to the breath and giving a pearly whiteness to the teeth make it still more valuable. Of all the numerous nostrums for cleaning the teeth which from time to time have been fashionable and popular, nothing to be compared with Floriline has hitherto been produced, whether considered as a beautifier or a valuable cleanser and preserver of the teeth and gums."

From the "Young Ladies' Journal":—"An agreeable dentifrice is always a luxury. As one of the most agreeable may be reckoned Floriline. It cleanses the teeth and imparts a pleasant odour to the breath. It has been analysed by several eminent professors of chemistry, and they concur in their testimony to its usefulness. We are frequently asked to recommend a dentifrice to our readers; therefore we cannot do better than advise them to try the Fragrant Floriline."

FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.

I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to-day,
That the reason that teeth do decay
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is,
If the mouth is not wholesome and clean;
And I also have heard to preserve them the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh, yes! it is true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certainly and silently do they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath;
But a certain preservative has now been found,
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right for your teeth to preserve,
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"

'Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger its use can attend;
For clever physicians and dentists as well
Their uniform praise now blend.
They say it's the best preparation that's known,
And evident proofs have they seen.
That nothing can equal the virtues that dwell
In the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.

The "Christian World" of March 17, 1871, says, with respect to Floriline:—"Floriline has, like to become a household word in England, and one of peculiarly pleasant meaning. It would be difficult to find a more agreeable and useful preparation for the teeth. Those who cannot get on at all without having a r willingly give it up."

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were awarded the GOLD MEDAL of HONOUR at the PARIS EXHIBITION, 1875. After a very careful examination of the pianofortes exhibited during which the names of the makers exhibiting were not known to the jurors their Pianofortes were selected as superior to all others.

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were awarded the PRIZE MEDAL at the GREAT LONDON EXHIBITION, 1882, for Great Excellence of Tone, being selected with those manufactured by Messrs. Broadwood and Sons as being superior to all others exhibited.

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were awarded the GOLD MEDAL of HONOUR at the PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878, for superior quality of tone, improved mechanism, and general excellence, being THE ONLY PIANOFORTES of BRITISH MANUFACTURE considered worthy of this great distinction.

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have taken the Highest Honours for General Excellence at all the Exhibitions in which they have appeared.

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Particular attention is drawn to the opinion expressed by the following celebrated Pianists and Musicians:—
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Madame DULCEN,
Sir HENRY BISHOP,
and many others, that "J. and J. Hopkinson's Pianofortes are unsurpassed in tone, touch, and general excellence by those of any other maker."

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"I have had occasion to test Hopkinson's Pianos in London and in Paris, and I am bound to declare that, with regard to power, evenness of tone, and equality of touch, I have found them of rare excellence."
"They are instruments that all Pianists ought to appreciate, for they allow them to give expression to their feelings, and to play with the most delicate nuances."
(Signed) "CH. GOUNOD."

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"The Grand Pianos of Hopkinson, London, are very remarkable. All the qualities which can be demanded by an experienced virtuoso—vigour of attack, openness of sound, possibility to give the necessary shade to the music, and to produce effects of extreme delicacy—are found in Hopkinson's Pianofortes. They possess also a sonority of a crystalline nature, which gives them a certain charm and characterises their own personality."
(Signed) "NICHOLAS RUBINSTEIN."

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"I state with pleasure that the Grand Pianos of Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson, of London, which I have had the opportunity of hearing and of trying myself, are remarkable for their fabrication, and that they rival those of the best houses of Paris and London for their wonderful power and elasticity of touch."
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(Signed) "CH. NILSSON."

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"Sir Bartle and Lady Frere have great pleasure in informing Messrs. Hopkinson that the Grand Pianoforte manufactured by Messrs. Hopkinson, which was taken to the Cape Colony by Sir Bartle and Lady Frere in 1877, proved in every respect an admirable instrument. It stood all variations of climate perfectly; and the tone, which was remarkably rich and mellow, possessed a depth and fullness which showed no variation during the three and a half years they had it in the Cape Colony."

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SALE of this REMEDY has given rise to many UNSCRUPULOUS IMITATIONS. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.
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F.R.S., Professor of Dermatology, President of the
Royal College of Surgeons, England, in the "Journal
of Cutaneous Medicine," writes:—

PEARS' SOAP.—"The use of a good soap
is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health,
to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its
falling into wrinkles. Pears is a name engraven on
the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant.'—Pears' Soap
is an article of the nicest and most careful manu-
facture, and the most refreshing and agreeable of
baths for the skin."

PEARS' SOAP.—Dr. Tilbury Fox, late
Physician to the Skin Department, University
College Hospital, writes:—

PEARS' SOAP "is the best soap made."
Vide Tilbury Fox on the "Skin," p. 308.

PEARS' SOAP.—The Skin and Complexion.
From "Punch."—"A lay from the 'Lancet.' "Bad
complexions, blotchy and rough skins, deficient eye-
brows and eyelashes are becoming common char-
acteristics, not only of the frivolous or dissipated
classes, but of the respectable and sedate community
as a whole."

PEARS' SOAP is a wonderfully pure
Soap.—Lancet, Sept. 17, 1881.

PEARS' SOAP.
"No wonder that muddy complexions increase,
And that eyebrows and eyelashes vanish away;
But we turn to our 'Lancet' and that gives us peace
If we follow the rules that it lays down to-day.
Let vile nostrums alone, or abandon all hope
Of a face without blotches and rubicund nose;
But just stick to pure water and plenty of soap,
And you'll find your complexion as fresh as a rose."
"Punch," Oct. 1, 1881.

PEARS' SOAP.—"Of the many soaps I
have tried, the only one I can really recommend is
Pears' Transparent Soap, which has been on trial at
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PEARS' SOAP.—Mr. James Startin, late
Physician to St. John's Hospital for the Skin,
London, writes:—

PEARS' SOAP.—"For many years I have
had the pleasure in recommending and using Pears'
Soap in preference to every other, as being perfectly
free from those impurities so prejudicial to the skin
found in most soaps."

PEARS' SOAP.—Mr. James Startin, Surgeon
and Lecturer at St. John's Hospital for the Skin,
London, writes:—

PEARS' SOAP.—"As to the soap you
should use: Having made innumerable experiments
with all the best-known toilet soaps, both of English
and Continental makers, my experience as regards
Pears' Soap endorses that of the late Mr. James
Startin, Professor Erasmus Wilson, Dr. Tilbury Fox,
and similar writers. I have invariably found it per-
fectly pure, and the most efficacious in health and
disease, and hence I recommend it to patients in
preference to all others."

PEARS' SOAP.—H. S. Purdon, Esq., M.D.,
Physician to the Belfast Skin Hospital, writes:—

PEARS' SOAP.—"The best soap I know
is Pears' Transparent Soap, and I recommend it to
patients and friends."

PEARS' SOAP.—Dr. Redwood, Professor
of Chemistry and Pharmacy to the Pharmaceutical
Society of Great Britain, reports:—

PEARS' SOAP.—"Messrs. Pears have
long been celebrated for their Transparent Soap,
and, from frequent examinations and analyses of it
during a period of thirty years, I can certify that it
possesses the properties of an efficient yet mild de-
tergent, without any of the objectionable properties
of ordinary soaps, which usually contain free fatty
acid or caustic alkali, or alkaline salts, giving them a
greasy, acrid, or irritating character. It is quite free
from coconut oil and artificial colouring matter,
and may be relied upon for great purity, uniformity
of composition, and agreeable perfume. It may be
represented as a perfect toilet soap."

PEARS' SOAP.—C. R. C. Tichborne, Esq.,
LL.D., Lecturer on Chemistry at Carmichael College
of Medicine, Dublin, reports:—

PEARS' SOAP.—"I have made three
separate and independent analyses of Pears'
Transparent Soap, the samples being procured by
myself at ordinary retail shops, and from these
examinations, an able and cordial testimony to its
purity. It is made in the most perfect manner, and is free
from any causticity to persons of delicate skin a question
of vital importance. Being free from all adulteration
with water, its durability is really remarkable. I
cannot speak too highly of it, for it strikingly illus-
trates the perfection of toilet soap. Within the last
few years a great number of transparent soaps, imi-
tations of Messrs. Pears' invention, have appeared in
the market, of a most inferior and injurious character,
consisting of coconut oil, caustic soda, and large
addition of water, and I have found in them over 5
per cent of free caustic soda, and nearly one third
water. I need hardly say that such soaps are
necessarily most hurtful."

PEARS' SOAP.—Professor Attfield, F.R.S.
Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceu-
tical Society of Great Britain, reports:—

PEARS' SOAP.—"I have annually, for the
past ten years, made an independent analysis of
your Transparent Soap, and have not found it to vary
in quality or in composition. It contains neither
excess of alkali nor of moisture, and it is free from
artificial colouring matter. A better, purer, or more
usefully durable soap cannot be made."

PEARS' SOAP.—Professor Cameron, M.D.,
&c., Professor of Chemistry and Hygiene in the
Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and Medical
Officer of Health and Analyst for Dublin, reports:—

PEARS' SOAP.—"I have analysed samples
of Pears' Soap, purchased by myself in Dublin. I
find it remarkably good—prepared from pure
materials, combined in the proper proportions, and
free from coconut oil and from artificial colouring.
It may safely be used upon the skin of the tenderest
infant."

PEARS' SOAP.—S. McAdam, Esq., Ph.D.,
&c., Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeons' Hall, Edin-
burgh, reports:—

PEARS' SOAP.—"I have made careful
analyses of several tablets of Pears' Transparent
Soap, which I obtained indiscriminately at different
shops in Edinburgh, and I can certify to its being a
pure and genuine soap, free from admixture with any
foreign substances, and practically devoid of causticity.
It combines detergent with emollient prop-
erties in a high degree, and it may therefore be used
with great advantage for toilet and bath purposes,
especially in the case of children and others whose
skin is soft and delicate and liable to be affected by
the impure and caustic nature of ordinary soaps."

PEARS' SOAP.—For Toilet.

PEARS' SOAP.—For Nursery.

PEARS' SOAP.—For Shaving.

PEARS' SOAP.—For Washing. Tablets
and Balls, 1s. each; Larger Sizes, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
(the 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with (111. of) roses).
A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

breath, as he turned and went through the grounds straight to the meadow, beyond which was the cowslip gate he had told Madeap he must never cross.

But he went through it now without a thought, and pushed swiftly on; that curious local memory which we form under moments of strong excitement guiding him as he went forward, so that he scarcely missed a yard of the way he had gone with Madeap a fortnight ago, and soon had reached a point where he saw her in dim perspective, sitting in her green chair, with one elbow on its arm and one hand supporting her cheek.

He could not at that distance see if she looked glad or sorry, but the attitude seemed to speak of dejection, and a closed book lay on her knee; and as he drew nearer he saw that she was pale, the corners of her mouth drooping sorrowfully, as if her thoughts were sadder than her loneliness. He stopped short, suddenly struck by the thought of how lonely she must have been during the past weeks; but her father had been right—she was strong enough to be left to herself; and as Doune had been his mother's child through and through, so this girl had Mr. Eyre's fibre of strength in her, and would rally from a blow that would have slain her mother.

She looked up as he approached, and started to her feet, and then he saw how pale she was before the joyous colour rushed into her cheeks, then out again, leaving them paler than before.

"I am not in trouble," she said, looking down at him as he stood in the little hollow below. "Did you think I was; or have you brought me bad news?"

He could not play with the agony of question in her eyes.

"Yes," he said, though in his heart he knew it was good, that for the dead and the living his news was best. "It is of your father . . . he is dead."

"Dead!" she said, standing straight up, and gazing over his head. "Dead . . . father dead . . . O! it is impossible. He would have made some sign before he died!"

"His ship was destroyed at sea," said Major Methuen, gently. "No one was saved, or so the papers say."

"Is that all?" she said, looking at him. "Why I thought some one had seen his body—had buried him—my dear, darling Dad. But if he has only been lost at sea, he is safe. Does not the sea often give up its dead? No, not its dead," she added, shivering; "I mean those who have been *thought* to be dead; and there are boats, and he could swim."

"The ship was burnt to the very water's edge," said Major Methuen, sadly, for later details had come with the morning papers. "She showed a sheet of flame against a black sky, but every soul on board was dead when help reached her."

"How do you know that my father was on board?" she said, still with that pale strength of regard, that tearless look. "He may not have gone with the ship all the way. Was it homeward or outward bound when—when this happened?"

"Homeward. Your father booked his passage out and back in it, and in the course of another twelve days should have been here."

"That is true," she said, trembling. "I have been counting the days. . . But it is not true," she cried, with the first ring of passion in her voice that he had yet heard. "He loved me so, and I him. . . On which day did it happen?" she said, turning to him quickly, "for I must have *known* it—got some *hint*!"

"It was on Monday, at sundown," he said, "immediately before a violent storm at sea."

"And on Monday I was *happy*," she said; "happier than I have been since he went away. I was thinking of you and of him all day, and I fell asleep here at sundown and dreamed that I had joined your hands together across the cowslip gate."

The man before her groaned and turned away. . . . had not her maiden dreams fulfilled themselves, and might he not go through the cowslip gate now as often as he listed, while to *her* was not the dead for ever shrined in her heart, the human idol that in life must have fallen shattered at her feet?

"*He lives*," she cried, and the triumphant joy of her voice startled him as he turned to look at her, the colour in her cheek, the light in her eye, the look of *faith* as strongly stamped on her features as it had been on Job's in those days before he found his "salvation"; "but do you not *wish* him to live?" she said, suddenly; "do you—God forgive you—wish him *dead*?"

He looked at her without a word, his face growing stern as he looked. *Did* he wish his enemy dead, did he see happiness for himself and her beyond Mr. Eyre's death, the gates of Paradise opening to him who had so long stood starved and lonely without? In his heart he knew he had been saying, "Please God, it is true," ever since he heard the news; but now—now—

"Is he the first and the best in all the world to you, Madeap?"

"The first and the best," she said, with the first falter that had come into her voice; "he will always be the first and the best in the whole world to me."

"Then please God he lives," he said, slowly, as he turned away, looking out with blind eyes at the sunny glades, the cool shadows beyond.

"He can swim *miles*," said the girl, a little restlessly; "and there are desert islands, are there not, at sea?"

Major Methuen shuddered—perhaps at the thought

of a man being so cast away—perhaps thinking a lost soul in hell could not suffer such torture as must be Mr. Eyre's portion, living solitary with such a secret as he held locked in his breast for sole company by night and day? Something in his averted look, his attitude, perhaps the fear against which she had so stubbornly fought, suddenly pierced her, and she stepped noiselessly to her old seat, her face to the tree, all her high courage gone at a breath.

So he saw her when he turned, and thought her unconscious, as he had seen her mother once, in a short, sharp season of bitter misery; and his voice was harsh with pain as he knelt beside her, crying out, under his breath, "O! my little one—my dear, my dear!" . . .

She heard him, and turned.

"Why do you pity me?" she said. "Do not do that till we are sure that he is dead. . . . Then you may pity me, as you might have pitied my mother if she had lost him."

A feeling of powerlessness overcame the man who heard her. Here was the stanch devotion of the older Madeap over again, that Mr. Eyre himself alone could break, or that higher Power who

Keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols . . . albeit
He brake them to our faces and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white.

"How long shall I have to wait before there is a message from him?" she said, standing up. "If it will be more than a few days, I cannot bear it. But he will be as quick as he can." . . . Her eyes wandered around, and she seemed for a moment or two to listen to the frivolous interruptions that had at intervals crossed her misery during the past time, the hum of insects, the bird cries, the low multitudinous sounds that swell the forest life. Then suddenly she stretched out her hands, and trembled in every limb.

"If it is true," she said, "father . . . father . . . and it is through your care and love I am living now . . . always loving, always good. . . . O! Dad . . . Dad" . . .

"There, cry," said Major Methuen, as the slow tears dropped through her fingers. "Cry as hard as you can, my poor, poor little soul."

"No," she said, looking up, "I will not. It is like making *sure* that he is dead . . . if—if—but I will not think of it. And there is Doune to comfort . . . he will be sorry now that he did not love him *more* . . . But it was kind of you to come and tell me," she added, looking at her companion as if from a great way off. "Only I do not think you are sorry about father; and you might forgive him, now that you think he is dead." . . .

For awhile he did not answer her; then he said, slowly, as one out of whom the words are wrung,

"If my wishing could bring him back, he should be here; if the sacrifice of my life could make your happiness, Madeap, I would give it—for your mother's sake and yours, and since neither of you could live without him, and he is always to be first and best in two such faithful hearts."

"Yes," said the girl, "always the first—always the best. And now I am going home—home!" She trembled as she repeated the word, as if it could be that without him . . . it will be all dreary and empty till he comes back (she had stepped down into the hollow, and was walking swiftly), for if the boys come to-day, they must not stay—it would torment me to see them watching and listening for every sound, and I would rather meet him all alone. . . . No one on earth can love him as well as I do."

They went nearly in silence the rest of the way, but when they reached the cowslip gate she stopped, and held out her hand.

"Good-by," she said; "grief has made me very selfish—but I am grateful to you all the same" . . . and went quickly through the gate into the light beyond, leaving him alone in the shadows, yet with the pulse of a passionate new hope and life stirring him to his inmost fibre as he watched that slender shape in white disappear.

CHAPTER VIII.

Doune, with wet towels round his head, was "sporting his oak" on the day of Madeap's trouble, and would not have opened his door if every don in Oxford had thundered for admission, while Gordon had been on the river since daybreak, returning only to eat and turn in to those blessed slumbers that never (save when he thought over long of Madeap) failed him.

But next morning they heard the news, and started at once for Lovel, where they found Madeap in her usual white gown and a white flower in her belt, and whiter roses yet on her cheeks, reading quietly in Mr. Eyre's study.

"He is not dead," she said, as they both flew to her, and Doune kissed her mouth and Gordon her cheek, while the four strong young arms went round her as though she were a baby, instead of something infinitely stronger than either them; "and you must not spoil your studies," she said to Doune, as she kissed him; "so you and Gordon will go back to-morrow, and I will stay quietly here and wait for Dad."

In vain Gordon pleaded to be allowed to go to the Towers, and be within call until some more certain information of Mr. Eyre was forthcoming; in vain Doune, whose stubborn heart was at last vanquished, and who now knew how truly and sincerely his father had won him, refused to return to his beloved books: at the end

of two days Madeap got her way, and sent them back for the remaining fortnight of the term.

Perhaps her faith had infected them both, perhaps she had been kinder to Gordon than she had ever been before; but the hearts of both young men were lighter as they started than when they came: and, if pale, Madeap showed no signs of sadness as she stood on the station platform to see them go.

"And not a bit of black on her!" said the villagers, as she drove back through Lovel, her favourite grey pony Tommy flying before the wind, as was his wont, though he had the sense of a Christian, and would dance sedately down hill like a Court gentleman, and had never done his mistress any worse trick than to tear her gloves into ribbons when she tried to check his pace on level or uphill ground.

But, fast as she flew, she had time to see at the entrance to Synge-lane a man and woman standing, so absorbed in talk that one at least did not see her as she passed by.

She knew the man at a glance, though his back was towards her; but the woman, who looked up, was a stranger—dark, blue-eyed, raven-haired, olive-complexioned, though her lips were red—a face to haunt one by reason of its beauty and the history that it carried.

Madeap saw the whole scene in a flash, but she did not see how the woman started and went pale as death as she passed, as one who sees the ghost of one who long ago was a friend to him. Madeap had unconsciously coloured as she went by, but, though she pulled up once or twice before she reached the Red Hall, asked the villagers no questions as to what strangers were sojourning in Lovel.

She thought they looked at her oddly, and with a furtive excitement that she did not understand: but glances counted for little with her in this curious phase of her young life, in which she seemed to walk as in a twilight where none lived yet none were dead, and she might cling with human love, yet *remember* with that reverence which makes a martyr of the humblest dead.

In these days she felt none of that longing for human companionship and voices that had lately tormented her: she would sit for hours in her father's study, or stand before her mother's portrait, and learn his character from her looks, and even studied the face of Lady Sara Villiers, the evil genius (as she had once accidentally heard) of the family, but found in the dark glowing face not one tithe of the beauty of that living, flesh and blood face she had seen beside Major Methuen in the village. She never went to the cowslip gate now—never went beyond sight of the house-door; for how, if her father should come back and find none to welcome him?

Day by day he grew dearer in her eyes . . . he was so faithful, he had loved her mother so dearly; and this stranger to whom her heart had so gone out, who had *loved* her mother too, was lingering in the village because he had met with an old sweetheart, or perhaps had found a new one. . . .

She had told neither Doune nor Gordon of this stranger, for why should she—or, again, why not? There was not a trait of deceit in her: but here a curious reticence asserted itself, and since no questions were asked she volunteered no replies.

But one day very early in July a telegram was brought to her in an envelope of the usual colour.

"It is from father," she said aloud, and opened it with a firm hand.

It was from Mr. Eyre, dated Paris, and bade her expect him home on the evening of the following day. For awhile she sat quite still—did ever the ease of the rolling of the stone from a human heart equal the past misery inflicted by its weight? Then she said,

"You will prepare everything for your master, Saunders—for he will be here to-morrow;" then she ran out to be alone with her great joy.

Her feet took her along the familiar path without her bidding; it was only when she reached the cowslip gate that she remembered how long it was since she had been there. . . . but she was now carried beyond herself, lifted into that kind of exultation which follows on the granting in full the one supreme prayer of a human soul, and when she looked up and saw Major Methuen on the other side, it seemed to her natural enough that he should be there.

"Do you know it already?" she said, eagerly. "Have you already heard it in the village—that he will be home *to-morrow*?"

He neither spoke nor moved; he could not keep out the darkness from his eyes, the greyiness that stole over his features, as he said,

"Thank God!—for you."

She had come through the cowslip gate as she spoke, and it had closed behind her, for ever shutting him out from his kingdom, though she stood beside him, and some glimmering of the grief, the loss, the utter shipwreck to which his life had come, reached her soul as she looked at him and stretched out a gentle hand in token of friendship. He took it silently, looking down on it—half an hour ago how near it was, and now how far away!

"Good-by," he said; "I have wished you more than one false good-by, Madeap, but this is a real one."

He kissed her hand and laid it down by her side . . . was there a tear upon it, or had it fallen from her own eyes as she looked up to find herself alone?

Long she stood and gazed at it, gazed till the

memory of the man was woven in her heart for ever, till in the long years in which she saw him not, the thought of him was to her as

A bower in which to sleep,
Full of soft dreams and health, and quiet breathing.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

The tulips were all in full blow between Grosvenor and Stanhope Gates—the haughty yellow, the imperial scarlet, the pink, the white, the rose-red; here a bed of pale young beauties opening their mauve skirts to show pink satin slips within, there a fair army of white and rose whose mingled hues showed more daintily than those concentrated masses of colour which seemed to dazzle the eye as it gazed.

"Look!" cried a girl who sat on the box-seat of a coach that a handsome young man was tooling past the tulips, "that is the prettiest sight I have seen in London yet!"

"They get them up very well here, don't they?" said the young man, not taking his eyes off his horses, for, though early in the season, the park was rather full, and he had no intention of "spilling" the precious personage who sat beside him, to say nothing of the duchess and servants who sat behind.

"Yes," said the girl, looking at him indignantly, "that is just it—they are *too* well got up—they won't bow to the wind or—tremble to the rain, and they are not worth any one of my wild flowers at home!"

"That's right," said the young man heartily, but without looking at her. "I like to hear you say that. 'To be sure, there is no place like home'; and I shall be glad enough to settle down there when this confounded season is over."

The girl did not answer; her eyes were fixed on the wind-swept, budding trees, for there had been a storm over-night, and the wind had done more than the rain in freshening, clearing, and making sweet the air that almost smelled of country this morning, and partly made her understand how, even in a city, spring must be beautiful.

"Who is the girl?" said one male gossip to another, and looked at the coach, now, for a moment or so, checked by a crowd of equestrians passing into the Row.

"Eyre's daughter," said the other; "the man who was supposed to murder his wife."

"Didn't he? And who's the man?"

"Lord Lovel of Lovel."

"She is well turned out," said the second gossip, looking at her from head to heel; "and *he* is good form—very; so is the coach; horses matched to a hair; and the servants' looks and liveries admirably chosen. He has large estates?"

"Yes; out of all proportion to his income. The late Lord Lovel was once engaged to the girl's mother, and left Eyre's daughter all his personal estate—amounting to about ten thousand a year. And, of course, the young pair are engaged."

"Of course."

"But she'll soon lose that look, eh? Evidently doesn't know a soul. Fancy looking at tree-tops in the Park!"

"She can afford to: such a face as that will make men climb to look at it. She needn't look down."

"Poetical, by Jove!"

"Yes; I knew her mother. Eyre would make her go through a London season, just to disgust her with human nature, I suppose, till she begged him to take her home. Even her children couldn't console her, and he never brought her again. She preferred hearts and homes to society and houses. And the daughter is her living image," added the man, as the coach moved on; "and Eyre himself has aged very little in seventeen years."

"Gone into Parliament, hasn't he? Makes the House listen when he speaks? He always did—not the House—but people. And his son is more brilliant still; likely to do some harm in his time, or die in a madhouse."

"Insanity in the family?"

"No; but eccentricity to the last degree. The Villiers strain brought it in; but perhaps it's wearing out."

"Surely that's Methuen?"

"Yes, with his mother. First time I ever saw him here."

"Awkward fellow that; forgets all his old friends, and makes no new ones. Hates to be mistaken for the late Lord Lovel—a little touched, eh?"

"Not a doubt of it. He seems to know Eyre's daughter; he raised his hat to her as she passed."

"Very likely. Lovel and Methuen fought together in the Crimea; joined at the last moment, and Lovel was killed."

"And who has Eyre got as sheep-dog?"

"Didn't you see her? Lady Ann Lovel—the boy's great-aunt."

The other man grimaced.

"Not such a bad choice. She can still climb a coach without looking ridiculous, and has the quietest tongue and the profoundest experience in London. No fear of the golden apples being seized with such an Hesperides to keep guard. So Eyre wishes the match?"

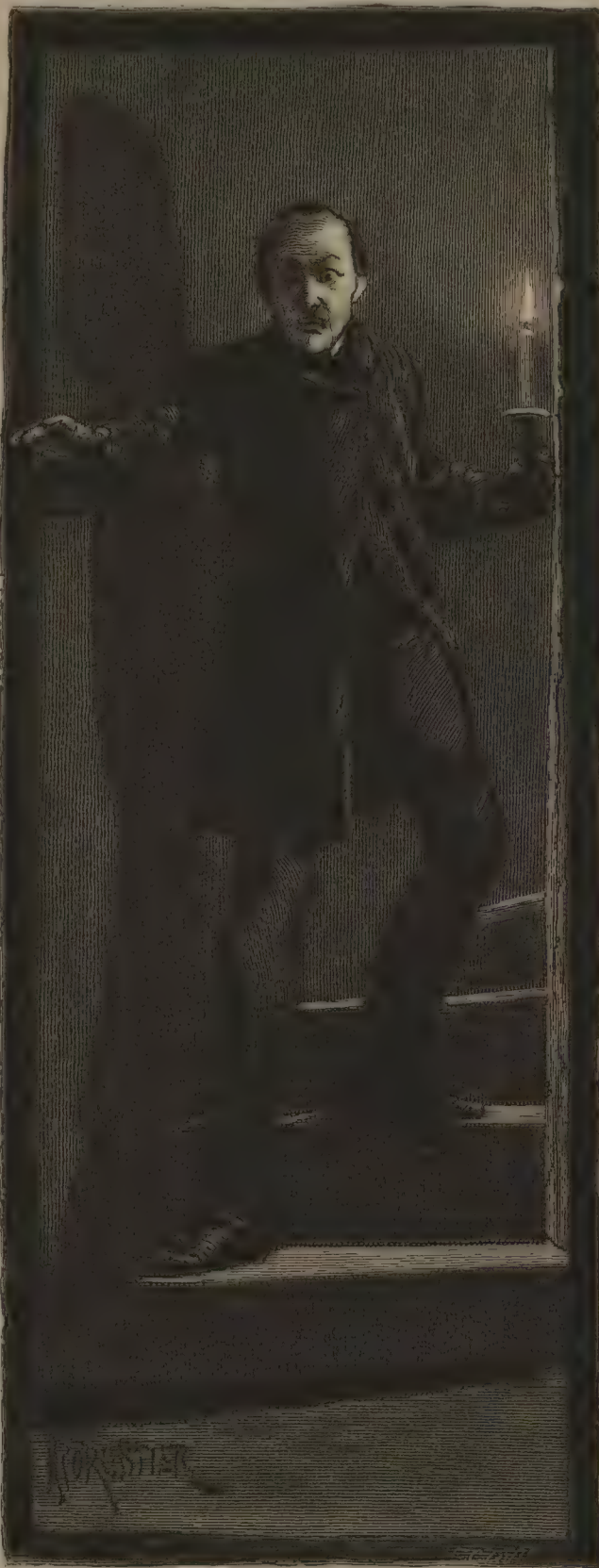
"He buried his heart in his wife's grave—a daughter's well enough, but she's not a wife."

"He won't marry again?"

"Not he—the Duchess of Marmiton couldn't persuade him—and if she couldn't—no one else will."

"So that's why she still mourns the Duke?"

"To be sure. Eyre was a devil of a fellow among the women at one time, and he made a fool of her among the rest—but he is invulnerable now."



"She saw the zigzag light of a candle showing on the corkscrew stairs."

"Having lost his power of charming?" said the other man.

"Not he. Ask the Duchess."

"She means to introduce the girl?"

"No doubt. But where's the good? She is her mother over again—she will run away from all the finery, and marry that handsome young fellow in a village church."

"But her mother married an old one?"

"Yes—worse luck for her."

"The Honourable Nancy looks very fit to-day," said the other gossip, exhausted by a subject that he had only so long pursued because Madcap's face had charmed him.

"Yes—Lovel's first cousin—he might do worse than marry *her*, if Eyre's daughter throws him over."

Meanwhile Madcap sat excited, with shining eyes, and longed to ask Gordon to turn his horses' heads that she might get another glimpse of the man whom she had not seen for two years, and who had long ago passed into her memory as a friend.

And he had remembered her, though she must have

altered surely, and had saluted her—how lucky that Gordon did not see him, for how could she excuse the silence she had preserved about him all this time? What could she say if she met him in society one day when she was with her father, and he approached her?

But she felt that she did not care, she was so happy, so *happy* to see him once again, and her voice startled Gordon with its joy as at Victoria Gate she begged him go back and draw up for a little while because she wished to look at the "people," as they went by.

"But I thought you wanted to see some trees," said Gordon, considerably astonished at her change of mind; and he turned to find her radiant as in her wildest days, and looking so bewitching that not even the unbecoming altitude at which she sat could spoil her or check the murmur of admiration that presently ran along the idlers who hung about the rails or moved to and fro.

But it was early yet, not yet one o'clock, the Eyres having brought their country habits with them to town; so that usually they rode before breakfast and drove before luncheon, and, as far as possible, lived their usual lives in the midst of unusual surroundings.

But if Lady Ann, as a fashionable woman, sometimes felt ridiculous at appearing so unseasonably, she was satisfied to see Madcap so indifferent to society and admiration, and happy only with her family and Gordon. To be sure, there had scarcely been time for a new lover to appear on the horizon, but with the engagement between the young pair tacitly understood everywhere, there was little chance of any suitor showing himself bold enough to enter the lists against the established lover.

"This is much pleasanter than the ball last night," said Madcap, drawing in a deep breath of the almost pure air, while her eyes roved hither and thither among the passers-by, looking for a face that she could not find.

"All balls are nuisances," said Gordon. "I'm awfully glad you like the coach," he added, as Madcap turned from exchanging a few words with Lady Ann.

"Who was that gentleman who raised his hat to you, my dear?" said the faithful sheep-dog, while Gordon was leaning over to speak to a friend below.

"What gentleman?" said Madcap, looking innocent. "I have seen more than one man that I danced with last night."

But Lady Ann wondered what had brought such new life and colour into the girl's face, and resolved to keep her eyes open.

But as gradually the park filled with its smart morning ranks of folk on foot, Madcap grew suddenly tired of it all, and begged Gordon to take her down past Holland Park, as they had intended to do on starting.

"And to-morrow morning we will *walk* in the Park," she said, restlessly, as they went bowling down the almost deserted drive. "One cannot *talk* to anyone up here—and we are sure to meet someone or other that we know, are we not?"

"Are you in such a hurry to meet your partners again?" said Gordon, a shade on his brow; "and you made fun enough of them, too, coming home."

"Yes," said Madcap, "so I did; and I think it very ridiculous that one may not pick and choose one's own partners."

"A pretty state of things it would be if introductions were done away with," said Gordon, in high disdain.

"Do you think so?" said Madcap, with spirit. "Now, if I were a great lady I would print '*no introductions*' on all my ball-cards, and leave the guests to please their taste in the choice of partners—to choose the prettiest, the wittiest, or the one that he liked best! Think what conversations one might have getting up stairs—what groans one might exchange over the heat—what home-truths one might hear of oneself—what odd lights on prominent subjects one might gather—even learn the name of some of the celebrities with whom one rubbed elbows—perhaps persons whom one has longed to see all one's life, but who look just like everybody else after all!"

"It would never answer, Madcap," said Gordon. "No decent fellow was ever picked by a girl without a proper introduction."

"Was there not?" said Madcap, her eyes resting on the brown trees just ruffled with green in Kensington Gardens. "But to continue, I have an idea about the celebrities. Why should not a woman carry her name emblazoned on her fan, and a man *his* on the inside of his opera-hat?"

"Why not come as sandwich men and women at once?" said Gordon, drily.

"Or better still, for the hostess to have panel in the wall that is illuminated by his name in his presence, and goes out when he departs?"

"Like Willing's new advertisements on the underground," said Gordon, intent on his horses, now they had reached the High-street. "No, no, Madcap. There are rules about these things, and if you broke them, you would only be misunderstood."

"Would a man misunderstand a *child* if she were



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"He opened a drawer, and, in imagination, snatched a knife."

would drive you out somewhere every day."—

"That is true," she said, gently. "But I am tired and cross, Geordie; and I would like to fall asleep this minute, and wake up in the woods, with no balls or fine London ways to worry me!"

"It will soon be over," said the young man. "And your father would have it so. But cheer up. You will never be asked to come up here a second time!"

"I shall come every year that father wishes it," she said, coldly; "but it will not be for long. You know he only went into Parliament to nurse the seat for Doune, who will be old enough to take it within a very few years."

"He went into the House to please himself," said Gordon, as the four roans neared Kensington. "He never could settle down, and he never *will*, since he went away on that journey two years ago."

"He loves me just the same," said Madeap, proudly, though tears were in her eyes; "and it is not likely that he would be satisfied with the quiet life that suits boys—and a girl."

She looked at one of the "boys"—as she said it, and saw a young man of the best type of muscular English manhood, and dressed so that one was as

ignorant of his clothes as an aborigine is of *his*—yet felt the pleasure of seeing him exactly right in every particular, from the body that his clothes fitted upwards to the glance that every Lovel claimed as his birthright. But her eyes were cold as she looked at him—how like he was to those other men that she met at every step in New Bond-street (while a beautiful woman or girl came as far between as a pearl in a shipload of oysters); but never had she seen the fellow to the seamed, sunburnt face that, two years hidden from her, she had seen in the park that day.

Lady Ann supposed the man who took off his hat to the girl had danced with her over-night, and, like a good watch-dog, questioned her later at the first opportunity.

"He is an old friend," said Madeap, gravely. "His name? I have christened him, Lancelot of the Lake—he knew mother very well—and father," she added, after a pause.

Lady Ann thought no more of the sad-faced, middle-aged man—her eyes were open enough to young wooers who might cut out Gordon, but not to friends of the last generation.

A few people had recognised Madeap when Gordon drew up as the lovely young *débutante* introduced to London society by the Duchess of Marmiton over-night; but a great many people who knew her mother's story were on the look out for her as she came back, her

friendly with him, even though she had never had the shibboleth of introduction mumbled over her?" said Madeap, with her head turned away.

"But you are *not* a child," said Gordon. "You are grown up now—thank Heaven! And so am I. And what do you want with strangers, dear? You've got *us*."

"Yes," she said; "but father is away so much. So is Doune; while you are quite happy with your team"—

"I only had it to please you," said Gordon, colouring with disappointment, "because you said you could not live in town without fresh air; and I thought I

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wistful eyes wandering to and fro among the faces below as if she were seeking what she could not find. Was she happy? the curious asked as they looked at her, young, with the downy cheeks of a child and the beauty of a woman in her eyes and lips, the mistress of ten thousand a year, and engaged to one of the handsomest young fellows in town, her neighbour, Lord Lovel?

The women picked her to pieces because they could not forgive her for being as perfectly turned out as her equipage, for, of course, they said she furnished it, since Lord Lovel was so poor; and thus, Gordon's sole extravagance that season, and for which he denied himself things that other men took as a matter of course, was turned into an occasion of reproach to him, as he accidentally found out later.

His heart was heavy enough when he drew up at Curzon-street, for to-day it seemed that less than ever he had been able to please Madcap; but Mr. Eyre, who happened to be in the dining-room and looking out, thought he had seldom seen a prettier sight than the drag as it came down the street, the sun shining on the harness and the horses' satin coats, with the two handsome young faces behind to complete the picture.

She saw him standing there, and when the coach stopped ran down the ladder at the risk of her neck, and flew to the dining-room, but he had retreated to the library, and was sitting at his table when she reached him.

"O! father!" she cried, "why didn't you come with us? You could have driven, and Gordon sate behind with Lady Ann!"

He laughed in spite of himself, but looked at her keenly, and wondered if the mere first whiff of a London season had intoxicated and made her frivolous. "Haven't you got room for me on your knee?" she said, reproachfully, as he pushed some books from the chair nearest to him. "I am not so *very* much heavier than I used to be, if I *am* obliged to be grown up!"

"Don't you like it?" he said, looking her carefully over as she perched herself on the desired vantage ground, "yet you seem very happy."

"So I am *now*," she said, with a sign of satisfaction. "Do you know this is my fifth day in town, and this is the first real chance I've had of a talk with you?"

He shook his head, and thought of the lover; for here was the mischief of it, and one of those dark shades to Mr. Eyre's character, that from the moment he had contemplated his daughter as Gordon's wife, possibly loving Gordon *best* in the end, the close link between himself and her was virtually severed, and insensibly she receded in his thoughts to make room for the other Madcap . . . since, though some one was bound to steal his daughter, no living man could have stolen from him his wife.

"No—no," he said; "your place is out in the sun-shine, and you look very well there, and you must not tire of Gordon's company thus early, child, for you have far enough to ride with him yet."

"I would rather walk in the mud beside you," she said, with an arm round his neck, and her cool cheek to his; "and why must you turn me out father, why are you so set on my marrying Gordon—or anybody?"

"It is a woman's lot to marry," said Mr. Eyre, haggling over the words that his wife would have known so well how to say to her young daughter, and I am growing old."

"I *wish* Gordon would get a touch of the same complaint!" said Madcap, tears and rueful laughter struggling together in her eyes. "He *says* he gets older with every season; but I can't see the least signs of improvement!"—which was true enough; but neither could Gordon find any in *her*.

If in summer he asked her to be his wife, she said she hated being worried in warm weather, and he could ask her again in autumn; and when autumn came she said Christmas was the time for asking questions of that sort; though when Christmas arrived she recommended his waiting till Valentine's Day, yet found no satisfactory reply to give him then. Yet, half a loaf being better than no bread, he waited on her caprices patiently.

Perhaps Mr. Eyre, seeing the end inevitable, had resolved to bring matters to a climax by throwing the young people together under novel conditions in town; but, at any rate, he had moved his household thither early this spring, to Doune's amazement and Madcap's profound disgust.

But to-day—to-day—what had come to the girl? Mr. Eyre seemed to see his wife, as she had looked under the influence of love for *him*, in this daughter whose eyes had deepened and darkened during the morning's drive; and if not for Gordon, then, of course, for some partner at the ball over night.

He had not thought her made of such inflammable stuff, and looked at her coldly as he asked her how she had enjoyed her first ball.

"It was over-crowded," she said, "and the flowers you gave me withered directly; but the Duchess was very kind—and the men were all alike—though I fancied I recognised one or two of them in the Park to-day."

"So you prefer no one to Gordon?" said Mr. Eyre, a little impatiently; "and that's natural enough—you have everything in common, your country pursuits, open-air life, tastes, age, good looks."

"And how about our *hearts*?" said Madcap, retreating so far to the verge of her father's knee as to be in danger of falling off. "It takes two to make a bargain, does it not, even in love?"

"Your mother and I made none," he said, thinking of how, without a doubt or a fear, his true-love had fled to his arms as her haven.

"But she loved you," said Madcap, softly; "not her other lovers."

"And what do you know of your mother's lovers?" said Mr. Eyre, sternly; and for the first time in his life she realised how terrible he could look in his wrath.

"Lord Lovel loved my mother," she said; "and she loved you—that was all."

"And perhaps, after all, she had done better to love *him*," said Mr. Eyre, setting his daughter down and walking restlessly to and fro; "but I'll have you exposed to no such chances, child—for you might not come off so well—and that wretched fortune of yours would make you the quarry of every titled beggar in town, but for your supposed engagement to Lovel. And I think you are not treating him well—in short, ungratefully."

"Why should I be grateful to him for loving me more than I wish?" said Madcap, sadly. "Does any girl ever willingly leave her father, her home, *everything* to go away with a young man just because he asks her? I *can't* understand it." And this was true . . . no inward teaching had yet come to the girl to make such departure the most natural beautiful thing in the world.

Mr. Eyre stopped to look at her, and his face softened—he held out his arms and she ran into them.

"You shall not go till you are *willing*," he said. "God knows I don't want to lose you—though I have been staring that fact in the face these two years—but blame yourself if Gordon falls in love with someone else one of these days."

"If *only* he would!" said Madcap, brilliant satisfaction lighting up her face at the idea, "and leave you and me to be happy together!"

Mr. Eyre pinched her cheek, and asked if he and she did not dine out together that night.

"To be sure," said Madcap, jumping for joy, "and without the sheep-dog;" she added, in a cautious whisper, as she looked round, "O! Dad, *why* need I have had one?"

"Does she worry you?" said Mr. Eyre. "I chose her for her silence, and remember, child, that though the Duchess and she may dress, shoe, metamorphose your body as they please (within certain limits), I expect them to leave your manners as they found them. And how do you like the Duchess?"

"I don't know; I have only seen her twice."

"That's right; always reserve your judgment. But she is a good, faithful sort of woman, and means well; and since you *must* see life a little, you may as well do so under good auspices."

"But why *must* I, father?" said Madcap.

"Ah, why?" he said. "Perhaps I want to make you in love with the country. Perhaps I can't live in town without you. I shall be a little anxious about you to-night, as the party is a small one, and your conversation will be remarked. But you can't do wrong if you forget all about yourself, your face, and your gown. Remember, those twelve hours in which you can *think* about yourself; in the other twelve hours do not talk of it. And you are too young to be expected to start topics, so you must cultivate listening, and you will soon have the best talkers at your service. Then you must not lay yourself out for attraction; you are not a shop, to put all your best thoughts and graces for sale in the window; keep them for home, where they will be most valued. There's the luncheon bell, and I think I heard Doune come in just now."

"Here is Gordon's only rival," thought Lady Ann, as Madcap came laughing into the room on her father's arm, and smiled, not ill-pleased that there should be only such a rival in the field.

CHAPTER II.

The library clock had struck a quarter to eight, and Mr. Eyre looked up a little impatiently, wondering what detained Madcap. For his heart was full of her that day, for the first time since he sailed away in the Arizona the link between him and his daughter knit close as in her childish days, and satisfaction at holding the first place in her heart extinguished regrets for the young fellow's disappointment.

For the first time since that Sunday when he had seemed to wake from a dream, he felt something of the old peace that had preceded his awakening, and was already thinking of the country and those peaceful pursuits that had lost their charm for him since his return from that fruitless journey upon which he had set out on the ill-starred sailing-ship Arizona. He had never meant to return by her, and, intent on following up clue after clue of Hester Clarke, did not for days hear of the catastrophe that had pierced Madcap's heart, and even then he was thinking less of his daughter than the woman whom he believed to have tracked to her hiding-place at last.

But the thread broke in his hands, when he found the object of his unremitting pursuit indeed, but *dead*, and not long buried; so that once more he turned homewards with despair in his heart, yet still that stubborn resolve to wrest truth from dead or living yet.

Meanwhile, he threw himself into the exercise of his brain; and when, six months after his return, he was asked once more to stand as Conservative member of the county, he consented; and, being duly returned,

might have become a shining light in the House had he so willed. But very quickly he wearied of such legalised school-boy antics as he witnessed each day; and, not caring to accept office under the present Government, never troubled to exert the powerful influence he possessed, and in his third Session called up Madcap, who was dearest to him still—next to the dead.

He looked up to see her standing near him, satin shod, gazing at him with those eyes of love that have no copy; and, as he glanced her over carefully, he saw that Mrs. Mason's taste had not betrayed the girl . . . for here was a morning face clad in a primrose gown, edged with pearls, and choicer ones about her neck and arms, and with a curious fan, made of white flowers, in her hands, that he had himself ordered her that morning.

"Have I kept you waiting, father?" she said. "But I have been standing here some minutes, though you did not see me."

Something of his lost happiness, his lost future, seemed to come back to him as he went forward and kissed her, then led her to the brougham that had been one of his extravagances for her, for, desiring that "beauty should go beautifully," he had ordered the inside fittings of the carriage to be of white, the finest setting of all for a young girl's face.

Many people looked at the two as they passed down Piccadilly, thought Madcap must be wife to the brilliant-eyed middle-aged man by whom she sate, so joyous she looked and so entirely was she engrossed by his conversation.

They had almost reached their destination, Whitehall, when a check came in their progress, and the jar of opposing wheels made Madcap look up startled to see that their carriage had become locked with a hansom going in the contrary direction, and with a bound of the heart, a sinking of her pulse, saw that the occupant of the hansom was Major Methuen.

He was looking full at her—at the attitude of father and daughter as they sate side by side in that white nest, Mr. Eyre's ungloved hand in her two primrose ones—his eyes in one flash taking in every detail of her loveliness, then his eyes left her to meet those of Mr. Eyre in a lightning glance of recognition that made Mr. Eyre spring forward with a fierce cry of "*Frank!*"

But on the instant the wheels unlocked the horses sprang forward; before Mr. Eyre could recover from the kind of horror in which he was plunged, the carriage and the hansom were three hundred yards apart.

He pulled the check-string like a madman. For the first time in her life Madcap saw him thrown completely off his balance, and trembled as he bade the coachman turn and drive back for his life; himself leaning out of the window as they thundered up St. James's-street; but in every hansom they overtook searched in vain for the face that had startled him.

Madcap sate pale and cold. What did it all mean? Why had not Major Methuen acknowledged her, and what meant that extraordinary look which she had intercepted on its way to her father? And now came the first fruits of the deceit she had practised towards her people in never speaking of her acquaintance with Lord Lovel's friend; and she dreaded the moment when Mr. Eyre should turn to face her.

Common-sense made him abandon a mad pursuit in a very few minutes; and when they were once more approaching their destination, Mr. Eyre sat down and turned to Madcap.

"Have I frightened you, child?" he said. "But I've seen a ghost—Frank's ghost—fourteen years older than when I saw him last, in his coffin; but those were his eyes, and his *recognised* me. Surely I'm not going mad—and it *can't* be a chance resemblance—don't I know his face by heart?"

"But if he had known you? O! what am I saying?" said Madcap. "How could a ghost *bow* to one? It must be some curious resemblance." She blushed and looked away. "Gordon says there are numbers of men in town who have their doubles, and are constantly mistaken for one another, even hear all each other's secrets, and are made love to by proxy!"

The carriage stopped at that moment, and Mr. Eyre was his usual self as he took her into the house; but very early during dinner asked his hostess if she had ever met a man in town exactly like the late Lord Lovel.

She had not; but as the party, though small, included the inevitable diner-out whose memory constituted his living, Mr. Eyre was soon informed that Frank's *doppelgänger* was a certain Major Methuen, who, curiously enough, had been his friend, and fought beside him in the Crimea.

"Methuen!" exclaimed Mr. Eyre, thinking of a letter he had received years ago. "What is his club?" he added.

"Naval and Military; but he rarely shows there. Hates to be spoken to; got a little touched in the head through sunstroke in India, and won't answer if by mistake anyone addresses him as 'Lovel.'"

"I shall try and find him to-morrow," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly; and the subject dropped.

Madcap heard all, and grew paler as the evening passed; for what could this meeting between the two men bring about but trouble? And yet, if the antipathy felt by Major Methuen were due to his friendship for Lord Lovel and his being a little "touched," might not they come to some such good understanding as might bring him into her life again?

As they drove home Mr. Eyre said,

"You have always wanted to see Frank, child; well, you have seen him to-day—as he would have been if he lived—but it has given me a queer turn—almost as if I had died and come back a ghost to find a stranger strutting in my image. But why, if that was Methuen, he should look at me as if I were his enemy, God knows; unless, being Frank's friend, he has taken up his quarrels."

"Did you quarrel with Lord Lovel, father?" said Madcap, trembling.

"Not I—but he behaved ill to me, and would never come to any explanation—though two minutes face to face would have put an end to the misunderstanding. Perhaps Methuen has the key to the riddle—(Madcap started at the excited note in her father's voice)—if so, I'll borrow or steal it."

So there had been only a misunderstanding between her father and Lord Lovel, and two such men as Mr. Eyre and Lancelot must understand each other when they met, thought Madcap, though still cast down by thoughts of her deceit. And surely, if only for the sake of his child-friend, for her likeness to that other Madcap he had known and loved, this man would bury the hatchet, and make friends.

And through all her thoughts ran the lilt of an old song, that seemed to sing in at her ears and heart:—

And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
In troth I'm liko to greet.

CHAPTER III.

"Madcap!" cried Doune, as, coming quickly into the breakfast-room, he found his sister there alone; "what are you doing here so early? I thought you and Lady Ann never rose till nine?"

"Then you have thought wrong," said Madcap, turning a shoulder, not a cheek, to Doune's offered kiss; "though, to be sure, I wonder you took the trouble to think at all on the subject!"

"Have I neglected you, Madcap?" said the young fellow, remorsefully. "But you see I have never stayed in town before; and there is so much to interest one, and I like to hear father speak!"

"But you never listen to me!" said Madcap, who had kept a bone to pick with her brother these five years, and now produced it. "It is always read, read; learn, learn; but no pouring out, no passing on of your treasures to other folks. Have you ever thought how utterly selfish, how demoralising all this reading is?"

"But I have not read at all lately," said the dark, ever brilliant-eyed young man; "I only look on, and listen!"

"But why can't you talk?" cried Madcap, stamping her foot like a little fury, but laughing all the while. "When I was little, you talked rigmatoles to me by the hour, but when I grew up, and began to get strong and—and stout," she added, glancing at a mirror that showed her slim proportions, "you took to those wretched books, and never thought of me again!"

"Didn't I?" he said, with something of the old boyish ring of jealousy in his voice. "Well, perhaps I found out long ago that father is first with you and the rest nowhere."

"When did you find that out?" said Madcap, turning round, and showing a very happy face in spite of her wrongs.

"O! by bits," said her brother, moodily, as he walked to the other window and looked out; "but I've learned my lesson somehow, though I did not discover it in my books."

"And you love me better than them?" she said, drawing near.

"And you love me as well as father?" said her brother, facing round.

"Yes—only differently."

"There was a time," said the young man looking at her with dissatisfied eyes, "when nothing would induce you to put one of us before the other: 'Dad and Doony' you would say when asked which you liked best; but now—"

"Have I neglected you, dear?" she said, using his own question, as she came close to him and took his long supple hand—the hand of a scholar and a thinker.

"Perhaps," he said, "we have both something to blame ourselves with on that score. And every day that I live I miss my mother more. But that is not your fault; and, to be sure, I neglected you once for Gordon; just as now, when father is out of the way, you neglect me for him."

"For Gordon?" she said, as she stood on tiptoe to kiss her brother's cheek. "O! poor Gordon! Ask him, and he will tell you if I prefer his company to yours!"

"Poor Gordon, indeed!" said Doune, looking at her with some rebuke; "a better fellow never lived, and if you are going to treat him badly!"

"Come to the Park with us this morning and see for yourself how I treat him!" said Madcap, feeling happier in her home-treasures than she had done for years, "and put all those fusty books out of your head, and forget all your first-class honours for the next three months!"

"The honours are easily forgotten," said Doune, with one of those rare smiles that made him more than ever like his father. "But I can't forswear my books, Madcap, any more than you could your woods."

"We will make a compromise," she said: "sometimes you shall come with me to the woods, and some-

times I will look into your books—and so we will be more together than we have been," added the girl, wistfully, as she put both arms round her brother's neck and kissed him with all her heart.

"Darling Madcap," said Doune, "I shall be glad when we get home again, though London is not half such a bad place as I expected."

Madcap thought it was very good, as she stood with Doune's arm round her, smelling the sweet stocks and mignonette that filled the sills of the open window. . . . Hard by a band had begun to play, and better too (in her ears) than the Horse Guards had played yesterday in the Park; and for the first time she tasted the charm of that throbbing town life without, while she rejoiced in the home life within, and stood listening and quite happy till Lady Ann came in, followed by Mr. Eyre.

Both paused on the threshold confounded, and for a second mistook Doune for Gordon, till Madcap looked round and flew to her father, wishing her duenna "Good-morning" by the way.

He looked worn and unrested; but her heart must have been hard that morning, for she was in wild spirits all through breakfast, astonishing Saunders, who thought she had taken one of those occasional leaves out of her father's book in which he was "fey."

Gordon was lodged in the Albany, and seldom showed at breakfast in Curzon-street; but this morning he made Lady Ann, at least, happy by coming in before they had left the table, and contributing his quota to the brightness and good looks of the table.

"What will you do this morning?" he said, when he had reached his Princess, and found her so joyous and kind that his own spirits ran up like quicksilver.

"I shall walk," she said. "You, Doune, and I—and Lady Ann," she added, remembering her sheep-dog, with an effort; "and father will come to us later—when he has got his business over—won't you Dad?" she added, eagerly.

"Yes, child," he said, absently, "unless I have to hunt for Methuen. But I have got his mother's address, and shall find him no doubt."

"Methuen?" said Gordon, looking up; "why, you will never catch him, Sir; he is not at home to his oldest friends, and in fact has forgotten them all—for he is cracked."

"I wish you had half his brains," thought Madcap, longing to box the boy's ears, and sighing for some scar to tone down his beauty, while Mr. Eyre said,

"You have met him—you know him by sight."

"Yes," said Gordon, "he was pointed out to me long ago, curiously resembling the Lovels—and particularly my cousin Frank. It seems that he is tied to town by his mother's illness. She is bed-ridden, and cannot be moved; but he rarely shows anywhere, and lives like a hermit."

"Then he will be the more easy to find," said Mr. Eyre, as he rose and went out.

"What has upset father?" said Doune, looking after him; while Gordon looked at Madcap, and strove to derive auguries of his day's good from her face.

"He is going to pay a morning call," said Madcap, jumping up and stretching out her arms as though she would like to fly for joy; "but I must run after him, and tell him where to find us—beside Apollo, I think—he couldn't miss us there—though, for my part, I hate Apollos!" she added, as she ran out of the room.

The young men laughed, but Lady Ann frowned—she saw trouble ahead, and wore her gravest look, as Gordon sat down beside her and asked if she had received any fresh news of his mother.

"She is coming over in June," said Lady Ann; "but your cousin Nancy!"

"Why are all the Lovels either Ann or Nancy?" said Madcap, laughing, as she stole between them.

"But I am not a Lovel," said the elder lady, with dignity; "I merely married one—the Honourable John Lovel—it is in my own right that I am Lady Ann."

"But Dukes' daughters or no," said Madcap, slyly. "there is always a Nancy among the Lovels—and perhaps the one you were talking about will suit Gordon!"

She was out at the door before aunt and nephew recovered from this bomb, and had flown up stairs to Nan, who sat as firmly fixed to her "seam" here as at Lovel, and scarcely looked up as her young mistress rushed in.

Madcap snatched the linen out of the woman's hands and tossed it behind her back; then, as Nan stared, said, "I am going to walk in the Park this morning, and you are to come down with me and choose my prettiest gown"—whereupon the woman followed, shaking her head with vague forebodings of unsuspected wooers as she went, and ready to find fault with every garment submitted to her inspection. But when Madcap had made her own choice, and was dressed in a clean cotton gown, with those minutiae of a lady's toilette that mark it rigorously respected, Nan admitted that she had never seen her young mistress look better, or even so well, in those low-necked frocks that had shocked her with their boldness.

"After all," cried Madcap, a couple of hours later, as, escorted by her two henchmen, she set out for the Park, "I should not wonder if I ended by liking town very much!"

"God forbid!" thought Gordon; but Doune laughed and said,

"And I prophesy that in less than a month you will

be running away from it and hiding yourself in the remotest corner of your beloved woods."

"And if I do," she said, "you shall bring one of your beloved books, and we will sit there together, you and I!"

"And how about Gordon?" said Doune, seeing the shade on his friend's face.

"Gordon may come too," said Madcap, a little unwillingly, as a child who makes a face to itself while it gives the kiss to which it is commanded; "but he will have lots to do looking after the estate!"

She looked up at him with a smile, bright and cold as a January sun, and he had never felt farther away from her as he walked that short step with her to the Park, while she had never seemed so happy before.

For was not Doune by her side, come back to his old boyish love and care of her; had not her father been kind yesterday, and was there not a secret, half guilty hope in her heart that put new rainbow tints on everything at which she gazed?

How smart and fresh the women looked in their fresh cottons or cambrics—how much more becoming this costly simplicity than the undress worn at sundown!

And all looked their best, and nearly all so happy—as glad as Madcap to shuffle off the coil of winter clothes, and come out in their proper shapes, and smell sweet fresh scents; all eager, too, in laying plans for new pleasures, as if this were their first campaign, and the spring lasted for ever . . . and among the girl-faces Madcap's was the brightest and attracted the most attention from the lookers-on.

She was already known by sight, and by hearsay celebrated as her father's daughter, and half a dozen gossips who moved briskly soon finished the business, so that, after half an hour of hard staring at, the young men both longed to beat a retreat.

Each dreaded lest some whisper from these evidently well-informed people should reach her ear, and break her happiness for ever; and for the first time Doune realised how terrible was the risk Mr. Eyre had run in exposing her to the chances of a London season. For long ago Doune had heard the story of his mother's death, and one day had sought his father, and, with flaming eyes, said,

"They say you killed my mother. Did you?"

That interview made father and son firmer friends than before; but this boy, who went through all his agony without a sign to her, trembled for Madcap when she should come to the same bitter knowledge as himself.

"It is unbearably hot," he said to his sister, after some half-dozen turns, in which Madcap had been admired, criticised, and envied more than any other woman in the Park.

"Hot?" said Madcap, looking up to the scantily-clothed trees overhead, through which the April sun could not shine hard enough to excuse that fine lady's freak, a parasol. "It is perfectly delightful; and father will be waiting for us beside Apollo presently."

"He won't come," said Doune, moodily, as he turned once more to see Madcap run the gauntlet of looked and whispered comment; but was forced to smooth his brow, as just then they met Mr. Eyre's Duchess, looking as beautiful in her morning gown as only a woman can who abhors cosmetics and has stood by her own heart (though, mickle dole, much pain it had taught her) for nigh upon a score of years.

Yet at seven-and-thirty she might have tempted almost any man save Mr. Eyre, for love had winnowed her nature, leaving only that better part which writes its mark on a woman's brow and lips for aye; and if she looked at the younger Madcap coldly, seeing her her rival as surely as the older one had been, there was more heart in the look than there had been eighteen years ago.

"Father will be here presently," said Madcap, unconsciously admitting the affinity she found between the two middle-aged friends; "and there's your Nancy!" she added in a sly aside to Gordon, who looked as broken-backed and wretched as any other well-bred young man bound to appear in public as fiancé.

But Nancy, humbly escorted, would not look a second time at her rival so proudly panoplied, and passed on, but not before Gordon had caught the jealous flush on a cheek almost as lovely as Madcap's.

The two had been friends all their lives, and he quickened his step to join her, at which Madcap, though looking a little astonished, said, "How I wish he would fall in love with her!"

"They would make a handsome pair," said the Duchess, who had one fixed idea—that when Mr. Eyre was robbed of this second Madcap he might possibly seek consolation where assuredly it would not be denied him.

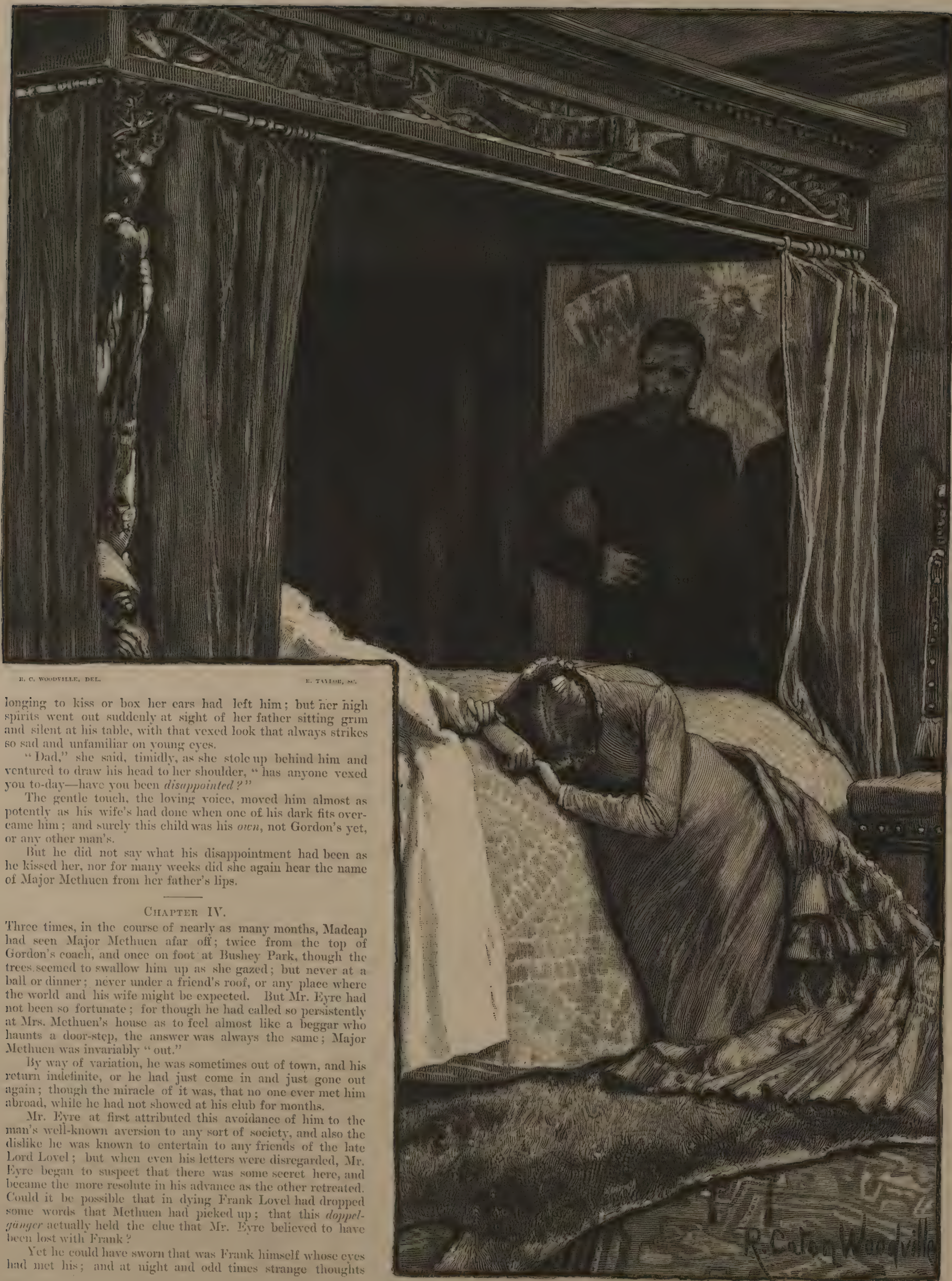
"There he is!" cried the girl, a minute or two later; and the Duchess thought no lovers could have moved more quickly at sight of each other than did this father and daughter at Apollo's feet, Madcap crying out,

"Have you found him?"

He looked cross and vexed at the question, then beyond her at the Duchess, and went forward, and was never more fascinating and polished than in the ten minutes' walk that left the three young people to follow as they chose behind them.

"And have you fallen in love with Miss Nancy?" said Madcap, half an hour later to Gordon; "and she is so pretty, and so in love with you!"

She had skirmished off to the library before the



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longing to kiss or box her ears had left him; but her high spirits went out suddenly at sight of her father sitting grim and silent at his table, with that vexed look that always strikes so sad and unfamiliar on young eyes.

"Dad," she said, timidly, as she stole up behind him and ventured to draw his head to her shoulder, "has anyone vexed you to-day—have you been *disappointed*?"

The gentle touch, the loving voice, moved him almost as potently as his wife's had done when one of his dark fits overcame him; and surely this child was his *own*, not Gordon's yet, or any other man's.

But he did not say what his disappointment had been as he kissed her, nor for many weeks did she again hear the name of Major Methuen from her father's lips.

CHAPTER IV.

Three times, in the course of nearly as many months, Madcap had seen Major Methuen afar off; twice from the top of Gordon's coach, and once on foot at Bushey Park, though the trees seemed to swallow him up as she gazed; but never at a ball or dinner; never under a friend's roof, or any place where the world and his wife might be expected. But Mr. Eyre had not been so fortunate; for though he had called so persistently at Mrs. Methuen's house as to feel almost like a beggar who haunts a door-step, the answer was always the same; Major Methuen was invariably "out."

By way of variation, he was sometimes out of town, and his return indefinite, or he had just come in and just gone out again; though the miracle of it was, that no one ever met him abroad, while he had not showed at his club for months.

Mr. Eyre at first attributed this avoidance of him to the man's well-known aversion to any sort of society, and also the dislike he was known to entertain to any friends of the late Lord Lovel; but when even his letters were disregarded, Mr. Eyre began to suspect that there was some secret here, and became the more resolute in his advance as the other retreated. Could it be possible that in dying Frank Lovel had dropped some words that Methuen had picked up; that this *doppelgänger* actually held the clue that Mr. Eyre believed to have been lost with Frank?

Yet he could have sworn that was Frank himself whose eyes had met his; and at night and odd times strange thoughts

MR. EYRE'S DEATH.



would come into Mr. Eyre's mind, and his mind was rapidly passing into that seething, restless state which in every instance had betokened with him disaster. He withdrew himself as much as possible from politics, and even avoided the society of everyone save Madeap, who had lost some of her brightness as the season advanced, yet for some curious reason did not once urge her father to leave town.

Surely, never had a chit of a country girl such a season before, said the women who envied her, and rejoiced to see her cheek pale (though men seemed to find a new loveliness in it), and hoped she smarted inwardly from some heart-wound that even her ten thousand a year was not able to cure. One thing was very clear, that she never missed an opportunity of throwing Nancy Lovel and her cousin together, to Doune's secret dissatisfaction, though his love for Madeap would not let him own it.

The two girls had somehow become friends, and were to be seen everywhere together; but while Madeap was happy in thinking the cousins were falling in love with each other, Miss Nanciebel's heart tarried behind with the brother and sister, who followed, and only



the blindness of a fixed idea could have kept enlightenment from the girl who in this instance was emphatically her own father's daughter.

She thought Doune's carelessness about the House, his dislike to talk of that career into which he had formerly thrown himself, arose from a feeling of neglect towards herself, and many a happy hour between him and Nanciebel had she

Twinn'd of its sweet life,

in her eagerness to give Gordon and his cousin time in which to arrive at some pleasant understanding.

Those who had watched Doune's brilliant youth said that the young man was falling off lamentably from his high ambitions, and pointed to his daily pleasuring as a dishonour to those intellectual gifts that, properly developed, should be of some service to his country. But perhaps in discovering that a young woman in a long gown may be as sweet, fresh, and lovable as a child in a short one, Doune had included more than his sister, was unconsciously making his choice between the good of love, the evil of ambition, till one fine day all his honours and all his brilliant hopes faded before the answer of a pair of blue eyes that had grown shy of meeting his, but in which he might find that happiness which had made his father dead to ambition through over a score of years.

Was he not choosing "the better part"? His death-bed some day would answer that question. Nanciebel acquiesced in Madcap's whim, but reserved to herself the right of listening for Doune's footsteps by day and dreaming of him by night. She was lovely as Madcap in her own style, and had long ago forgotten the childish fancy for her cousin that had made her dislike Madcap at first sight.

The two girls talked of gowns and *chiffons*, but never of hearts; so that the whole quartette were at odds. Gordon prosed to Nancy of Madcap, Nancy knew that Doune half suspected her of an attachment to Gordon, while Madcap believed Gordon to have been judiciously detached from herself to his cousin; and Doune, for the first time in his life, found his sister as aggravating as the loveliest woman on earth can be when by accident she finds herself in the place of a much-coveted somebody else. Lady Ann looked on with satisfaction, reading little between the lines, and satisfied to see two pair of lovers where before there was only one.

One morning in late June, Gordon read out at breakfast the announcement of Mrs. Methuen's death, the preceding day but one, and Madcap trembled; but no one looked at her, as Mr. Eyre, starting up and exclaiming, "He cannot be out this time!"—left the room and, almost immediately after, the house.

"Poor chap; he'll be more cracked than ever now," said Gordon, cheerfully; "but what on earth can he mean by dodging the father these three months?"

Doune had walked to the window, and stood looking after him; and for the first time it struck Madcap how haggard he looked, how restless in his movements, reminding her of those dangerous days in his youth when brain had overmastered body, and he had slipped towards those shadowy boundaries that divide reason from madness.

She went to him at once and said,

"Go for a blow on the river to-day, dear. Lady Ann and I have only a rose-show this afternoon; and Nancy can't come with us," she added, turning to Gordon, "so you can go too, and take care of Doune!"

But, curiously enough, it was Doune who was willing, Gordon who kicked against the pricks at going; yet even then Madcap got no enlightenment, and when they were gone sate down quietly in Mr. Eyre's study to await his return.

How hard the thorn of deceit pricked her heart as she sate there, and thought of the useless quest upon which her father had gone . . . why had she not said to him long ago, "He is your enemy," and, alas! alas! was not the reason of her holding back the fact that she could not add, "and your enemy is mine?"

Not a man had attracted her heart or fancy through all the perilous chances of such a season as a fairy Princess might have bestowed on her godchild, not a lover who could tempt her to lift her eyes so high as to see his charms or failings, for at the root of all her coldness lay the old reason, and "But not like my Beverley!" was her unconscious thought, as one after another her suitors (some for pure love's sake, some for greed, but all seeking her with the more zest knowing her to be forbidden fruit) failed to efface an image graven on her heart over two years ago.

Long ago she had forgiven his injustice to her father, for the root of it had been loyalty to his friend Lord Lovel, and however Frank might have misunderstood Mr. Eyre, he was her hero still, and her sense of faithfulness could appreciate even an abuse of such partisanship; but her hope of a good understanding between Major Methuen and her father had dwindled and waned with the season, and the good-by at the cowslip gate had come to sound in her ears like a farewell spoken from a death-bed. Once she blushed and covered her face with her hands, and then she sighed, because she dared not cry; and in the midst of her thoughts Mr. Eyre came in, his brow more dark with anger than she had ever seen it.

"The man is out, as usual," he said; "and his mother's remains are already removed to the country for burial, says the varlet who has shut the door fifty times in my face, and his master sets out for abroad

almost immediately. But, by Heaven, I'll bring him to book before he leaves. If Frank escaped me—if others have defied me, this man *shall* not."

But even as he spoke he felt the impotence of the will that had so frequently failed, and turned from Madcap with a gesture that startled her with its violence, as coming from so usually self-contained a man.

She stood quite still, looking at him, and on the very verge of confessing the one deceit she had practised towards him; and if she were betraying the faith Major Methuen had tacitly placed in her, what matter, so long as she soothed the storm in her father's breast?

But he said, "Leave me now," in a tone she dared not resist, and left him alone with his dark hour, his bitter thoughts, to dress herself to go to the rose-show with Lady Ann.

As they turned out of Prince's Gate, a man going past in a hansom caught a glimpse of the girl's pure white face in the white setting of her carriage, and, with a desperate resolve, turned about and followed her, though she looked at many roses and spoke to many people before he got a chance of approaching her.

But as she stood behind a tree of roses, Lady Ann being secure in the clutches of a gossip on the other side, she looked up and saw Major Methuen standing before her.

Her heart leaped up, but her cheek was pale; her hand never dreamed of going out to his, but as they stood there face to face the lesson that each had been learning apart these two years, the one unconsciously, the other with a full knowledge of what he learned, bore its fruit and all was over, all was said and done in the glance that they exchanged in that moment.

"I am going away for ever," he said, and, harsh as his voice was through pain, it sounded sweet as music in her ears, "and, so—for the last time—good-by."

"Must you go?" she said, with pale lips; "my father is ignorant of wrong against you—for his sake, for mine—stay."

If there was a moment's pause that seemed an eternity; if there was time for the scent and hue of the roses by which they stood to sink deep into their souls, there might have seemed none to the onlookers; but Madcap felt, rather than heard, the deep breath he drew as he said—

"I cannot—and so good-by."

Once he had been able to kiss her hand at parting, but now with the look of a man whose heart breaks even as he gazes, but to which he will not yield, he turned aside without so much as touching it, and she could more easily have died than called him back then.

"Did I not see you conversing with someone, my dear?" said Lady Ann, appearing at her elbow as Madcap stood with fixed eyes that saw nothing.

She answered nothing, only moved like an automaton; but, on going home, went straight to her father, who was still pacing the library, his looks betraying the disorder that ruled his mind.

"Dad," she said, "I must go home to-morrow—to-day—I shall go mad if I stay here much longer."

"Ay, go," he said, pausing in his walk, "and I will follow you as soon as I have found this man. Lady Ann will settle the affairs of the house, and the boys can follow later."

"Thank you, father," she said, but did not approach him, and sate alone with her heart for an hour before any other eye saw her that day.

At luncheon the young men were staggered at the announcement she made, Gordon vowing he would accompany her, Doune colouring violently and saying very little.

"You have got your horses to get rid of," cried Madcap to Gordon, "and Doune will want *days* in which to pack up his books—and father is busy, and anybody who comes down for at least a week will get his ears boxed soundly!" and she ran out of the room to hide the tears in her eyes.

Lady Ann thought things might have been worse, and, undertaking all Madcap's responsibilities, broken engagements, leaving of cards, &c., including Nan (who had no idea of being hurried) went with Gordon next morning to set her out for Lovel.

Just before the train Madcap kissed Gordon, and whispered something into his ear, at which he first coloured violently, then laughed, but as if the jest were a wry one.

"What did she say?" said Lady Ann, curiously, as they drove away together.

"Begged me to go and propose to Nancy, because she was dying of love for me!" said Gordon, with a bitter laugh. "Is she only *joking*—can't she see that Doune and Nancy adore one another?"

"She will know it soon," said Lady Ann, her heart sinking for Gordon. "I believe Doune has gone to propose to Nancy this morning. Perhaps Madcap is a little jealous, who knows?"

CHAPTER V.

Madcap had walked and talked with her heart three days, and it ached all the harder; it cried out to her all the louder as its complaint grew, and her words could not still it, and the familiar old home only made her think of how happy her mother had been in it with a man more than twice her age.

Had not her father wronged Lord Lovel when he snatched her from the young lover to whom she had

vowed her love, and was not this Lancelot *nobler* in his love than Mr. Eyre had been, since he would not take love at the price of conscience?

Not once had she gone to the green hollow to which as a girl she had led him so gladly; but to-day, with her father's arrival expected, and the boys to follow on the morrow, she turned her steps to the place where unconsciously she had learned, and must unlearn, that bitter lesson of love that none but fools ever found sweet to its inmost core.

Her eyes were downward bent, the old delights of woodland gone, as mechanically she went her way, and climbed the hollow to her old velvet seat, only to find that it was filled.

For a moment the gap between her thoughts of him in the spirit, and his presence in the flesh *here* was not to be bridged; an awful joy, like an awful sorrow, numbs, and she had no power to speak: so that it was almost with a sense of relief that she felt rather than heard her father's step behind her, while a cry burst from his lips of

"Frank!"

At last the two were face to face; and Madcap shrank back, as a woman will, like tow before the scorching breath of men's passions, as Mr. Eyre in the hollow and the man she loved above looked in each other's faces, every line distinct in the broad June sunshine.

"Methuen," said the other, doggedly.

"You lie!" cried Mr. Eyre, with a gesture as though he could have struck him across the mouth. "It has been a lie, a deception, from the beginning, and I find you *here*, a coward to the last, and making for me traitors among even my own household!"

"Methuen, at your service," said the man who stood at the foot of the beech-tree, his face set like a flint, his eyes hard as steel.

"By God!" cried Mr. Eyre, "either you or I shall not leave this wood alive to-day unless I drag from your lips the truth."

"If you have weapons with you," said the other, "you may murder me—but you shall not force me to speak."

"Murder you!" said Mr. Eyre, and looking at the man above him with the bitterest hatred and loathing. "Have you not murdered *me*, body and soul; have you not poisoned my life with a lie—written down a false accusation and run away fearing to face it out or hear my reply? To lie, to deceive, to suborn my very daughter, my only daughter, to take another man's name and wear it, deceiving the doting old mother of a dead man—to act from first to last a hideous lie—would *murder* be punishment enough for all this, coward, liar, traitor?"

With the last word he deliberately struck the man before him a heavy blow on the mouth, and as the blood sprang Madcap trembled with that pure feminine sickening at the sight of men in conflict, and ran forward, crying out, "Father!"

"You here?" he said, and turned on her a look beneath which her mother (had she seen it) would have cowered; "get you home, and pray God to make you more like your mother."

"She is dead!" said the girl, pale as snow, "and my place is by you. It is all a mistake, and it is Major Methuen who stands there."

She did not, *could* not lift her eyes to the man who had taken the blow so tamely; but Mr. Eyre thrust her away violently, and said, "Home with you—home!" and with a sob as though he had beaten her, she turned and fled without one backward look; till, her foot catching in the root of a tree, she fell against its bole and lay stunned; though whether for a moment or an hour she did not know. When she came to herself and looked around, she was far out of ear-shot, but within sight of the two men who now stood in the green hollow that had so long been her peaceful retreat; but from their gestures, however controlled, expounded the *heart* tragedy in process of being enacted . . . Here was one of those awful scenes over which the pen falters, the brush fails, for only human voice and eye could adequately describe and see it; but out of its prolonged agony Mr. Eyre came forth victorious, and, having *torn* the truth bit by bit from his enemy, his features

Dim and dank and grey,
Like a storm-extinguished day,
Travelled o'er by dying gleams . . .

He moved blindly, and with uncertain steps, towards home; but had not gone a score when his daughter's arms caught him, and he looked at her as one might at the long-forgotten dead . . . in the awful wrong he had done her mother, the girl's wrong-doing was extinguished; and he did not even remember his anger against her as they went a few steps along the way that with only anxious, not hopeless, hearts they had traversed such a short time ago.

"Child," he said, stopping abruptly, "take your hand from mine—it is red with blood—the blood of your mother."

"Father!" she said, struck to the soul, and for a second recoiling from him beneath this upheaval of her whole life. . . .

"Ay—your father," he said, looking down at his hand; "for it seems a hand can work without *will*, knowledge, conscience—but Frank will tell you the whole story if you go to him."

"Frank?" she repeated; then forgot the man whose name she uttered, as crying out "Father—father!" she

put her arms round that beloved figure. . . . Nothing that he might have done could touch the core of her allegiance, and a backward look of anger sped far as she led him away, and, with every step a pang, got him home to his library, where immediately (to her mingled relief and alarm) he fell into a sound sleep.

For awhile she stood and looked at him; but there was work to be done, and, calling Nan (with her eternal seam), installed her in the remotest corner of the library, with orders not to move till she returned; then ran out with at once the quickest and heaviest feet that had ever carried her through the cowslip gate, to the hollow in which she prayed as she went to find the man whom, of all upon earth, she most desired to see.

Long before she got within sight of it she felt that he was there, and was by his side before he had lifted himself from the attitude of despair into which he had fallen when Mr. Eyre left him.

She could not see his face, which was to the tree; but his open hand held behind his back fixed her attention, and, leaning forward, she saw how, on the inside of the thumb was a diamond-shaped scar.

The discovery gave her no shock. She was wholly possessed now with her father's state, and with no blush or thought of self, touched that hand and said,

"Lord Lovel!"

He turned and looked at her. Alas, alas! how quickly had love's bitter drowned in them both love's sweet! For he was paler than she, and so completely broken by the intense struggle of the past hour that scarcely could his manhood command strength to look at her and stand still to await her questions.

But the red mark on his cheek must have reminded her, if no inward thought had done, of her errand, and she said,

"You have tried to persuade my father that he killed my mother; and he is ill, nervous—angry with you for the deception you have practised towards him. But do you not know that my mother died in childbirth?"

"She did," said the man before her; "and Mr. Eyre is ill and unnerved, as you say. Do not listen to him—to-morrow he will think and speak differently."

"No," cried Madeap; "I will have the truth—if you can speak it," she added, with some side-thought of her own quarrel with him in her soul.

Had ever a man two such deadly pieces of work, with scarce a breath between, as had this one as he looked on the girl, and felt this second ordeal more terrible than the first?

"How could he be guilty?" she cried, passionately. "You made a wild accusation; but I know that you got a little touched in India, and so you have imagined things."

"So you are all that my father called you," she said at last, as he maintained that stubborn silence, and she saw how the short hair on his temples was dark and wet with the dew of agony; "and all my life long I have been worshipping a hero only to find him something worse than a murderer—something that stabs in the dark and hides in the daylight—in one word, an assassin!"

The terrible word sped like a blow as she advanced a step, and looking at him with eyes grown hard and cold in an hour, virtually denied her love, and sided with her father against him.

He made a step forward as if to leave her, but she stood before him with flaming eyes, fired by a resolution that would have made her go through a dozen scenes more terrible than this to save her father.

"His life is at stake," she said; "I saw death in his face when I left him. Tell me on what grounds you base your awful accusation, that I may prove to him you are mad when I go back."

"I am not mad," he said, slowly; "but if it will do your father any good to think me so"—

"Palter, palter, subterfuge after subterfuge," she cried in a passion of contempt; "do you think that I have not strength to hear what is killing him?"

"It would kill you," he said, "and you are innocent—it is unnatural that you should suffer so—his is the sin, let his be the punishment."

"The young die more easily than the old," she said; "tell me the whole story, for I must go back to him directly."

To tell her the whole story . . . that story of a sin which even angels might not utter without tears of horror and pity . . . it was beyond his strength; and putting her aside almost as abruptly as her father had done, and was gone from her sight before she had time to stretch a hand or lift a voice to stay him.

CHAPTER VI.

Madeap found the library sofa unoccupied, and no living soul in sight but Nan, whom she shook in the agony of her fear; but Nan knew nothing of "Master" except that he had suddenly woke up and gone out on the instant, "like one as walks in his sleep," she added, stolidly, not knowing how in her stolid stupidity she had given a clue to the young mistress, who rushed away as on the wings of the wind.

All down the village she sped, with her eager question of, "Have you seen my father?" and having easily tracked him to Syngue-lane, rejoiced to see his back through the uncurtained window in conversation, as she supposed with his tenant.

She drew in her breath, with a half sob, as she entered the open door, scarce knowing what she had

dreaded in her delight at having found him, but paused on the very threshold of the room as certain words reached her ears, spoken in an unfamiliar voice.

"I came down here by chance to-day," it said, "to look at the Pool, and think of my sin—for I thought you were safe in town, and I never knew of Lord Lovel being here, and you had best not listen to him"—

"So I tracked the wrong woman to Paris," said Mr. Eyre; "but now you and I are face to face—and if Frank Lovel thought he spoke the truth to me this afternoon, you shall substantiate it."

"What could he tell you more than you know already?" said the woman's voice, "have not both he and I bound ourselves as exiles to save you? Neither of us came back till we thought you absent or dead—and for your child's sake—made in her image, we both willingly effaced ourselves again."

"Good God!" cried Mr. Eyre, "have you, too, taken leave of your senses—do you suppose that I murdered my wife?"

In the momentary pause that followed, the girl who knelt without realised without a word the whole truth . . .

"I saw you kill her," said the woman's voice beyond. "O! Heavens! if only I might have saved her . . . but I was barely in time to see it, and the window was between"—

"Liar!" he cried; "say that you yourself committed the crime, but must accuse me to the end—but, thank God, I have found you at my very gates after searching the world over, and you shall hang for her murder yet."

"I would hang, willingly," said the voice, "for the sin is mine, and she never wronged me; my wicked weakness was at the root of all, and perhaps you did well to slay her—she is happier as she is."

"What! you still persist in that horrible lie?" he cried in a voice of fury, "the poisonous lie that drove Lord Lovel forth, that on his return you have instilled into his ear drop by drop, till his very soul is drugged with its untruth? Before my God I will swear that this right hand is innocent of her blood as"—

"Stay!" cried the voice; "do not perjure yourself so—these eyes saw that hand commit the crime, and to avoid giving evidence against you, I ran away, but was drawn back by my love for your child, and when you committed me for trial resolved that, if convicted, I would die silent."

"Silent?" cried Mr. Eyre; "then how came Lord Lovel by his knowledge?"

"In your brain fever you revealed everything," said the woman; "until then he believed me guilty—and I did not undeceive him."

Mr. Eyre laughed aloud. "Does a man in brain fever speak the truth?" he said, contemptuously; "and as to your eyes—who would trust them, with a knowledge of your antecedents? The brain that could plan a murder, could easily enough plan a lie."

There was no answer, no sound of any kind but that of Mr. Eyre's steps as he paced to and fro about the narrow room; but when those steps stopped, Madeap's heart seemed stopped also, as she waited for his next words.

"You have impressed your lie vividly enough upon Lord Lovel—tell it to me, and with some circumstantial detail, that I may the more readily appreciate it"—

"Have you forgotten it?" cried the woman, with a passion of wonder in her voice; "how you came up the winding stair from the library, and, pausing at sight of the seated figure, snatched a knife from the open dressing-case, stabbed her savagely to the heart as she sat asleep by the window, before I could cry out? You left her there for dead, and thrust the knife away in a cabinet, and went down stairs as one who walks in his sleep, and I was frozen, and could not call out or stir; but presently my senses came back, and I cried 'murder!' hoping that she was not dead."

"And the scrap of your clothing found caught to her chair—what of that?" said Mr. Eyre.

"I had forced my way through the narrow window; I was feeling her heart, her pulse, when the light of your candle showed zigzag on the private stair, and at the same moment came the sound of hurrying feet; some impulse made me snatch the knife from the cabinet in which I had seen you place it, and I escaped barely in time, only to be intercepted by Digges at its foot. I struggled with him and got away, stumbling on for miles till I thought myself safe from pursuit. But the child drew me back—suddenly it was borne in upon me that he was very ill, and in the dead of night I returned to find him dying in Lord Lovel's arms. But he died in mine—thank God for that—my little love, my angel; and as he lay dead upon my knees you entered with the officers of the law, and ordered them to take me to prison, charged with the murder I had seen you commit."

Mr. Eyre suddenly burst out into a fit of violent, shocking laughter, that revealed his state of incipient madness more clearly than a thousand other extravagances could have done.

"So that is the story into which you have persuaded Frank Lovel," he said. "This is the tissue of lies that you have taken seventeen years to build up; but a judge and jury will find out these, for to-morrow morning I will give myself up to justice, on your evidence, as the murderer of my wife."

"No, no!" cried Hester, passionately. "You have forced—*wrung* the truth from me; but for her sake—for the sake of the vow I made to her the day before

she died, I would hang for your crime rather than publicly accuse you of it!"

"No," said Mr. Eyre, "you would only slay my soul, as my friend has done; but each syllable that you and he have spoken to-day shall be sifted in a court of law; for by the God against whom I have sinned I swear that this hand is innocent of my wife's blood!"

In the awful silence that followed Madeap's heart seemed to cease to beat, and the very life-blood to ebb from her veins. Then came the sound of a woman's sob—hard, anguished as the last hopeless cry of a profound despair.

"Ay, weep if you can," said Mr. Eyre, in a terrible voice. "You, who destroyed the happiness, took the life of the sweetest soul God ever made; for if your hand hesitated to slay her, your deeds stood fast to break her heart, and but for you she would be living now."

"I know it," said Hester, in a voice scarcely less unnatural than his. "It was my sin, my weakness, that brought about the whole tragedy from first to last; and that's why I let you accuse me falsely; that's why I would have died without speaking if they had brought me in guilty at the trial—for her sake and Dody's; and because she loved you . . . and it was the only way I could make it up to her . . . though she's happy now, for she has got him" . . .

The woman's voice broke and became human, tears came and relieved her; but Mr. Eyre, dry-eyed, incredulous, yet shaken to the very centre of his being, laughed again as he looked at her.

"You and my Lord Lovel have managed it very well between you," he said; "you must have had many interviews to dovetail your stories so circumstantially; but I find more than one flaw in your ingenious narrative—though the best legal talent in England will discover them without my help before I am a week older."

"Yes," said Hester, "Lord Lovel and I have managed well, as you say. What he learned he learned from your lips alone in your delirium—then we combined, and decided on your account to live as exiles."

"Say on your own," cried Mr. Eyre furiously, as one whose endurance fails him; "a pair of traitors who deserve to die a hundred deaths to avenge her one; but this time you shall not escape me"—and he strode to the door, and was about to call to the woman of the house, when he stumbled over Madeap's body as she knelt with her brow to the lintel, pale and with the look of death imprinted on her face.

He stooped to lift her, and carried her in . . . if he could have uttered sob or cry, as Hester had done but now, his reason might have been saved; but grim and silent he sat down with his burden, and only looked at her . . . here was his punishment; here in the suffering of this innocent soul he found the chastisement that he had impiously denied his Maker, and in that moment (though unconsciously to himself) the core of his heart became human; and as a child who bows to the rod, so bowed he then to the hand of God.

Hester had drawn near . . . nor years, nor loss, nor anguish could stifle in her that throb of motherhood that had governed the greater part of her life; and in this pale, still shape she seemed to see once more the Madeap whose life she had cut short by her sin . . . seemed to see chances of redemption even thus late in the day, though she might now do no more than kneel to kiss the pale hand that hung down, and which Mr. Eyre instantly snatched away, as if the woman's touch were pollution.

Madeap opened her eyes on the instant, blaming herself for lack of courage; and meeting Hester's gaze, and reading its perfect truth, sealed one of those silent compacts that between true and generous souls are seldom broken, then took her father's hand, and said:

"Dad, take me home."

The familiar epithet used through all the seventeen years of her beautiful childhood's love and trust in him, moved Mr. Eyre naturally and profoundly: . . . for a moment his iron features relaxed, but the next he put her aside and turned to Hester.

"You will consider yourself under arrest," he said; "and until I can secure assistance I will myself remain to watch you. And now, child, if you are able, get home with you; and since this confounded woman of the house seems to be absent, send down some people from the Hall."

Disobedience had never been bred in Madeap's nature, but for a moment she paused, and thought deeply; then, with a gesture to Hester that Mr. Eyre did not see, went out, only to meet, on the threshold of the open door, Lord Lovel.

"I was going to look for you," she said, without a thought of self, and as a soul might speak who has lost its body; "there is some frightful mistake here . . . for she speaks the truth, and so does my father; and between them"—

"So here are more secrets," said Mr. Eyre's voice behind them; and his glance fell cold as ice on his daughter. "There seems to be a conspiracy among you; but a man is mostly betrayed by his nearest and dearest. And here is my tenant," he added, as a woman came up the narrow garden, exhausted by the unusual business of a day spent in Marniton, no more expecting thieves than debtors at the humble house that was left on the lath morning, noon, and night.

Madeap stood between the two men whom she loved

best upon earth, her heart torn between them, now espousing this side, now that, but firm in faithfulness to her father, whom she was resolved to save, though *how* was a question of the future.

"Your servant, Miss," said the woman, curtsying low to Madeap and coldly to Mr. Eyre. "I left my house empty, but I find it full"—and she turned a curious look on Lord Lovel as at a stranger whose features she desired to learn, then, as recognition broke on her, ran forward crying,

"And have you come back, my Lord, at last?" "He had better have stayed away," said Mr. Eyre; "but mind you, the woman in that room yonder is a *prisoner*, and you will look to it that she does not escape."

"And the charge against her, Sir?" said the mistress of the house, coldly.

"False accusation and bearing of false witness," said Mr. Eyre, grimly; "but you are in her pay and not to be trusted. And so you must go home, Madeap," he added, as he drew out his pocket-book, "and send a servant off on horseback at once with these instructions"—and he wrote them down with a firm hand and gave her the torn-out leaf without a tremor.

She took it as calmly as he gave it, not knowing whence came the reserves of strength that enabled her to meet this fearful hour; but, looking at him as she turned away, saw a sudden, terrible change in his face, and was barely in time to catch him as he fell, swaying slowly as some mighty monarch of the woods that quivers



as with a mortal agony ere it crashes slowly to the earth.

But Madeap was young and strong to love and save, and she neither sobbed nor cried out as, with Frank's help, they two bore that beloved body up, the one his head and the other his feet, and carried him in and laid him down where he seemed to lie in a deep slumber, that was neither a natural one nor yet a swoon or stupor. But to Madeap's mind a sentence of Hester Clarke's was working to the exclusion of every other thought or outward impression: "*He went down stairs as one who walks in his sleep.*" . . . Madeap drew her hand from her eyes to see Frank standing near and looking at her earnestly.

"Leave me now," she said. "There is something that I must think out. I must save him. But do not go away from the house, for you must help me to get him home presently."

He went without a word—what could any human being do for her in such an hour as this? She drew down the thick green blind to shut out the broad June sunshine, and seated herself in the twilight thus made near the window, unconsciously occupying the same chair, and in the same attitude, as Hester Clarke had filled on a certain fatal night, over seventeen years ago.

"*As one who walks in his sleep*" . . . and from childhood Doune, who in mind and body was Mr. Eyre's younger *replica*, had walked in his, and had once startled his sister by coming to her room at midnight, light in hand, and, sitting down at her table, read from a favourite book till dawn, when, replacing the volume, he went away, though next morning he recollected nothing of the occurrence, and declared she had been dreaming.

Had Mr. Eyre murdered her mother *in his sleep*, and was this the explanation of

the utter irreconcilability of Mr. Eyre's oath of innocence, and the convincing proofs that Hester Clarke's evidence and Lord Lovel's self-banishment gave of his guilt?

Each told *truth* so far as he knew it. Hester had seen it; Mr. Eyre denied it; and this girl's clear, logical brain, bent wholly to the riddle, seemed suddenly to have solved it; but to *prove* it—was this within the scope of even a daughter's love?

She bowed her head upon her hands, and prayed for a sign; and even as she prayed it came, for Mr. Eyre, waking suddenly and seeing that seated white figure in the gloom beyond advanced towards it with fury, and lifted his hand violently as if in act to strike it.

But as she looked up and saw the features of wife and daughter in one, he stepped back, for he had found the lost link in his memory that had escaped him seventeen years . . . he had desired to kill Hester, and he had killed . . . no, no! it was impossible; yet this last accident had determined the course of his already unsettled reason, and before Madeap could reach him he had opened the door, and was gone.

There was a short cut from Synge-lane to the Hall, and this he took, while Madeap followed at a distance, dreading to startle him, yet nourishing in her heart a clue to what might be his redemption . . . and behind her again came Frank, while in the cottage the two women clung together as straws caught in the eddy of a whirlpool. Frank watched father and daughter into the Red Hall, and all that summer evening he waited without, hidden, but within call, though, overpowered with

sleep in early morning, lay down in his ambush, not knowing how in the darkest hours of the night to Madeap light had come.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Eyre locked himself in his study on his return, and though he had not tasted food since his arrival at noon, none durst disturb him—not even Madeap, who forced herself to eat, having on hand a night's work that would require almost superhuman courage and strength.

How do inspirations, desperate resolves come into a human soul? Are they born of need, agony, or prayer? But to Madeap a Divine message seemed to have come, as, while the household sank to rest, she knelt in the darkness outside the door of her mother's room, waiting for the moment to arrive when her daring experiment should be put into practice.

The door was locked against her; Mr. Eyre's hand had turned the key when, two hours ago, he had ascended by the private staircase and approached that cabinet about which for seventeen years his brain had held some secret knowledge that defied.

Madeap heard him open a drawer, and then followed a long and profound silence, in which, for the last time, the one half of his brain struggled with the other, and as he had wrung the truth from Lord Lovel and Hester that day, so now he forced the lock of that sealed chamber which had defied him, and *saw*. All was clear to him now—the seated figure by the window in Synge-lane that he had *desired* to kill was Hester, the figure that he had actually killed in a fit of madness of which he had no memory was his wife, and he had put the knife back in the cabinet as the woman described . . . he remembered now that the cry for help that



ALFRED WARD, DEL.

W. B. GARDNER, SC.

MISS HELEN MATHERS (MRS. HENRY REEVES).

night had aroused him from a dream of appalling vividness in which he was in the act of stabbing Hester to the heart, and how he was possessed of a passionate feeling of exultation that he was rid of her, and that his wife's happiness was now secure.

A dressing-room communicated with Mr. Eyre's bedroom, the outer door of which was always kept locked and the key withdrawn, and this key had been in her hand during the past hours, when, frozen even in the midsummer heat, she had waited without, and she shivered as the key turned harshly and she went in.

She locked the door behind her, opened the next, and in the dim, faint light that came through the window seated herself in her mother's chair, and with a prayer on her lips closed her eyes and waited. Half an hour passed, an hour—she grew colder and colder in her thin white gown, and hope began to leave her; but at last she saw the zigzag light of a candle showing on the corkscrew staircase, and her father entered, the light wavering over his fixed face and wide-opened eyes—O! Heavens! *in his sleep?* Almost aloud she prayed it, as at sight of her he stopped short, then advanced with violence towards her, feeling in his breast as for a weapon; then, turning as by remembered instinct to the cabinet near, opened a drawer, in imagination, snatched a knife, and stabbed at her, once, twice, exclaiming,

"Die, die!" in a voice of fury. Then, making as though he replaced the weapon, turned, and went down the staircase, holding the light steadily, and with no sign of either hurry or discomposure on his features.

She followed him down, love's work being not completed yet, and saw him seat himself at the table, but when, trembling, she stole nearer she saw by his wide-opened fixed eyes that he was still asleep, though his folded arms rested on the edges of a large book that he had opened and set before him.

Then Madcap sank down beside him, knowing that her prayer had been granted, and that love's miracle had saved him . . . then sight and sense failed her, and she fell forward with her bright hair veiling her face as her head sank forward on his knee.

* * * *

Madcap came out of that long swoon like a soldier who has lain down to sleep at the post of duty, for the room was empty, the fresh morning wind blew in through the open window, and on the table before her there lay a sealed letter addressed to herself; Mr. Eyre had wrapped his cloak about her, and placed a pillow beneath her head, and she noticed these signs of love as she tore open the letter, and in Mr. Eyre's firm handwriting read the following:

"Madcap—child—beloved daughter—by the time you receive this I shall have delivered myself up to justice for the murder of your mother. In heart and hand I am guilty, and will suffer for it in due course. *She* has forgiven me—perhaps in time *you*, who have been the joy of my life, the light of my eyes, my good and most faithful daughter, you who in the two darkest hours of my life have come to me, and perchance love me still, in time may learn to forgive your most unhappy guilty father,
D. H. EYRE."

Madcap kissed the letter as she laid it in her breast, never had she loved her father so deeply as in that moment . . . "O! Dad . . . dad!" . . . she cried aloud, with a sob in her voice as she fled up stairs to the room where Nan stood gazing in wonder at the unslept-in bed of her mistress. "Order me some coffee, Nan," cried the girl, "quickly; then come back and dress me, for I must go out directly." And she began to strip off the tumbled white gown she had worn throughout that dreadful yet most blessed night.

"Give me one of my freshest dresses out, Nan," cried

Madcap, eagerly; "for I am going to save someone—to carry good news, Nan—and he likes me to look well—and tell them to have Tommy round in five minutes—but someone must drive me," she added, looking down at the hands that trembled so she could not fasten the lace at her throat. "And you will have breakfast ready by nine o'clock, for father will come back with me, and he will be . . . hungry."

"Master Gordon arrived at the Towers last night," said Nan, in an aggrieved tone; "but Saunders wouldn't let him come in—and what's come to your hair, Miss Madcap?" added the woman, staring; "there's a long thick piece cut right away from the side!"

"There's plenty left," said Madcap, feverishly, as she tried to swallow some coffee. "Is not that Tommy?" and she ran out of the room, putting on her hat and gloves as she went.

* * * *

Meanwhile an extraordinary scene was being enacted at Marmiton Jail. At eight o'clock Mr. Eyre had walked in and given himself in custody for the murder of his wife; and before the dreadful confession had properly reached the brain of the governor, who imagined Mr. Eyre to have suddenly gone mad, named Hester Clarke as witness to the deed, and Lord Lovel as being well acquainted with the fact.

The man was at first stupefied; but Mr. Eyre persisting in his story, and showing no other signs of madness, in less than an hour his brother Justices were summoned, and a scene of the utmost confusion among them prevailed. He alone was calm, and before being conducted to a cell, asked that no one might be admitted to him, *especially his daughter*—and as he named her the first sign of emotion he had yet shown crossed his features. To Lord Lovel, who was present, and who vainly implored him to withdraw his self-accusation, he said he was resolved on doing his duty, and hoped Frank would do his, and make Hester Clarke do hers, that though he had disbelieved their story yesterday, in the night he had become convinced of its truth.

He added that Lord Lovel's knowledge of it had exiled him, and no doubt was the reason of his acquiescence in the case of mistaken identity by which Major Methuen had been buried under his name, and many living persons persuaded that Lord Lovel, not the other, had died.

"Mrs. Methuen knew the truth from the first," said Lord Lovel; and Gordon, who now came in, appalled at the news that had met him on his return from an early ride, was barely in time to see Mr. Eyre leave the room, without any farther look or word to those present.

Madcap saw only scared faces as she drove through the village in her fresh gown, and with a look of happiness, for all her intense pallor; and though many a hand was half stretched out to check her, none durst speak as she went quickly by, reaching the jail a few moments after Mr. Eyre had left the governor's room.

They all made way for her as she came in; and not looking at Gordon any more than at Frank, nor seeing clearly any of their faces in the longing to see her father's, in plain truthful words to'd how her father had indeed murdered her mother, though for seventeen years he was unconscious of it, for that he had killed her in his sleep.

She detailed the events of the preceding night, and said that no doubt there would be future opportunities of testing the truth of what she said, then asked to be taken to him, that she might tell him the truth.

Colonel Busby, who, for the first time in his life, was by amazement (not at Mr. Eyre's guilt, but as to the *manner* of the crime) rendered almost incapable of speech, opposed her going to the cell; but Lord Lovel approached to lead her there, and as she put her hand in his, and as Frank, as her hero, as the man who had so nobly sacrificed himself to her father, she *saw* him, so in that

moment Gordon learned the truth, and in the moment in which he lost the title he had never valued knew that he had lost—Madcap.

CHAPTER VIII.

Perchance and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair father, Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure,
We two may meet before High God, and thou
Wilt spring to me and claim me thine.

It was not Mr. Eyre's lot to be brought before any earthly tribunal more terrible than his own heart; for in a very few days he had answered to a higher one, and the weird that it had taken twenty years to dree was at last spun out to its bitter end.

He had got his death-blow on the night that he discovered his guilt, and from that moment withered rapidly, not even the love of his devoted child seeming to have power to check the haste with which he was hurrying to meet his wife, the springs of life seeming to fail him suddenly, so that all went out together, as mercifully perhaps for Madcap as himself.

There had been no pretence even of his trial, and one day he was carried back to the Red Hall, where he lay till he died, with either Madcap or Frank always beside him.

Doune's grief and anguish, following so swiftly on the joy that Nancy's confession of love had brought him, rendered him unfit for his father's presence, he *could* not control it as his sister did, or think of the long hereafter in which there would be time enough to mourn, while Gordon remained only in hopes of being of some assistance, meanwhile busying himself with arrangements for almost immediately going abroad.

In those last short days, the heart of proud man at last found his Maker, and one of the truest signs of his repentance was when he sent for Hester, and asked her to forgive him.

As her burning tears fell on the hand she kissed, knowing how she had wronged and misunderstood him, her awful repentance for her sin outweighed his, and in the last look, the last words, for the first time these two erring souls understood one another.

His brain was perfectly clear, and he set his estate in order, and destroyed old letters, but gave into his daughter's hand a little packet that he desired her to bury with him. They were his sweetheart's love-letters—the only sweetheart of his life; and then he seemed to give himself no more concern about business, but went one afternoon to the bed whence he did not rise again.

That night he spoke of his little son Dody, who had died within a few days of his mother, and slept sound and sweet these seventeen years and more in her arms.

"I shall see him soon," he said. "I wonder if he will remember that I was unkind to him. Perhaps she has taught him to forgive me; and you always loved him, Frank, and he you. I've never asked *your* forgiveness, though I think *she* has; and I've left you another Madcap, my good, faithful child" . . .

He sank into a slumber even as he spoke, and did not wake till morning; then opened his eyes suddenly to see the two who stood beside him.

"*Light*," he said; "what is that verse of yours, child, I have so often heard you sing? So many things seem to have sunk into my soul lately without my knowledge" . . .

Madcap drew in her breath as she repeated the words, but as she came to

Those angel voices I have lost erewhile,

across Mr. Eyre's face flashed a look of light—ay, and more light . . . perchance enough to light his soul to his lost Madcap, as, stretching out his arms to his child, he passed away to that last tribunal where, by the grace of God, he may have found forgiveness for his sins.

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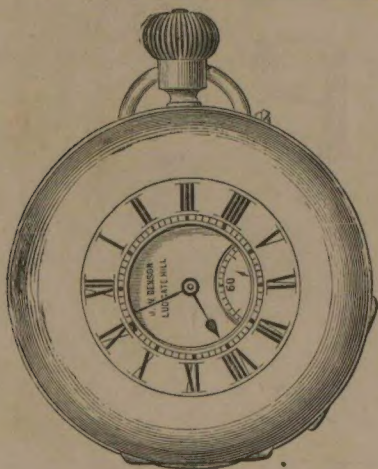


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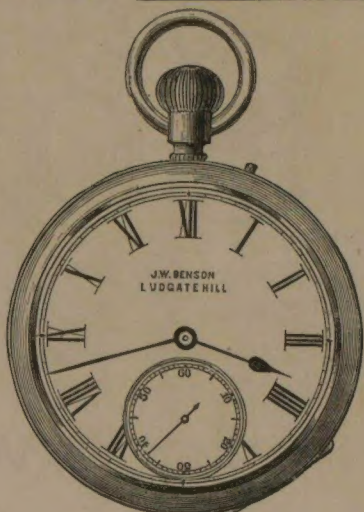
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Every piece has "H. R. WILLIS and CO., Kidderminster—BEST" woven at each end.

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Opened in London to keep pace with the CIVIL SERVICE STORES
for the Supply of Gentlemen's and Boys' Superior
CLOTHING, HOSIERY, SHIRTS,
HATS, BOOTS, &c., AT TRADE PRICE.



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2/11 3/11 4/11
5/11 8/11 10/9
12/11 14/11

LITTLE BOYS' KILT SUITS,
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10/9 12/11 16/11
19/11

SCOTCH SUITS,
18/9 27/6
Sporrans,
2/11 3/11 each.

BOYS' SERGE SAILOR SUITS,
3/6 4/11 5/11
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JERSEY SUITS,
3/11 5/11
8/11,
Cap included.

ROYAL NAVY SUITS,
9/11 12/11 18/11
The
Suit complete.

BOYS' NORFOLK SUITS,
8/11 10/9 12/11
14/11 16/11
19/11



BOYS' RUGBY SUIT
8/11 12/11
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FOOTBALL SUITS,
Jerseys, 3/6 3/11.
Breeches, 10/6.
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YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS,
8/11 10/9 12/11
14/11 16/11 19/11
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ETON SUITS
28/6 34/6
39/6
To Order,
42/0 49/6

CRICKETING SUITS,
Trousers, 6/11 7/11
Shirts, 5/11 6/11
Jackets, 8/11

YOUTHS' BLACK COAT AND VEST,
24/6 29/6 34/6
Trousers,
3/11 5/11 6/11

COMPLETE PRICE-LISTS, with easy Self-Measurement Forms, of Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing, Hosiery, HATS and BOOTS, post-free to any part of the world.

ONLY ADDRESSES: } 271 & 272, HIGH HOLBORN { City Side of the
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COUNTRY AND SUBURBAN PARCELS CARRIAGE PAID.

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the
Circulation.

To
Stimulate
the Organic
Action.

ALL IN SEARCH OF HEALTH
SHOULD WEAR THE PALL-MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION'S

ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

To
Renew
Vital
Energy.

To
Assist
Digestion.

UNIVERSALLY APPROVED BY THE LEADING PHYSICIANS AS THE BEST, SAFEST, AND MOST EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR SPINAL COMPLAINTS, INCIPENT CONSUMPTION, DIARRHŒA, PLEURISY, TUMOURS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, EPILEPSY, LUMBAGO, DEBILITY, DROPSY, PARALYSIS, LOSS OF VOICE, HYSTERIA, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, PALPITATION, ETC., AND HAS CURED SOME OF THE MOST OBSTINATE AND DISTRESSING CASES, AFTER ALL OTHER REMEDIES (SO CALLED) HAVE FAILED.

Note Sole Proprietors' Address—The Pall-Mall Electric Association, Limited, 21, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

READ WHAT THE GENTLEMEN SAY.

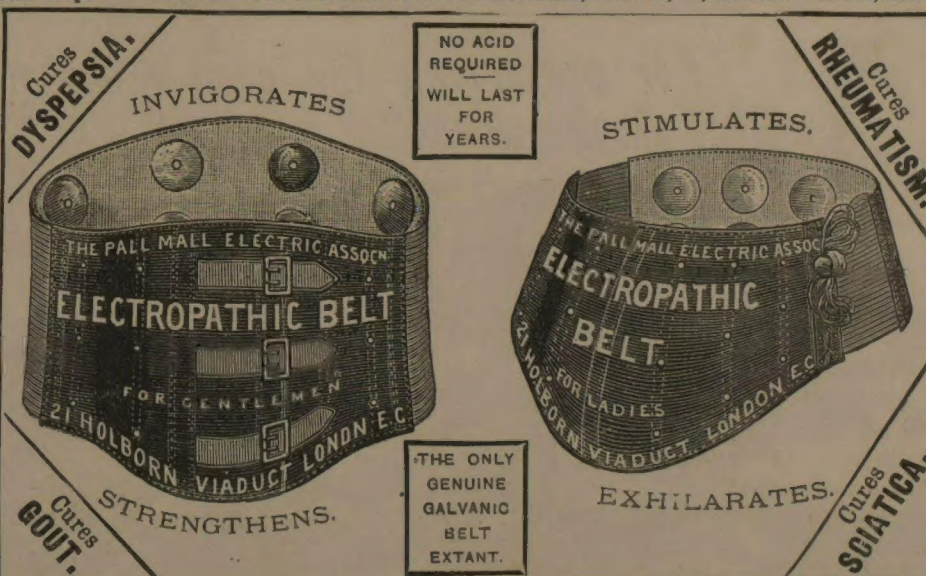
A. DRESSER, Esq., Oak Villa, Beulah-road, Upper Norwood, S.E., Dec. 6, 1882.
Will you please send a price-list of your Belts to my brother, as he is very ill with Rheumatism, and I want him to try one, as I know they are good for that complaint. I have worn a belt for years, but have had none as good as yours, although I have tried all the makers. Yours is by far the BEST in every way, and I have had none of those bad pains in my back since using it.

From Rev. R. ANTRIM, Vicar of Slapton, King's Bridge, South Devon.—I am deriving great benefit from the ELECTROPATHIC BELT recently had of you. The pain across the loins has quite left me, and my nervous energy is greatly augmented. I am glad I saw the advertisement, as I was on the point of ordering a Magnetic Belt. I may be mistaken, but I have an idea that Magnetism is at best but a derived mode of applying Electricity; and although the vendors of such appliances offer to re-magnetise without charge, that does not much mend the matter, as the belt may have to be sent for that purpose just at the time it is most needed. Your invention, on the contrary, seems to me to be likely to retain its power as long as the article itself lasts.

READ WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY.

From Dr. C. LEMPIERE, D.C.L., &c., St. John's College, Oxford.
I beg to testify that the Electropathic Belt you sent to my order has completely answered not only as the best Curative but I dare to think Preventive. I contracted some years ago, in Syria, Periosteal Rheumatism, which renders me peculiarly sensitive of atmospheric change; I can therefore speak positively on the advantages the Belt affords; nor is my experience singular, as I constantly receive testimony from others similarly affected.—Yours faithfully,
CHAS. LEMPIERE, D.C.L.

I prescribe it for my patients with the happiest results. Its cures are unquestionable.
Dr. JOHN G. GIBSON.



BEWARE OF FRAUDULENT IMITATIONS.

An Eighty-Page Treatise, copiously illustrated, entitled "ELECTROPATHY; or Dr. SCOTT'S GUIDE TO HEALTH," published at One Shilling, POST-FREE on application.

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LONDON: 21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C. | PARIS: 32bis, BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN. | BIRMINGHAM BRANCH: 28, BROAD-STREET.

READ WHAT THE LADIES SAY.

From Mrs. J. HAWKEY, 503, Liverpool-road, Holloway, N., April 21, 1883.
Sir,—It gives me the greatest possible pleasure to speak in favour of your Electropathic Belt. I have derived great benefit from wearing it; my health is improving in every way. I fail to express in words the satisfaction it gives me. I have not felt so well for years as I have since wearing your belt. I was under the care of a physician for six months, and was despairing of ever feeling well again, when I saw to my great pleasure the advertisement of your belt. I cannot say enough in favour of it, but I will gladly correspond with any lady who would like further particulars.

Mrs. E. RICHARDSON, 58, Priory-road, West Hampstead, N.W., writes:—Feb. 16, 1883. I cannot speak too well of your appliances, but I think the Electropathic Belt one of the greatest blessings ever given to man, as I have proved its valuable power over everything that Doctors or medicine can do for sciatica, weak spine, rheumatism, sluggish liver, and indigestion. I can, indeed, say to my sufferers from these complications—try it yourself. Before I had your Electropathic Belt I could not get about without the greatest pain, but now I can get about with ease and comfort, and can go up and down stairs without pain, and all who know me tell me how well I am looking. I wish you the success you deserve for your valuable invention, and remain, yours sincerely,
E. RICHARDSON.

NOTE.—The Electropathic Belt consists of a series of CONSTANT-CURRENT ELECTRIC GENERATORS, which are always in action while the Belt is being worn. It is entirely unique as a therapeutical adaption of electricity.

The Consulting Electricians of the Association attend daily for consultation (free) from Ten to One, and from Three to Five, at the PRIVATE CONSULTING ROOMS of the Pall-Mall Electric Association, Limited, 21, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

An experienced lady is also in attendance daily. Residents at a distance should send for a Private Advice Form. PLEASE FORWARD SIZE ROUND THE WAIST WHEN ORDERING THE

ELECTROPATHIC BELT.
PRICE 21s., POST-FREE.

THE TESTIMONY OF THE NIGHTINGALE, THE LILY, & THE ROSE.

PEARS' SOAP

"It is matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

Adeline Patti

"She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale."

"I prefer it to any other Soap."

Ellie Langtry

"For, look you! she's as fair as a Lily."

"For preserving the complexion, it is the finest Soap in the world."

Harriet Ross

"Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown Rose."

H. G. Mason

Journalist